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THE NEW YORKER

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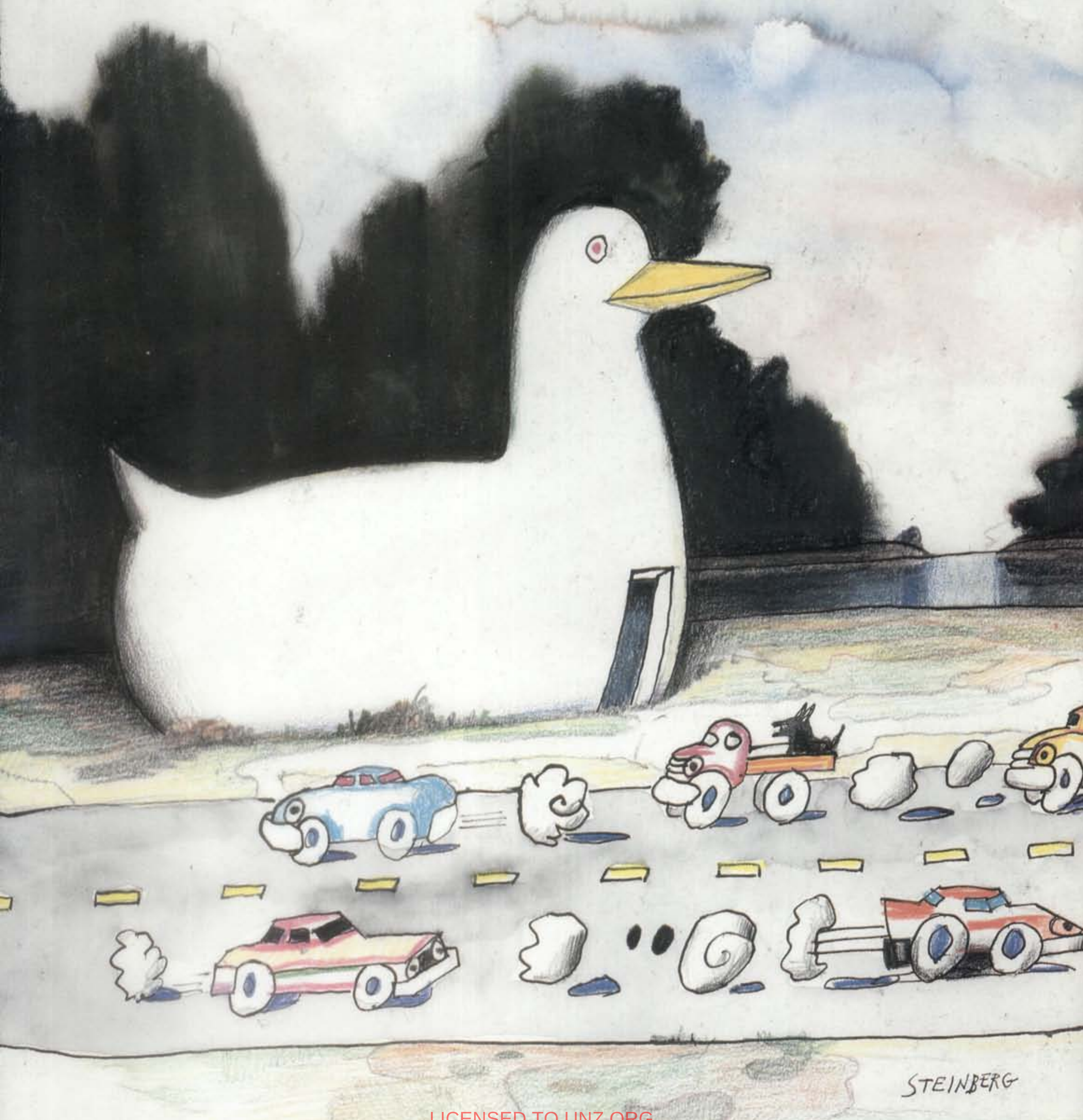

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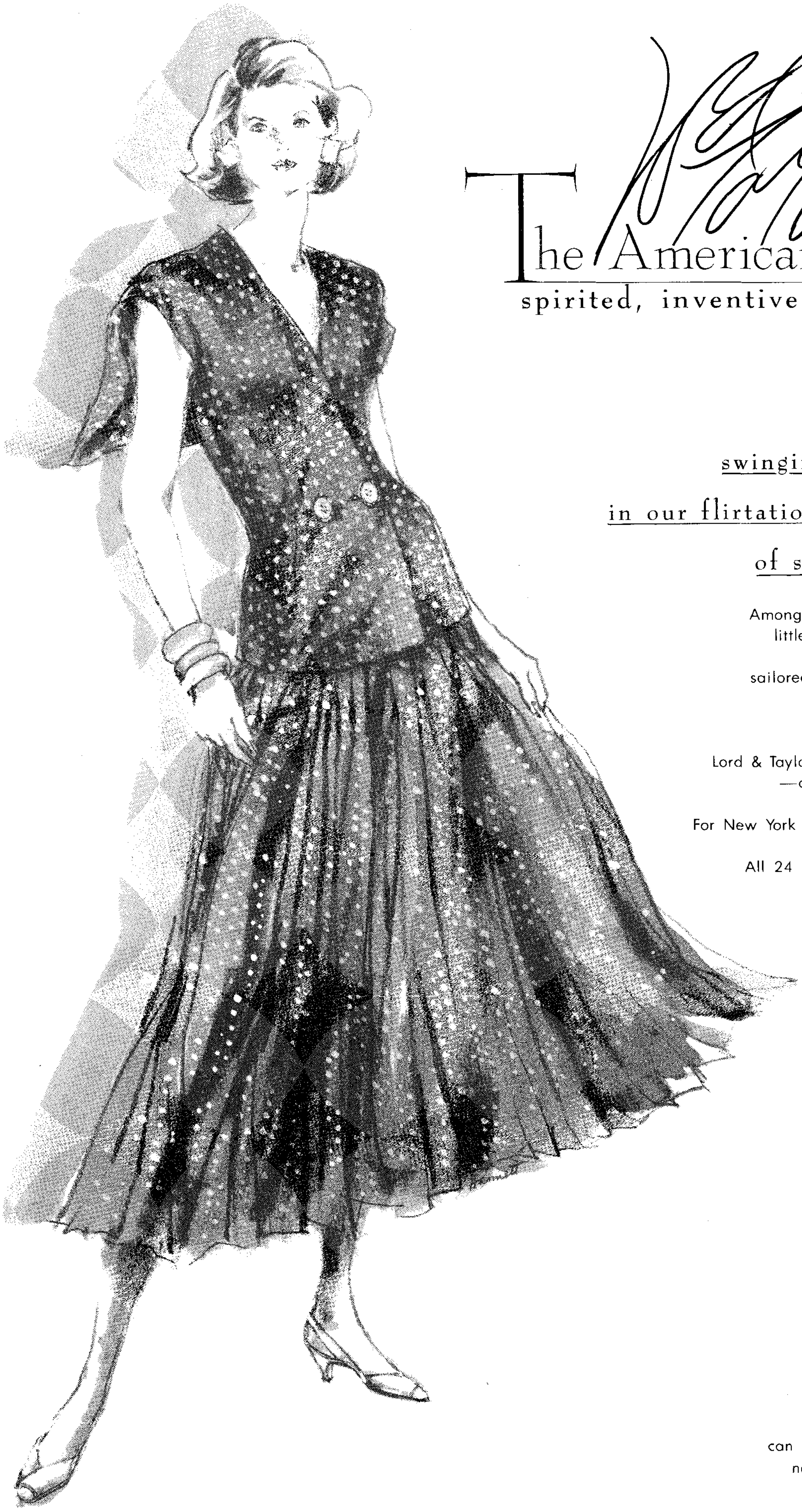

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

All My Sons—Arvin Brown (director) and his capable company have made an acceptable show out of Arthur Miller's clunky play, which was first done here in 1947. Richard Kiley is the villainous businessman who sells defective parts to the Air Force. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/4/87.) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Asinamali!—A brilliant play written and directed by South African playwright Mbongeni Ngema, which was seen last fall at Lincoln Center's "Woza Afrika!" festival. (9/29/86) (Jack Lawrence, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Blithe Spirit—This revival of Noël Coward's comedy is an almost total miss, a waste of the talents of Geraldine Page and Blythe Danner, among others. (4/13/87) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Broadway Bound—A touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for surefire gags. Linda Lavin is superb as the troubled mother; also in the cast are Jonathan Silverman, Philip Sterling, John Randolph, Jason Alexander, and Phyllis Newman. Gene Saks directed. (12/15/86) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Coastal Disturbances—Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Annette Bening, as a photographer from this city, and Timothy Daly, as a lifeguard, are the beguiling lovers, and among the other actors, as summer people, are Rosemary Murphy, Jonas Abry, Heather Mac Rae, and Ronald Guttman. Carole Rothman is the director. (12/1/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Colored Museum—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters, which is almost done in by damnable sound amplification. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Common Pursuit—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's play is more a sentimental than a dramatic occasion, which tells, in a series of brief scenes, of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. What gives the evening distinction is the performance—the fine acting of Dana Ivey and Morgan Freeman, under Ron Lagomarsino's deft direction. (4/27/87) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Educating Rita—A comedy by Willy Russell, with Austin Pendleton and Laurie Metcalf. A production of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company, of Chicago. Preview Wednesday, May 6. Opens officially on Thursday, May 7. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—Opening performances of a festival of thirteen one-act plays, running through Monday, June 15. "The Author's Voice," by Richard Greenberg; "The One About the Guy in the Bar," by Ernest Thompson; "The Last Outpost at the Edge of the World," by Stuart Spencer; and "A Million Dollar Glass of Water," by Anthon McKay: Wednesday through Friday, May 6 8, at 7:30 (previews); Saturday, May 9, at (opening) and 9; Sunday, May 10, at 3 and 7 and Monday, May 11, and Friday, May 15 at 7:30. . . . ¶ "Lady of Fadima," by Edwar Allan Baker; "A Ripe Banana," by Jennife Lombard; "After School Special," by Keit Reddin; "All for Charity," by John Patric Shanley; and "Dinah Washington Is Dead," by Kermit Frazier: Previews Wednesday an Thursday, May 13-14, at 7:30; and Saturday, May 16, at 5 and 9. (549 W. 52nd St 247-3405.)

Fences—August Wilson's play about a blac garbageman, formerly a baseball player o professional calibre, is as powerful as, an even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Blac Bottom." The triumphant performance, wit James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, Charles Brown and Karima Miller, was directed by Lloy Richards. (4/6/87) (46th Street Theatre, 22 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Funny Feet—A dancing revue spoofing everything from classical ballet to Las Vega lounge entertainment. Conceived, choreographed, and directed by Bob Bowyer (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Monday and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Mat-

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inées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Girl's Guide to Chaos—A comedy by Cynthia Heimel. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 10.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Lady Day at Emerson's Bar & Grill—A play of sorts about one of Billie Holiday's last engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia. (9/29/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lambs Theatre Company—A comedy by Ray Bradbury, **THE WONDERFUL ICE CREAM SUIT,** is the third in this season's series of productions. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2. Morning performances Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 11.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—An exquisite production by the Royal Shakespeare Company of Christopher Hampton's adaptation of the scandalous novel by Choderlos de Laclos (1782). With fine performances by Alan Rickman, Lindsay Duncan, Suzanne Burden, and Lucy Aston in leading roles. Howard Davies was the deft director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Little Murders—A revival of Jules Feiffer's 1967 comedy, with Christine Lahti. John Tillinger is the director. Opens Wednesday, May 6. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

The Lucky Spot—The action takes place in a dance hall in Louisiana in 1934. The playwright is Beth Henley, so eccentricity, humor, and passion abound, to say nothing of talent. There are strong performances by Mary Stuart Masterson and Amy Madigan, as two young women in love with the dance hall's proprietor. Stephen Tobolowsky was the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 17.)

Les Misérables—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 2.)

The Musical Comedy Murders of 1940—A whodunit, written and directed by John Bishop. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Nerd—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Pygmalion—This revival amounts to a one-man show. The one man is Peter O'Toole, as Professor Higgins, of course, and he is very funny. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Second Avenue—A play by Allan Knee. A production of Manhattan Punch Line. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 24.)

Sleight of Hand—Harry Groener and Jeffrey De Munn in a suspense thriller by John Pielmeier. Walton Jones is the director. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Staggerlee—A bountiful, joyous jazz musical, with a rhythm-and-blues score and lyrics by the prodigiously gifted Allen Toussaint, and an artful, entertaining book by Vernel Bagneris, who also contributed the additional lyrics. The setting is a Southern city during Mardi Gras. The witty, vivid scenery, lighting, and costumes were designed by Akira Yoshimura, Allen Lee Hughes, and JoAnn Clevenger, respectively. Mr. Bagneris directed the prodigiously gifted black company, which is headed by Ruth Brown, Adam Wade, and Marva Hicks. (3/30/87) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Stardust—The lyrics of Mitchell Parish, as sung and performed by an engaging company of three men and three women. The composers (over the past sixty-five years or so) include Duke Ellington, Hoagy Carmichael, and Leroy Anderson. The singers include André De Shields and, most notably, Michele Bautier. (3/2/87) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Starlight Express—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sweet Sue—Mary Tyler Moore, Lynn Redgrave, Barry Tubb, and John K. Linton play a middle-aged woman and a college undergraduate who meet one summer and fall in love, or seem to. Why four actors are required to embody two distinctly simple characters is a question that only the playwright, A. R. Gurney, Jr., is in a position to answer. (1/19/87) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Wha . . . I, Whai, a Long Long Time Ago—A play by the Korean writer Che Inhoon, performed in English under Tisa Chang's direction. A presentation of the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (Playhouse 46, at 423 W. 46th St 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday May 23.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures o the Mississippi. The large cast is full o charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomel costumed musical. The book, by Harve Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but th music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626 Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinée Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version o T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for man more years and give cats the right to vot and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DROOD:** Charles Dickens' unfinished novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," served as a basis for this jolly, silly musical, with charming songs by Rupert Holmes, an excellent cast headed by George Rose, and uninhibited direction by Wilford Leach. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,248 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Hal Linden and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** Robert Lindsay brings to life a silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-seventeenth edition. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, May 6, at 2 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Fridays at 2 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; Sunday, May

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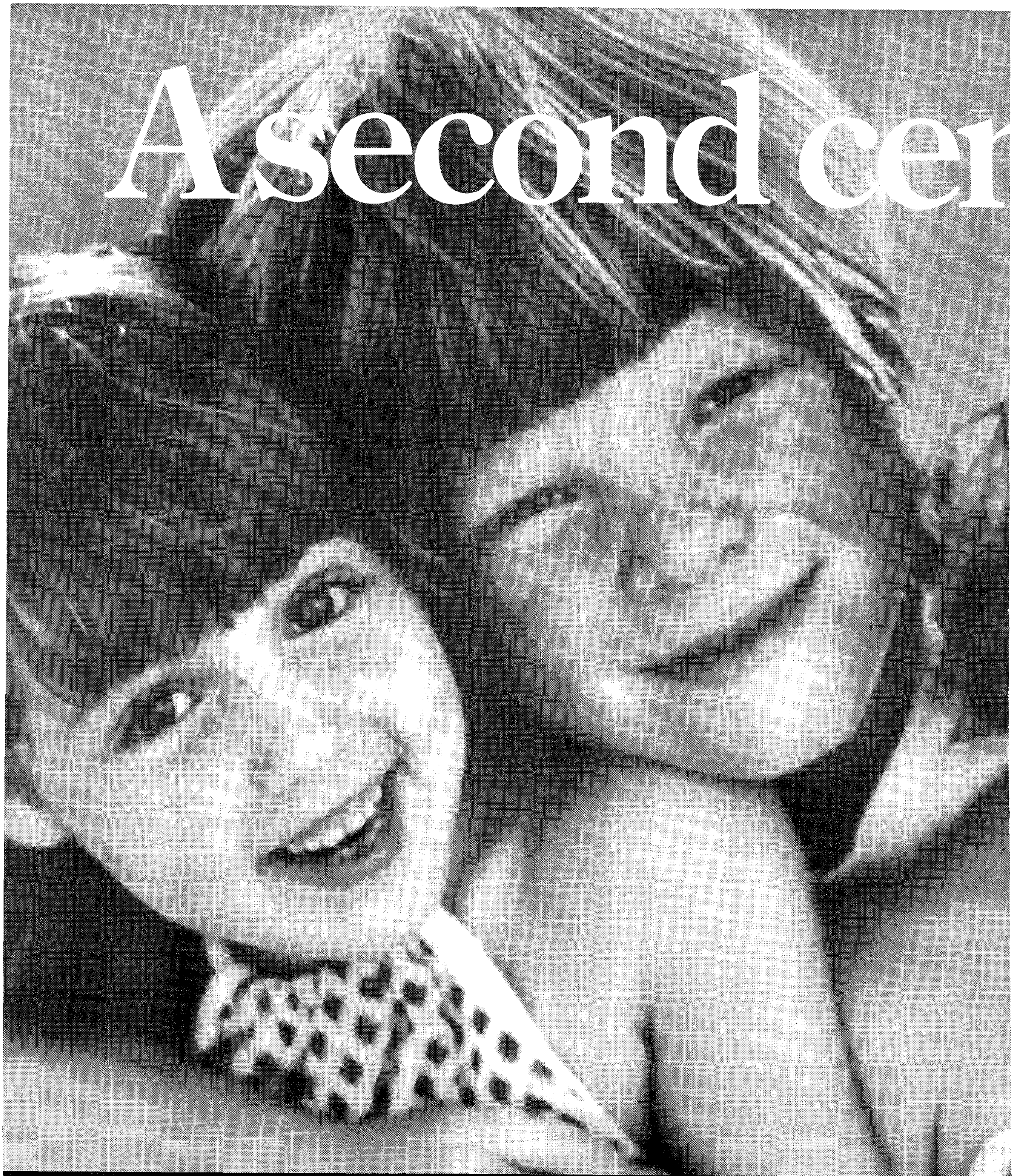

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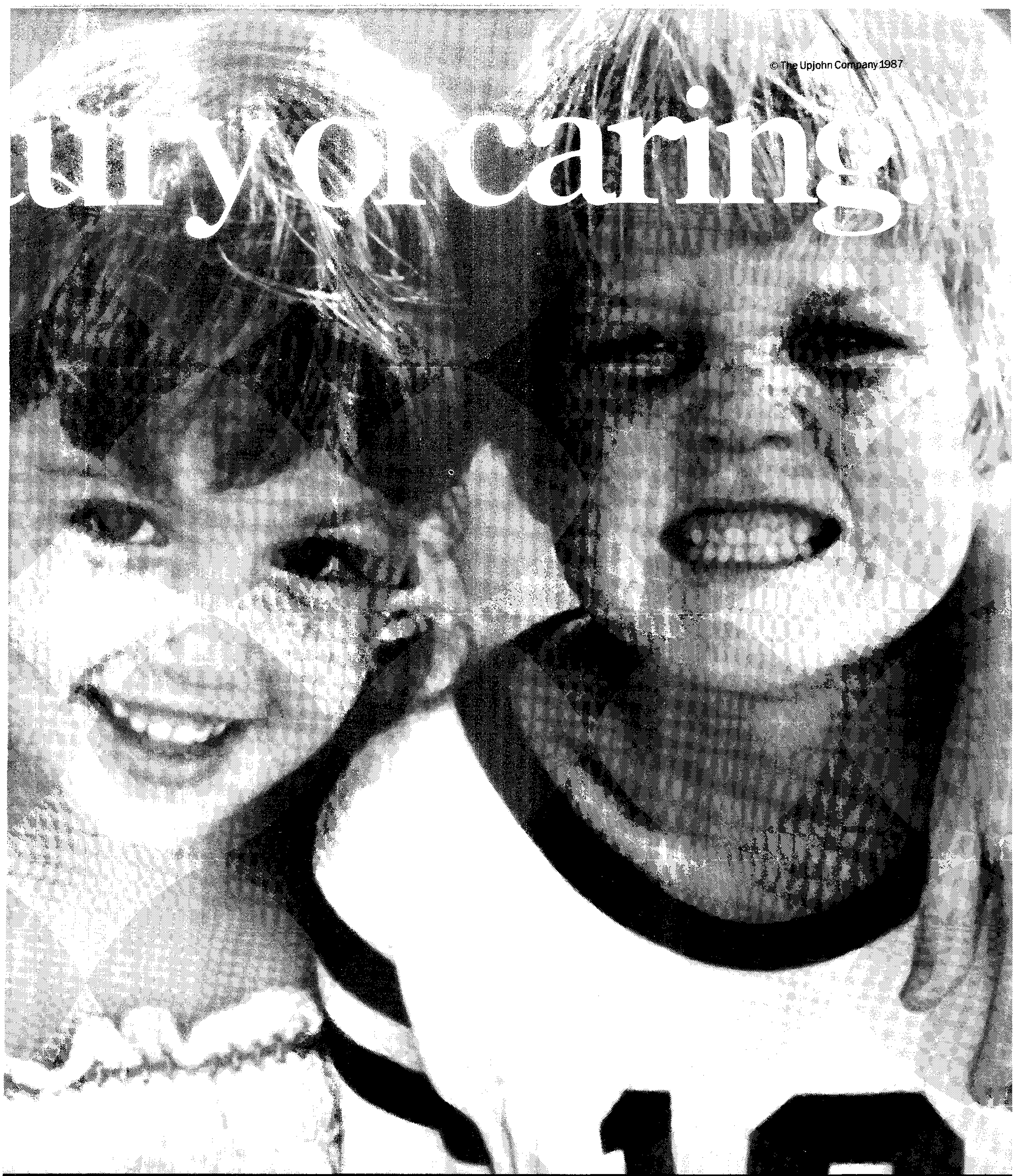
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10, at 1 and 5:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 12-13, at 7:30. Closes Sunday, May 17.)

"You and the Night and the Music"—A benefit concert of songs from American musicals of the twenties and thirties, presented by the New Amsterdam Theatre Company. Performers include Kitty Carlisle Hart, Dina Merrill, Karen Morrow, and Cris Groenendaal. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Sunday, May 10, at 8.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 6: "Histoire du Soldat Suite," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 7: "La Source," "Histoire du Soldat Suite," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 8: "La Source," "Agon," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 9: "La Source," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 10: "Fanfare," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 10: "Histoire du Soldat Suite," "Prodigal Son," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 12: "Sinfonia Mistica," "In G Major," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 13: "Agon," "In G Major," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 14: "Serenade," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 15: "Scotch Symphony," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 16: "The Four Temperaments," the new ballet, and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 16: "Scotch Symphony," "Serenade," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, except May 9, at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 28.)

American Ballet Theatre—Through Monday, May 11: "Giselle." . . . ¶ Starting Tuesday, May 12: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Through Saturday, June 13.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Wednesday evening, May 6: "Roses," "Diary of a Fly," "Dust," and "Airs." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 7; Tuesday evening, May 12; and Saturday evening, May 16: "Esplanade," "Profiles," "Aureole," and "Syzygy." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 8, and Wednesday evening, May 13: "Images," "Last Look," and "Kith and Kin." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 9: "Arden Court," "Faun Variations," "Private Domain," and "A Musical Offering." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 10: "Cloven Kingdom," "Snow White," "The Edge," "Junction," and "Sunset." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 14: "Ab Ovo Usque ad Mala (From Soup to Nuts)," "Paean," "Polaris," and "Mercuric Tidings." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 15: "Arden Court," "Private Domain," and "A Musical Offering." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 3. Through Sunday, May 17.)

Joyce Trisler Danscompany—Presenting "Little Red Riding Hood" (with guest artist Mercedes Ellington), "Tobi Roppo," three solo works—"Journey," "Brahms Waltzes," and "Liebestraum"—plus "The Wakey Night." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Saturday, May 6-9, at 8, and Sunday, May 10, at 2 and 7:30.)

Lucinda Childs Dance Company—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, May 12, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, at 8; and Sunday, May 17, at 2: Dance No. 1 from "Dance," "Available Light," and "Calyx" (première). . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, May 13-14, at 8, and Sunday, May 17, at 7:30: Two excerpts from "Relative Calm" ("Rise" and "Race") and two excerpts from "Portraits in Reflection" ("Suite Form" and "Hands"). (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Deborah Gladstein—With her company, in "Remembering and Forgetting," a new full-length work. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, May 17.)

Joan Miller's Dance Players—With guest artist Dyane Harvey, in a program of contemporary dance. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, May 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 568-8854.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **Anthony Morgan Dance Company:** Thursday, May 7, and Saturday and Sunday, May 9-10, at 8. . . . **Yung Yung Tsuai and Dancers:** Wednesday, May 13, and Friday, May 15, at 8, and Sunday, May 17, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, W. 120th St. and Riverside Dr. 864-2929.)

Dance Interviews—Peter Martins being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Monday, May 11, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

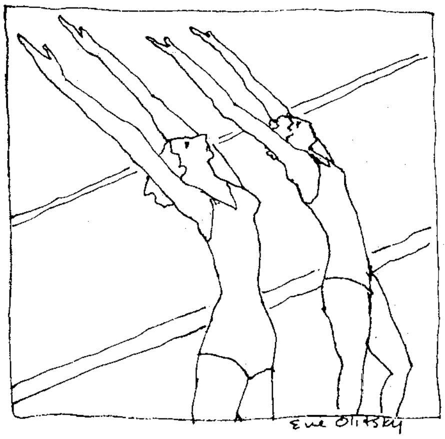
(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Chowder and Marching Club (which used to meet here) and of the Thanatopsis Club (which also used to meet here) and of **Julie Wilson,** who is singing here, in the candlelit mead hall known as the Oak Room. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautically appointed bar and restaurant. Any swaying you may notice yourself doing is probably generated by the musicians, who perform amidships on a railed-in platform. Lauren Hooker sings with her trio on Saturday, May 9, and on Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, hard-bop trumpeter **Valery Ponomarev** and his two mates come aboard. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big cabaret in the fur and fashion-student district. **Al Carmines,** a singer, pianist, composer, and United Church of Christ minister, sings Kern, Porter, country songs, hymns, and his own songs at six-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Late risers can hear Amanda McBroom at nine Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Helen Schneider at eleven Thursdays through Saturdays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this club, there is a little neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. Angela Bofill sings through Sunday, May 10; on Monday, May 11, the **Widespread Jazz Orchestra** performs its own uplifting versions of tunes by Ellington, Benny Carter, Chick Webb, and other swing-time geniuses; and starting Tuesday, May 12, pianist **Joe Sample's** quartet shares the bandstand with violinist **John Blake's** foursome. Music from nine. Dining.



Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where first-rate pianists and bassists compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. The musical teams: **John Hicks** and a mystery accompanist through Saturday, May 9, and **Brooks Kerr** and Bob Field on Monday, May 11. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. Blues and jazz singer **Jimmy Witherspoon** is here through Sunday, May 10, and on Tuesday, May 12, flutist **James Newton** moves in with his quartet. Mondays are in the swell hands of seven-string guitarists **Bucky** and **John Pizzarelli.** Music from nine every night except Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a cozy, elegant room; its key personnel (the musicians, the headwaiter) and some of its patrons (key personnel, no doubt, in other venues) wear tuxedos, but you needn't. **Bobby Short,** the room's favorite son, sings some of his favorite Porter, Coward, and Rodgers and Hart songs, with expert support from bassist **Beverly Peer** and drummer **Robbie Scott,** at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding that you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte.* Drummer **Louie Bellson** directs a seventeen-piece band through Sunday, May 10, and starting Tuesday, May 12, alto saxophonist **Richie Cole** and singer-pianist **Ben Sidran** join forces. On Mondays, guitarist **Les Paul** leads a trio. Music nightly from eight, except Mondays, when sets begin at nine. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, pleasant, quirkily constructed corner bar from which the human pageant (upper-middle East Side wing) is visible. The jukebox features Joe Williams, Cootie Williams, and Charlie Parker, whose many admirers include an Arkansas-born hepcat named **Bob Dorough.** A bop-rooted pianist and a sly, twangy-voiced singer, Mr. Dorough usually doesn't let a night slip by without singing his ode to Parker, "Up Jumped a Bird," which he says he wrote when he was in Rome, dodging traffic. He's here on Sundays and Mondays, along with his longtime sidekick, bassist **Bill Takas.** Wednesdays through Saturdays belong to singer Alicia Sherman's trio, and Tuesdays to guitarist **Chuck Wayne's** trio. Music from ten.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. **Fred Hersch,** a slender, bearded, light-fingered poet of a pianist, works with bassist **Michael Formanek** through Saturday, May 9. On Tuesday, May 12, **Don Friedman** joins Mr. Formanek. Music from about nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. The lineup, in part: Friday and Saturday, May 8-9, three-fifths of **The Band;** Monday, May 11, saxophonist **Oliver Lake** and his avant-reggae band, **Jump Up;** and Thursday, May 14, Louisiana swamp rocker **Dr.**

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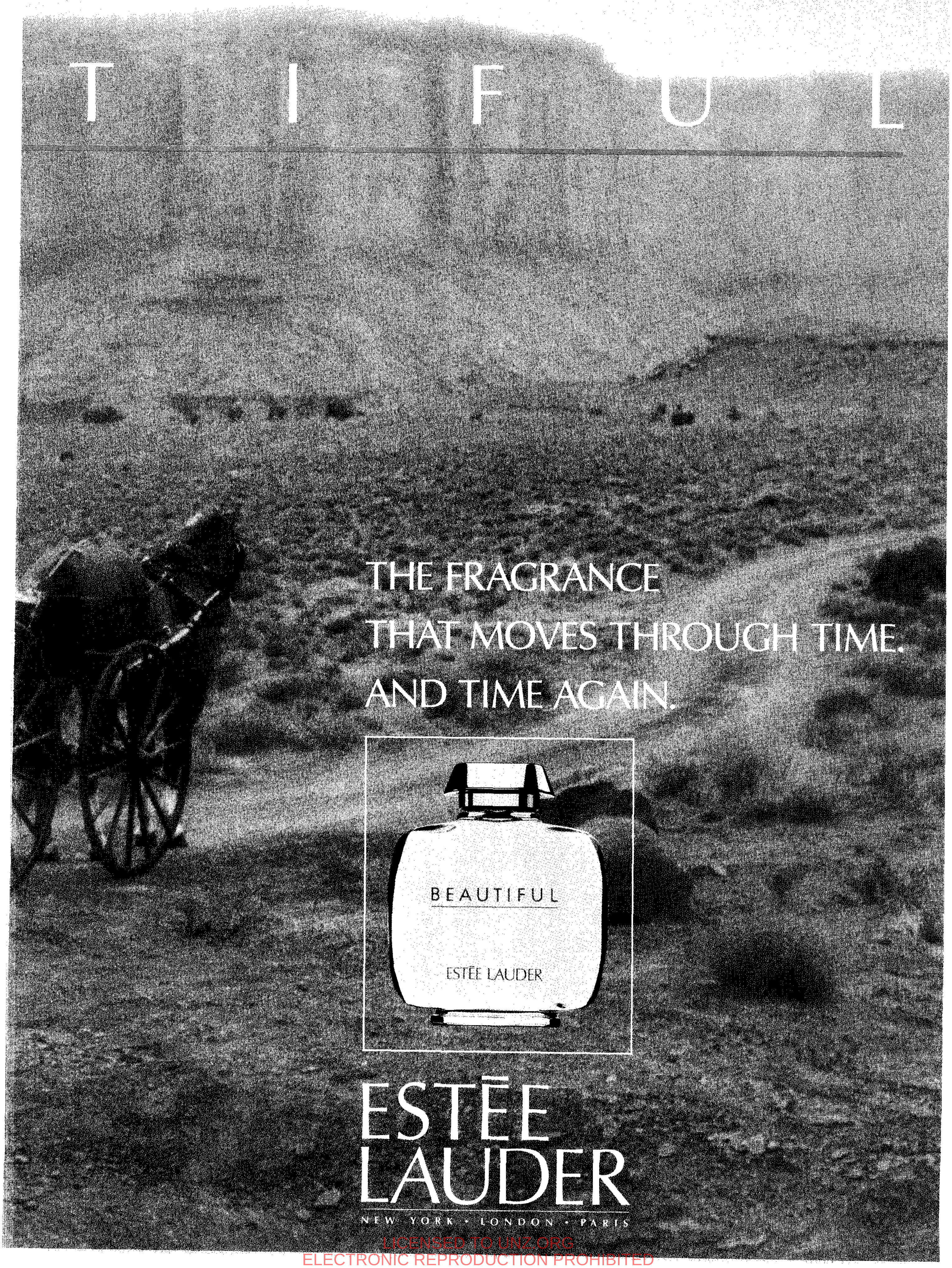
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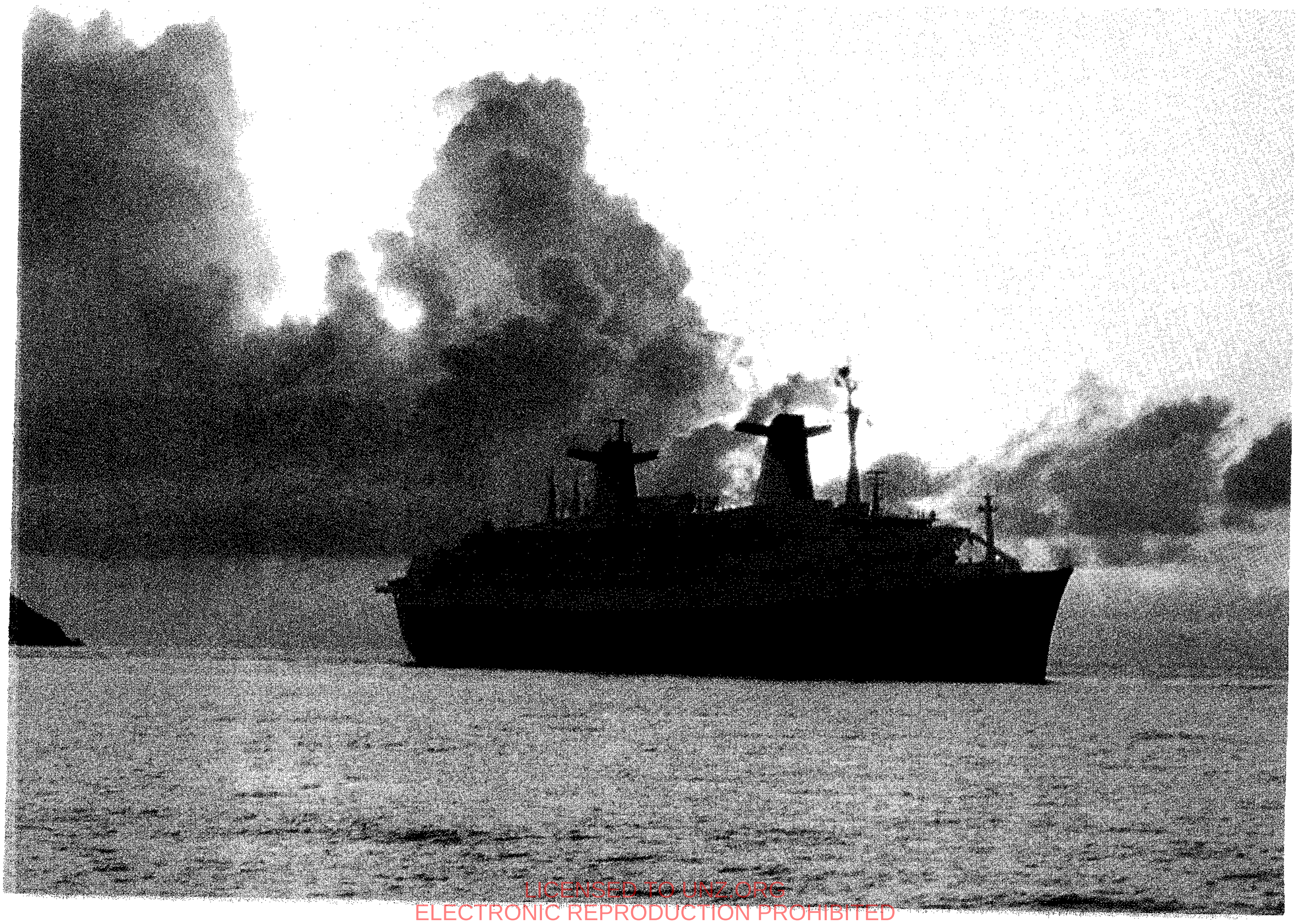

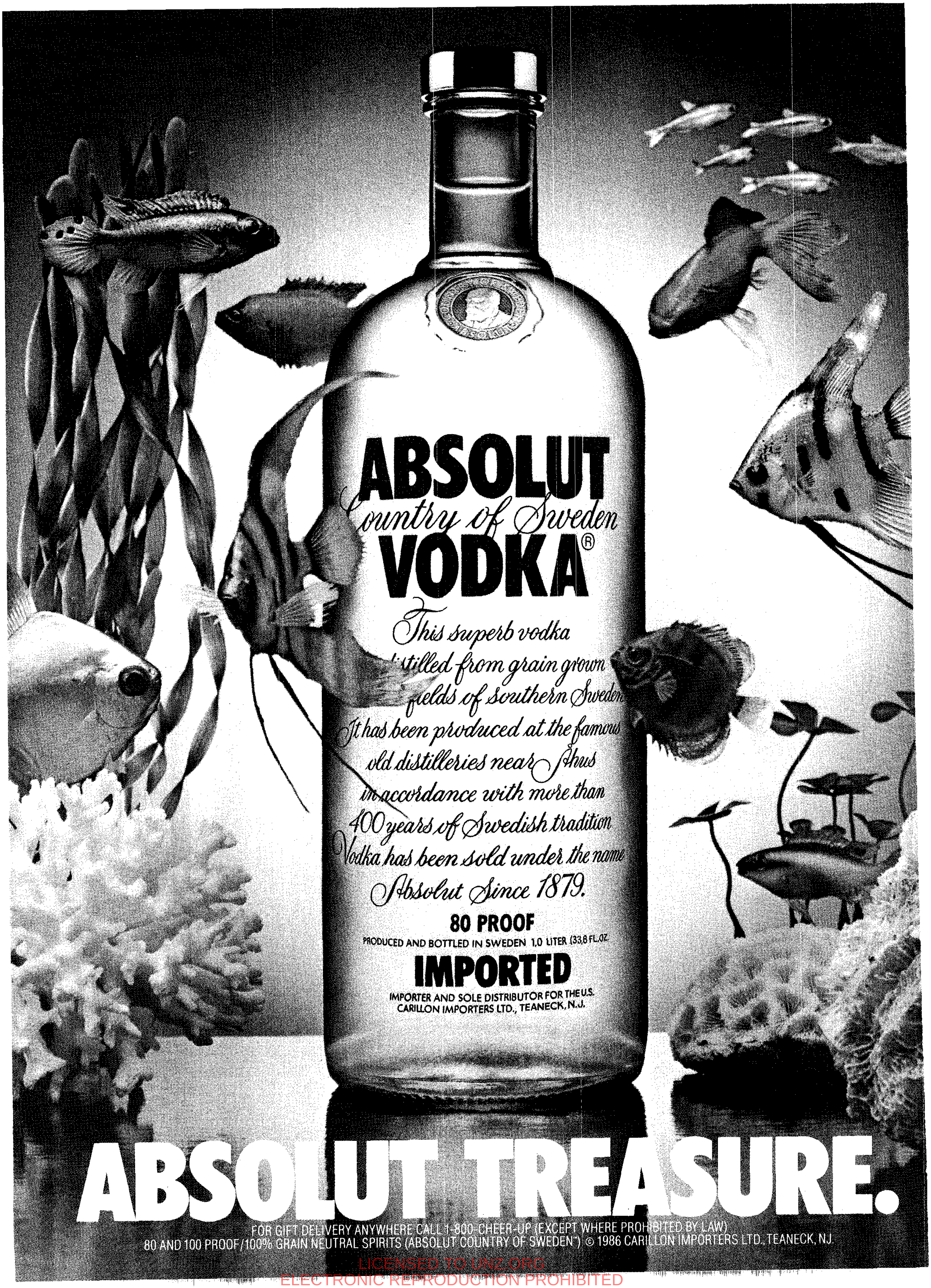
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JOHN and Chicago blues singer **EDDIE (THE CHIEF) CLEARWATER.** Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub, Englished-up with pictures of lions and monarchs and with mirrors that double as advertisements for vintage whiskeys. Dory Previn's fans will find her here Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen usually sits in on clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Trio-size helpings of jazz, Latin jazz, and rhythm and blues in a spiffy upper West Side café. **YANA PURIM,** Flora's sister, sings here on Friday and Saturday, May 8-9. Music from about ten until two.

POSITANO, 250 Park Ave. S., at 20th St. (777-6211)—A *high-ceilinged, creamy-colored* restaurant that was once a carpet warehouse and, before that, a bank. The "executive chef," Luigi Celentano, is from Positano, and the graphics designer, Milton Glaser, is from Gotham. A section of the upper-deck dining area has been reserved for jazz trios. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE'S** threesome holds forth Wednesday through Friday, May 6-8, and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI'S** crew goes to work on Monday, May 11. Music from nine Mondays and Tuesdays, and from ten Wednesdays through Fridays. Closed Sundays.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Up-to-the-minute rock in a half-century-old ballroom. Pre-cotillion activities include watching videos, milling around, and showing the bartender the plastic wristband you have to wear if you want to drink. Thursday and Friday, May 7-8, **CHINA CRISIS;** Saturday, May 9, at nine and midnight, a jazz and R. & B. extravaganza, with trumpeter **LESTER BOWIE'S BRASS FANTASY** and the **NEVILLE BROTHERS;** Sunday, May 10, the Meat Puppets and Soul Asylum; and Wednesday, May 13, Hipsway. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Hip-swivelling music from Brazil and elsewhere. Jugs and drums are suspended from the rafters, and a dioramic slice of jungle life is affixed to the wall above the bandstand. Wednesday, May 6, **RAY BARRETTO'S** orchestra; Thursday, May 7, Pieces of a Dream, a jazz-rock trio; Friday, May 8, the Haitian dance band **TABOU COMBO;** Saturday, May 9, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Tuesday, May 12, Cuban alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA;** and Wednesday and Thursday, May 13-14, Brazilian percussionist-singer **NANA VASCONCELOS** & the Bush Dancers. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. **DAVID MURRAY'S OCTET**—a stirring group, whether it's playing a lush ballad or a rumbling, bass-driven, Mingus-style number that accelerates and decelerates and ends in wild shouting—winds up its visit on Sunday, May 10. **MC COY TYNER** comes in for two weeks on Tuesday, May 12. Shows from about ten. Dining.

SWEETWATERS, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—What would a night club be without smoke, mirrors, and a white piano? It wouldn't be this sleek soul-and-jazz room, whose piano isn't a prop from a Swing-Era movie set. Jazz violinist **NOEL POINTER** leads a band Thursday through Saturday, May 7-9, and on the following Thursday, May 14, **HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES,** the Philadelphia vocal group, begin a three-night stint. Music after nine. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain-but-functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a fiddle-footed black cat, which roams the premises looking for a seat better than the one it just abandoned. The schedule: Wednesday, May 6, Barry Moore; Thursday, May 7, rapper Melle Mel; Friday and Saturday, May 8-9, Chicago bluesman **JIMMY JOHNSON;** Monday, May 11, Hide the Babies and Bygones; and Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, piano thumper **PINETOP PERKINS,** a twelve-year veteran of Muddy Waters' band. Music after nine-thirty.

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VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Adept salsa bands perform in the refectory-like downstairs room on Mondays after nine-thirty; on May 11, **JON FADDIS,** a sunny, exuberant trumpeter, takes a solo turn or two with conga whiz **RAY BARRETTO'S** orchestra and La Familia Mangual, an ensemble that features three generations of bongo-playing Manguals. . . . ¶ In the Terrace Bar, you can listen to fellow-Memphians **HAROLD MABERN** (piano) and **JAMIL NASSER** (bass) every night except Monday. On Tuesdays, they trade sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** Bach-to-blues trio. Music from around ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This hallowed basement establishment has been receiving jazz pilgrims from all over the world for more than half a century. Guitarist **JIM HALL,** who has been regularly and gracefully ministering to congregations in this room since the early sixties, will be around through Sunday, May 10, leading a quartet that includes **BILL FRISELL,** who preaches through a guitar-synthesizer. On Tuesday, May 12, three more guitarists—**KENNY BURRELL** and two young disciples—will descend the stairs. On Mondays, the foreman of the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA** settles in behind his Pearl drums and Istanbul cymbals and lets his crew rip. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. Tenor saxophonist **HOUSTON PERSON** and vocalist **ETTA JONES** will be out in front of a band Thursday through Sunday, May 7-10. Music from about nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Osso buco and jazz. The latter emanates from a passageway between a back room reserved for trenchermen and a front-room bar. Pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** work together through Saturday, May 9, and on Monday, May 11, **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CECIL MC BEE** swing into action. On Sundays, **GENE BERTONCINI** and **MICHAEL MOORE** play glistening guitar-bass duets. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

KING SUNNY ADÉ—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Friday, May 8, at 8.

CHRIS ANDERSON TRIO—With Lodi Carr. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday, May 8, at 10, 11:30, and 1.)

TAHUANTINSUYO—Triplex Theatre, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Saturday, May 9, at 8.

ARTHUR BLYTHE, JAY HOGGARD, BOB STEWART, AND MARVIN (SMITTY) SMITH—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Saturday, May 9, at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the night of the concerts.

MAURICE FREED

CALYPSO MUSIC—With Mighty Sparrow, Lord Kitchener, King David Rudder, Sam & the Caribbean Express, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday, May 9, at 9, and Sunday, May 10, at 3 and 8.)

CAMEO—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Sunday, May 10, at 7 and 11:30.

RHYS CHATHAM AND BEN NEILL—Alternative Museum, 17 White St. Wednesday, May 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

JAZZ CENTER OF NEW YORK—Friday, May 8, at 9: Ricky Ford sextet. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 9, at 9: Tribute to Maxine Sullivan, with Abbey Lincoln and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 15-16, at 9 and 11: Mwendo Dawa. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

RELA BANKS–Abstract marble sculptures in which a highly polished egg or globe often contrasts with the rough-textured stone surrounding it. Through Saturday, May 16. (Schiller-Wapner, 1 E. 61st St.)

BYRON BROWNE (1907-61)—Collages by an early abstractionist. Through Tuesday, May 12. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER (1898-1976)—Thirteen ink drawings of circus subjects. Through May 30. (Simon-Neuman, 42 E. 76th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

LINDA CHAPMAN—Watercolors by a Magic Realist. Through May 23. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

JEAN DUBUFFET (1901-85)—A two-gallery retrospective of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper. Those dating from 1943 to 1974 at Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) Through May 29. . . . ¶ Those made after 1974 at Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Through May 30.

KAREN ERLA—A two-gallery show of oil paintings on paper. Through May 30. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St. . . . ¶ Stark, 568 Broadway. Opens at noon.)

CHARLES GARABEDIAN—Abstract paintings combining motifs from architecture, sculpture, and American Indian art. Through May 23. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

GLENN GOLDBERG—Recent abstract paintings. Through May 29. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

BRYAN HUNT—A two-gallery show. Drawings at Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (through June 6); and sculptures at the Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St. (through June 13).

RON KLEEMANN—Photo-Realist paintings of inflated balloons for the Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade based on Norman McGrath's photographs, which are also in the show. Through May 27. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

HENRY MOORE (1898-1986)—Bronzes and watercolors. Through Friday, May 15. (Weintraub, now at 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ROBERT MOTHERWELL—Paintings and collages from the eighties. Through May 28. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

JOHN PARKS / KAZUKO INOUE—Distorted views of London landmarks. / Recent abstract paintings. Through June 2. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

ANN SPERRY—Metal sculptures. Through May 23. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

LEONARD STOKES—New figurative paper collages. Through May 23. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR AFRICAN ART,** 54 E. 68th St.: More than a hundred African objects on loan from the Museum für Völkerkunde, in Munich. Through Aug. 16. (Opens at noon on Sundays.) . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Two shows of oil paintings and works on paper—"Cubist Legacy: The American Abstract Artists," including Eleanor De Laittre, Carl Holty, John Sennhauser, and others; and "Modernism," including Helen Torr, James Guy, Edwin Dickinson, and others. Through June 12. . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM**, 24 E. 81st St.: Artists of the New York School, including painters Alfred Leslie, Joan Mitchell, and Conrad Marca-Relli, and sculptor Richard Stankiewicz. Through June 26.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

PIERRE ALECHINSKY—Recent paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, May 9. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

ALEXANDER ARCHIPENKO (1887-1964)—More than a dozen highly stylized sculptures executed in his last ten years, and works on paper. Through Saturday, May 9. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JEAN ARP (1886-1966)—Sculptures, wall reliefs, and works on paper, dating primarily from the fifties and sixties. Through May 23. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

MILTON AVERY (1893-1965)—A retrospective of woodcuts, drypoints, and lithographs. Through June 12. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

ISABEL CASE BORGATTA / OSCAR BLUEMNER (1867-1938)—Stone sculptures. / Small watercolors and drawings. Through May 20. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT CRONIN—New painted tinplate sculptures, plus three large-scale painted aluminum works. Through Saturday, May 16. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JOHN DEANDREA—A new group of his startlingly lifelike polyvinyl female nudes, these posed on pedestals just the way classical sculptures are. Through Saturday, May 16. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

JOSEPH DIGIORGIO / GEORGE WOODMAN—Pastels of the Southwest. / New paintings of flowers *intertwined with patterns, on shaped* canvases. Through May 23. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

ÖYVIND FAHLSTRÖM (1928-76)—Several of his satirical works with movable parts. Through Saturday, May 16. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

PATRICIA TOBACCO FORRESTER / RAY CIARROCHI—Watercolors of arboreal landscapes. / Oil paintings and pastel drawings of New England and lower Manhattan. Through May 20. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

SAM FRANCIS—New abstract paintings. Through May 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727-88)—A loan show of twenty-eight drawings. Through June 12. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

ARTHUR LEVINE—Paintings of vintage airplanes. Through May 30. (Heesy, 50 W. 57th St.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN / ELLSWORTH KELLY—Pop paintings from the early sixties. / Pencil drawings outlining leaves. Through June 6. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. Mr. Lichtenstein's show of drawings continues at the Museum of Modern Art.)

JOHN MEYER—Realist landscape paintings. Through May 23. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ROBERT ANDREW PARKER—*Self-portraits and dog* portraits. Through May 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

IZHAR PATKIN—Oil paintings on wire-mesh screen, among other works (which complement his stencilled-rubber-curtain installation in the Whitney Biennial). Through May 23. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MATT PHILLIPS—Monotypes printed on paper collages with finishing touches in pastel and charcoal. Through Thursday, May 14. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD PICCOLO—Still-lifes, figures, and landscapes of Rome. Through May 27. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

ANNE RYAN (1889-1954)—Collages, together with paintings and drawings from the thirties and forties by New York artists (Gorky, Krasner, Pollock) who were friends of Ryan's and, like her, were unrecognized at the time. Through May 30. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

ABBY SHAHN—Geometric abstractions in egg tempera, among other works. Through Saturday, May 9. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

JOE STEFANELLI / ETHAN GREENBERG—Abstract paintings. / Charcoal drawings of cityscapes, landscapes, and still-lifes. Through June 3. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

JAMES SURLS / ALAIN CLEMENT—Figures and abstractions rendered in carved-and-burned oak. / Photograms. Through May 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

TOM WESSELMANN—Painted-metal cutouts, a few projecting from the wall. Through May 30. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT (1869-1959)—Drawings for the Joseph Husser house (1899) and for the Guggenheim Museum (the earliest dated 1943). Through May 30. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

JOHN M. ARMLEDER—An installation of paintings and altered musical instruments. Through June 27. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

ELISE ASHER—Fantasy landscape paintings and drawings in a series that takes its title, "The Long Boat," *from a poem by Stanley Kunitz.* Through June 6. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

DAVID BATES—Stylized paintings of outdoorsmen by an outdoorsman from Dallas. Also, three painted bronzes—a dog's head, a bust, a platter of fish. Through May 23. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

LINDA BESEMER—Thickly painted abstract oils and charcoal drawings. Through Saturday, May 16. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

SANDRO CHIA—New paintings. Through May 30. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

THOM COONEY CRAWFORD—Emblematic paintings and four bronzes based on them. Through May 31. (M-13, now located at 72 Greene St. Opens Sundays at noon.)

DOROTHY DEHNER / GEER MORTON—Works on *paper from her "Bolton Landing" series.* / Oil paintings. Through May 23. (Twining, 568 Broadway. Opens at noon.)

LORETTA DUNKELMAN—Impasto paintings. Through Saturday, May 9. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

JOEL FISHER—"Hundred Figures," a work consisting of a grid of a hundred individually framed handmade papers, each marked with a numeral (1, 2, 3) suggested by a shape in the fibre of the paper. Also, a series of cast bronzes similarly based on fibre shapes. Through Saturday, May 9. (Cadot, 470 Broome St.)

VIOLA FREY—Glazed ceramic works, among them larger-than-life-size figures. Through June 3. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

MARILYN GIERSBACH / CAROL J. STEEN—Abstract oils. / Vigorous alkyd paintings on paper, all containing emblematic representations of tools. Through Saturday, May 16. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

JACK GOLDSTEIN—Large-scale paintings in Day-Glo colors. Through May 23. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

JAN HÅFSTRÖM—Painted wood in various configurations. Through May 30. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

TI SHAN HSU—A two-gallery show. Streamlined painted relief constructions incorporating, for instance, rubber matting and a gold-plated steel handle. Through Saturday, May 9. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ A sculpture installation. Through Sunday, May 10. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1.)

BARBARA KASSEL—Realist paintings of interiors. Through May 30. (Davidson, 415 West Broadway.)

BARBARA KRUGER—Photomontages from the past five years. Through May 30. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

VINCENT LONGO—Color paintings based on grids. Through May 30. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

ELIZABETH MURRAY—Recent paintings and pastels. Through May 23. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

EDUARDO OLIVEIRA CÉZAR—Monochromatic Precisionist paintings of architectural elements. Through May 30. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St.)

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HONGKONG

NY/5/87

Michele Owings—Goya was the inspiration for these recent paintings. Through May 30. (Erpf, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

Ann Preston—A sculpture installation, among other works; first solo show in New York. Through June 3. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Scott Richter—Two wall sculptures made of molded fibre glass thinly coated with iron; several paintings in several styles, unified by beeswax sculptures attached to them. Through May 27. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Gerwald Rockenschaub—Paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through May 30. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Joseph Santore—Abstract paintings that subsume some recognizable objects and figures. Through Saturday, May 9. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Kenny Scharf—New paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, May 16. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Frances Siegel—Self-portraits covering a six-year period. Through May 20. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Peter Solow—Paintings and drawings of cityscapes and landscapes with figures. Through Saturday, May 16. (Green, 152 Wooster St.)

The Starn Twins—Cut-and-taped photographic works by these twenty-five-year-old identical-twin brothers from Boston, who start their joint projects with a single negative—in this show, an image of two horses' heads in profile has been reproduced in almost eighty different ways—and sometimes go on to create three-dimensional works, such as "Christ (Stretched)" in the Whitney Biennial. Through May 23. (Stux, 155 Spring St.)

Haim Steinbach—Objects, ranging from antique bric-a-brac to contemporary consumer goods, arranged on Formica shelves. Through Saturday, May 16. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Osami Tanaka / B. Wurtz—Two shows of sculptures. Through May 20. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Richard Tobias / Georg Baselitz—Geometric abstractions in oil. / Works on paper from the sixties. Through Wednesday, May 13. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Drawings from France 1400-1900—A show on loan from Stockholm's Nationalmuseum. Through July 22. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

P.U.L.S.E.—The name of a show of very active kinetic machine sculptures that make sounds, create light, or present moving images. The artists, who use such technologies as fibre optics, neon, and computers, seem to come from the same family tree, starting with Granddaddy Marcel Duchamp, and coming on down to Jean Tinguely, James L. Seawright, Alice Aycock, Kristin Jones, and Andrew Ginzel. Through May 23. (420 West Broadway, ground floor.)

Group Shows—At the **jack**, 138 Prince St.: The second annual Greenburger Foundation awards show, with works by Nassos Daphnis, Luis Jimenez, Loren MacIver, André Fauteux, and Julius Hatofsky. Through May 27. (Open daily; opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **schreiber-cutler**, 171 Spring St.: Contemporary works on the theme of crime and punishment. Among the twelve artists are Stephen Lack, Hannelore Baron, and Nic Nicosia. Through May 30.

Sculpture—Works by artists who were influenced by minimalism: Peter Ambrose, Heide Fasnacht, Tom Hatch, Carol Hepper, Lisa Hoke, and Creighton Michael. Through May 26. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Laurent de Brunhoff—Watercolor illustrations from the Babar series. Through June 6. (Ryan, 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Opens at noon.)

John Franklin—A mixture of traditional and nontraditional materials. For instance, in "The Drum Painting" a wide cowhide frame surrounds a rabbitskin-glue-coated canvas with a dowel attached to it. Through May 31. (Loughelton, 19 Second Ave., at 1st St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Antony Gormley—A monumental sculpture of a lead glider. Through May 26. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Stephen Hannock—Landscape paintings in phosphorescent acrylics and shown under black light in an otherwise dark room. Through May 31. (Bernarducci, 17 E. 17th St. Opens at 1 Thursdays through Sundays.)

David McDermott and Peter McGough—New paintings complementing their works in the Whitney Biennial. Through May 31. (Audiello, 436 E. 11th St., near Avenue A. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

John Penney / Philip Tsiaras—Sculptures. / Works on paper. Through Sunday, May 10. (Greathouse, 157 Avenue B, at 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Rick Prol—Drawings and constructions from the past four years. Through May 30. (St. Marks, 411 E. 9th St., near First Ave. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Bill Rice / Dondi White—Sculptures of male figures made of materials found in the street; also paintings. / Works on paper by a graffiti writer. Through May 23. (56 Bleecker Street Gallery.)

David Row—Paintings using the double helix and other geometric forms on split canvases and diptychs. Through Saturday, May 9. (Good, 39 Great Jones St.)

Jeff Way—A hinged, painted wood screen, partially cut out, and several masks. Through May 30. (Cavin-Morris, 100 Hudson St.)

Krzysztof Wodiczko—New slide projections. Through May 24. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Rhonda Zwillinger—Five life-size guards, carrying paintings as shields and otherwise armored in suits of jewels (in the artist's characteristic style), ward off potential art-world marauders from the Gracie Mansion Gallery. Through May 17. (167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Guerrilla Girls Review the Whitney—The anonymous Guerrilla Girls (they asked the Clocktower staff to vacate the premises while they mounted their work) keep track of the status of women artists. Huge graphics analyze the Whitney Biennial from that point of view, starting with the 1973 show. Through May 17. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Sculpture—At **nature morte**, 204 E. 10th St.: A single work apiece by James Brown and Michelangelo Pistoletto, and two by Joel Otterson. Through May 31. (Opens at noon, Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **p.s. 1**, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City: Pieces by eight contemporary English and German artists, including Anish Kapoor, Tony Cragg, Isa Genzken, and Thomas Schütte. Through June 21. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Zeke Berman—Black-and-white photographs of still-life and interior constructions made by the artist, who was trained as a sculptor. Through Saturday, May 9. (Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St.)

Sarah Charlesworth—Laminated Cibachrome prints with lacquer frames. Through Sunday, May 10. (International with Monument, 111 E. 7th St. Opens at noon.)

Van Deren Coke—Recent photographs of Mexico. Through Saturday, May 16. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

Timothy Greenfield-Sanders—Photographs of Leo Castelli, Hilton Kramer, Brice Marden, and others modelling clothes by the designer Rei Kawakubo; the photographs were originally part of an ad campaign. Through May 21. (Pfeiffer, 568 Broadway.)

Jan Groover—A retrospective show of eighty photographs is at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Mark Klett—Landscape photographs of the American Southwest; tire tracks in the sand, a pile of mowed cactus, or, sometimes, people figure in these. Through June 13. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Danny Lyon—Photographs from the past twenty-five years; the most recent subjects include Port-au-Prince, Haiti, and the artist's family. Through June 6. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Robert Mapplethorpe—New works. Through May 23. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ray K. Metzker / Dennis Farber—Tuscan land-

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scapes. / The street life of Venice, California, in prints that have gold-leaf modifications. Through June 6. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Cindy Sherman—The artist isn't exactly out of the picture in these new works, but she isn't the whole pizza, either—in a beach scene, for instance, her reflection is in the sunglasses. Through May 30. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A retrospective of prints of Mexico by Manuel Alvarez Bravo. . . . ¶ Stop-action photographs by Harold Edgerton. . . . ¶ Photographs documenting the westward *progress of the Union Pacific Railroad*, reprinted from the negatives of A. J. Russell, who worked for the railroad in the eighteen-sixties. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) All three shows through June 14.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—New galleries for the museum's collection of Japanese art have opened. The wide-ranging display includes a twelfth-century Dainichi Buddha, a *shoin*-style room with sliding-screen walls, and a sculpture by Isamu Noguchi. . . . ¶ A loan show of forty-eight French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings belonging to the Courtauld Institute of Art, in London. Renoir's "La Loge" and Gauguin's "Te Rerioa" are among them. Through June 21. . . . ¶ A show of paintings by sixteenth- and seventeenth-century artists from the Emilia-Romagna region of Italy—Correggio, Parmigianino, the Carracci brothers. More than half of the two hundred works are on loan from Italian collections and are seen here for the first time. (There is also an exhibit of Emilian drawings and prints of the period from the museum's collections.) Through May 24. . . . ¶ "Dance" is the title of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of Roy Lichtenstein's drawings. Through June 2. (A complementary show of paintings is at Blum Helman Gallery, 20 W. 57th St.) . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by Jan Groover. Through June 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A small show of works on paper by contemporary American and European artists is the main reason for a visit just now while the museum mounts a retrospective of Joan Miró that will start Friday, May 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Whitney Biennial. Through June 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A display of about two hundred works of ancient art donated to the museum by Ernest Erickson, a collector of textiles, ceramics, and metalwork from North and South America and Asia. Through May 18. . . . ¶ Sculptures, drawings, and monotypes by Mary Frank. Through June 7. . . . ¶ Sculptures, paintings, and drawings by Peter Gourfain. Through Monday, May 11. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A three-inch-tall frog carved in jet, with turquoise eyes and a turquoise collar, is the centerpiece of a show of two hundred Pueblo artifacts. The frog was found at the turn of the century in a ceremonial chamber of the seven-hundred-room Pueblo Bonito, in Chaco Canyon, New Mexico. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—The ABCs of braiding illustrated with traditional fibre, clay, and metal articles from all over the world and with contemporary works by thirty-five artisans. Through July 17. . . . ¶ Glass objects from nine countries. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—A loan show of Buddhist illuminated manuscripts whose decorative motifs and materials are indigenous to the ten Asian countries where the works originated. Through June 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibition of Chinese folk art that once decorated the homes of rural Han peasants and had the additional function of protecting their well-being. Bad luck could be warned off with, for example, a red papercut of a figure that is blowing a horn, banging a drum, and, for good measure, balancing a rooster on its head. Papercuts, embroidered garments, fabrics, and woodblocks. Through May 31. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show devoted to Louis Sullivan (1856-1924), the influential Chicago-school architect and mentor of Frank Lloyd Wright. Drawings, photographs, models, and architectural details from some of his projects. Through June 28. . . . ¶ The accomplishments of a contemporaneous Spanish architect, Antoni Gaudí, seen in the context of the work of his peers in Barcelona, are the focus of an exhibit that includes architectural drawings, furniture, tiles, metalwork, and glass objects. Through June 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibition of illustrations by Jean-Baptiste Le Prince, an eighteenth-century French artist and student of Boucher. The pen-and-ink and wash drawings were done for Jean Chappe d'Auteroche's "Voyage en Sibérie" (also on view), a book that, dwelling as it does on the coarser aspects of Russian life, did not exactly delight Catherine the Great (she wrote a rebuttal). Through June 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Italian Renaissance majolica and eighteenth-century German Meissen figures are among the European decorative works on loan from the Wadsworth Atheneum, which acquired them from the estate of J. Pierpont Morgan through a bequest. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"Fake," an exhibit of varying works which examines the ideas of authenticity and originality in art. For example, a "painting" by David Cabrera is in fact a piece of printed fabric that is stretched like a canvas. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, photographs, and videos by twelve male artists that offer alternative interpretations of stereotypical masculinity. Tony Mendoza, Nicholas Africano, and Mike Glier are among those represented. Both shows start Friday, May 8. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

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New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Nineteenth-century silver and silver plate, Sam Wagstaff's eclectic collection of Americana. Flatware, ewers, tea sets, presentation pieces, designed by *Gorham, Meriden Britannia, Tiffany*. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Harlem Renaissance: Art of Black America," a show of two hundred paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints, nearly all of them by five pivotal artists of the twenties—Aaron Douglas, William H. Johnson, Palmer Hayden, Meta Vaux Warrick Fuller, and James Van DerZee. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Gretchen Bender (performance), Thursday, May 7, at 8, 9, and 10; Friday, May 8, at 8; and Saturday, May 9, at 8, 9, and 10. . . . ¶ Susan Rethorst (dance), Thursday through Sunday, May 14-17, at 8:30, and an afternoon show Sunday at 3.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—A festival of theatre and performance art sponsored by the people of the Veselka Coffee Shop. Some of the events: Richard Elovich's "Faking House," with Pat Oleszko, Thursday through Sunday, May 7-10, at 8. . . . ¶ Holly Hughes' "Dress Suits to Hire," with Peggy Shaw and Lois Weaver, Thursday through Sunday, May 7-10, and Friday through Sunday, May 15-17, at 9. . . . ¶ Karen Finley's "The Constant State of Desire," Thursday through Saturday, May 7-9, at 10.

Artists' Films—Two programs of films by or about artists. Thursday, May 7, at 8: "Lurk," by Rudy Burckhardt, and six other works. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 14, at 8: "Style Wars: Art or Vandalism? Portrait of a Subculture," by Tony Silver, and three other films. (White Columns, 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St. 924-4212.)

Note: "Volcano Saga," a performance with video by Joan Jonas. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Wednesday through Sunday, May 13-17, at 8:30. Through May 23.) . . . ¶ Dance videos by James Byrne. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Mondays, May 11 and 18, at 8.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

American Chamber Opera Company—Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" and Alice Shields' "Shaman" (première), conducted by Douglas Anderson and staged by Roger Sullivan. (TOMI Theatre, 23 W. 73rd St. Fridays and Saturdays, May 8-9 and 15-16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 781-0857.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting Brazilian composer Antônio Carlos Gomes's 1874 Italian opera, "Salvator Rosa." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays, May 9 and 16, and Friday, May 15, at 7:30, and Sunday, May 10, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

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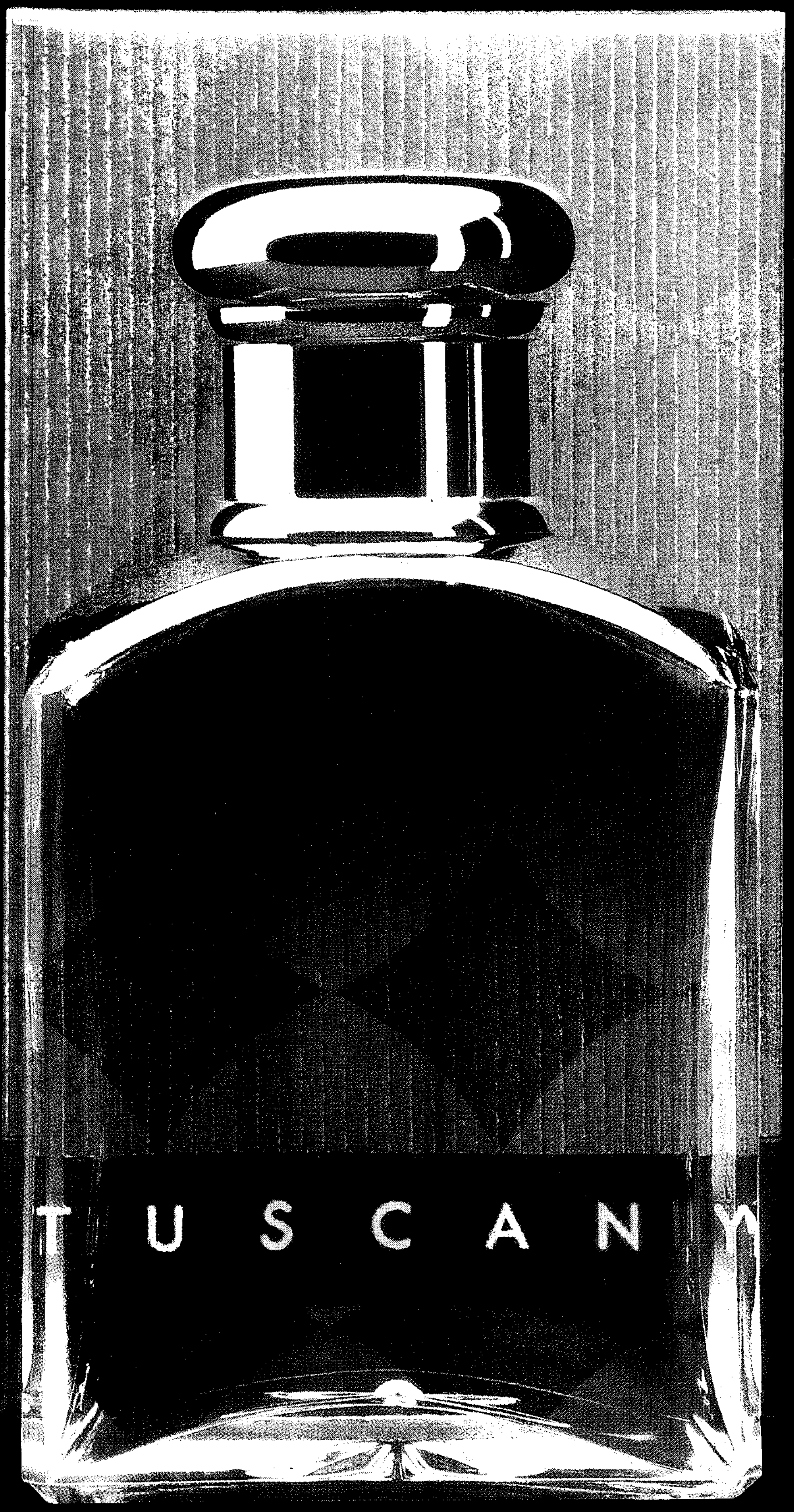

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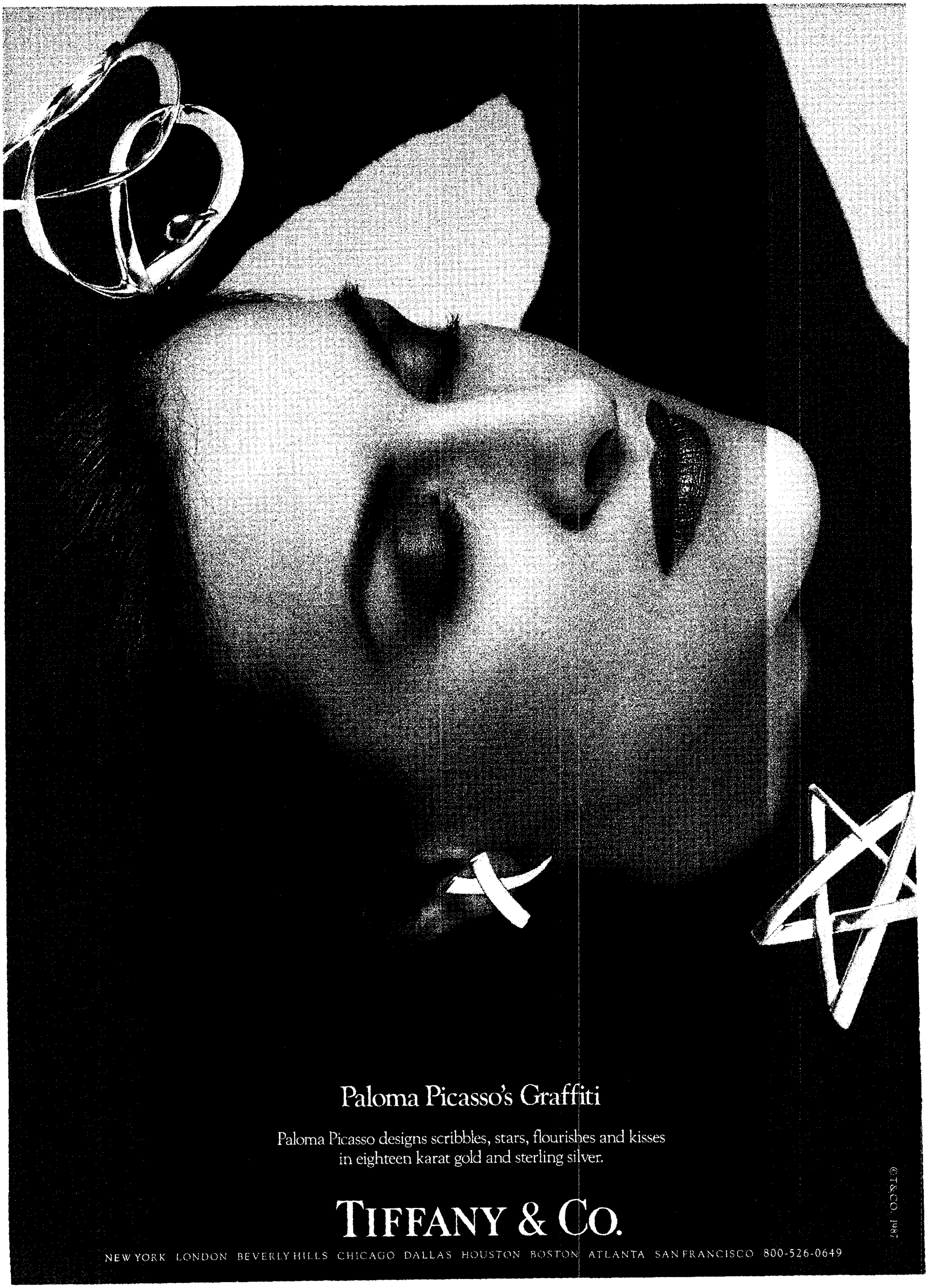

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Tchaikovsky-Prokofiev program on Thursday, May 7, at 8; Friday, May 8, at 2; Saturday, May 9, at 8; and Tuesday, May 12, at 7:30 (all with Cho-Liang Lin, violin). . . . ¶ Giuseppe Sinopoli conducting works by Gabrieli, Byrd, Schumann, and Strauss Thursday through Saturday, May 14-16, and Tuesday, May 19, at 8 (all with Gidon Kremer, violin).

Stuttgart Philharmonic—Wolf-Dieter Hauschild conducting, with Cecile Licad, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 10, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting an all-Berlioz program, with Jessye Norman, soprano, and the Choral Arts Society of Philadelphia. The final concert of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 12, at 8.)

Cleveland Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 13, at 8: Christoph von Dohnányi conducting a Mozart-Bruckner program, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, May 15, at 8: Christoph von Dohnányi conducting an Ives-Brahms program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 16, at 8: Vladimir Ashkenazy conducting a Franck-Shostakovich-Sibelius program, with Lynn Harrell, cello.

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing Dvořák's "Rusalka" in concert form, with Gabriela Beňačková and Linda Kelm, sopranos; Timothy Jenkins, tenor; Sergei Koptchak, baritone; and the Dessoff Choirs. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, May 6, at 8.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins directing a period-instrument concert performance of Agostino Steffani's 1692 comic opera, "Le Rivali Concordi," in an English translation by Mr. Jenkins. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 7, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting a four-hour program of baroque music, with Mr. Foss and Anthony Newman, keyboard; Benjamin Hudson, violin; Eric Mills, soprano; Patrick Romano, tenor; Jerome Barry, baritone; and the Canticum Novum Singers. The audience will be free to come and go between selections. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4120. Friday and Saturday, May 8-9, at 7, and Sunday, May 10, at 1.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting, with Bobby Short. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 8, at 8, and Saturday, May 9, at 2.)

Ensemble for Early Music's Grande Bande—Frederick Renz conducting, with Dennis Godburn, bassoon, and Lowell Greer, horn. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 9, at 8.)

New York Grand Opera—Vincent La Selva conducting a benefit concert of excerpts from Verdi operas, with a chorus and orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 13, at 8.)

Il Piccolo Teatro dell'Opera—Giampaolo Bracali conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonic in concert performances of Puccini's opera "Le Villi," with Tony Randall, narrator. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. Thursday, May 14, a benefit performance, and Saturday, May 16, both at 8. For information about tickets, call 1-718 855-4751.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Lyndon Woodside directing a Mozart-Elgar program, with soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 6, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing a program of music by Orlando di Lasso. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, May 9, at 9.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing Mahler's Eighth Symphony, with soloists and some three hundred young guest singers. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 11, at 8.)

Musica Viva—Walter Klauss directing the chorus and baroque orchestra, with Betsy Rae Watson, soprano, and Drew Minter, countertenor. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, May 11, at 8.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing the chorus and orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Marvis Martin, soprano; Susanne Mentzer, mezzo-soprano; Vinson Cole and Mark Bleeke, tenors; and Kevin Deas, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 14, at 8.)

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Canticum Novum Singers and Baroque Orchestra—Harold Rosenbaum directing Handel's oratorio "Joshua," with Karen Beardsley, soprano; Drew Minter, countertenor; Patrick Romano, tenor; and Jan Opalach, bass-baritone. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 16, at 8.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music at the Y—The Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio performing Mozart, Shostakovich, and Schubert. (92nd Street Y. Wednesday, May 6, at 8.)

Philippe Bianconi—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 7, at 8.)

Alexander Markov—Performing Paganini's twenty-four violin caprices. (92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 7, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" and a Schubert octet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, May 7, at 8. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 11, at 8.)

Canadian Brass—Performing works ranging from Purcell's "Trumpet Sonata" to Luther Henderson's "Basin Street Suite." (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, May 8, at 8.)

Alaria Chamber Ensemble—With Patricia Spencer, flute. (Weill Recital Hall. Friday, May 8, at 8.)

Eugene Istomin—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 9, at 8.)

Edward Auer—Piano. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 9, at 8.)

Harpsichord Unlimited—Presenting Elaine Comparone, harpsichord; William Mathews, guitar; and Daniel Waitzman, flute, in the third in a series of four programs. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Saturday, May 9, at 8. . . . ¶ O.K. Harris Gallery, 383 West Broadway. Monday, May 11, at 8.) For information about tickets, call 666-9427.

Ana Maria Trenchi de Bottazzi—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 10, at 1.)

Virtuosi Quintet—A program of American music. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Sunday, May 10, at 2. No charge beyond the society's ordinary entrance fee.)

Chinese Music Ensemble of New York—Liu Xinxin conducting a program of traditional music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, May 10, at 3.)

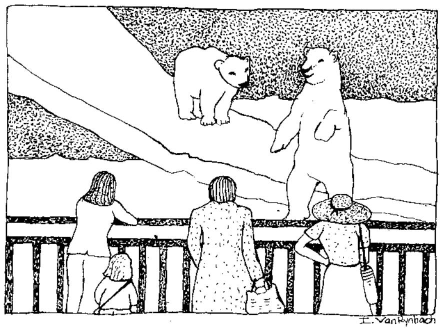
Bronx Arts Ensemble—A chamber-music program that includes New York premières by Theo Loevendie, with Robert Sherman, narrator, and by Hector Campos-Parsi, with Evangelina Colón, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, May 10, at 8.)

Ben Holt—Baritone. (Weill Recital Hall. Tuesday, May 12, at 8.)

John Kamitsuka—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 12, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—With Barbara Ann Martin, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, May 12, at 8.)

Gageego—A program of new music, with Jeanne Albee and Cheryl Hardwick, duo piano; J. D. Parron, clarinet; and Shem Guibbory, violin. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, May 12, at 8.)



Alan Feinberg and Daniel Druckman—Piano and percussion, with assisting artists. (Weill Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 13, at 8.)

Music by Peter Schickele—Performed by the Audubon String Quartet; Mr. Schickele, piano/vocals; and others. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Wednesday, May 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Beverly Morgan—Soprano. (92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 14, at 8.)

Aspen Wind Quintet—With Mary Louise Vetrano, piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Thursday, May 14, at 8.)

Kronos Quartet—Contemporary string quartets. (Weill Recital Hall. Friday, May 15, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

La Monte Young—Presenting his improvisational work "The Well-Tuned Piano" in five-hour performances, during which the audience is free to come and go. Taped shows on Wednesdays at 6, and live programs Sundays, also at 6. Through Wednesday, May 13. (Dia Art Foundation, 155 Mercer St. For information about tickets, call 925-8270.)

Benefit Concert—Philip Glass and the Philip Glass Ensemble performing for The Kitchen. (Triplex Theatre, 199 Chambers St. Friday, May 8, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 580-5511.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Shea Stadium is 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Cincinnati, Wednesday, May 6, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Boston, Thursday, May 7, at 7:05. . . . ¶ San Francisco, Friday, May 15, at 7:35, and Saturday, May 16, at 7:05. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, Friday and Saturday, May 8-9, at 7:30, and Sunday, May 10, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Chicago, Monday and Tuesday, May 11-12, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Texas, Wednesday, May 13, at 7:30, and Thursday, May 14, at 1.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, Aug. 3. . . . **PIMLICO,** Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 16.

Tennis—Shearson Lehman Brothers Tournament of Champions: Jimmy Arias, Boris Becker, Aaron Krickstein, Yannick Noah, Guillermo Vilas, and others. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. 1-718 268-2300. Wednesday through Friday, May 6-8, at noon; semifinals Saturday, May 9, at noon; and finals Sunday, May 10, at 2:45.)

ET ALIA

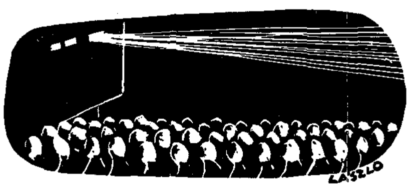
Poetry and Prose Readings—Yevgeny Yevtushenko reading from his own poetry, in Russian, with English translations read by Albert C. Todd. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, May 11, at 8.) . . . ¶ John A. Williams reading from his own works. (New York University's Bobst Library, 70 Washington Sq. S., in the third-floor Fales Room. Monday, May 11, at 8. Admission is free; for reservations, which are required, call 598-2484.) . . . ¶ Swoosie Kurtz, David Margulies, Joe Grifasi, and Steven Gilborn reading from the short stories of Lorrie Moore, Wallace Markfield, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., and John Lennon. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, May 13, at 6:30.)

New York Armory Antiques Show—American, English, Austrian, and French furniture and decorations. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday, May 13, from 4 to 9; Thursday through Saturday, May 14-16, from 11 to 9; and Sunday, May 17, from 11 to 6.)

Walking Tour—A conducted walking tour from Union Square to Madison Square, covering the area once referred to as Ladies' Mile, will take place on Sunday, May 10. The expedition is sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, and will meet at the statue of George Washington in Union Square, at 11. (For reservations, call 534-1672.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 27.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through May 7: A program of over thirty film, video, and made-for-TV documentaries.
From May 8: (Separate admissions) "A Woman Is a Woman" (1961; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy; "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (1935; Jean Renoir; in French), with René Lefèvre; and "La Vie Est à Nous" (1936; Jean Renoir; in French).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Angel Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon" (†).
Theatre 3: Through May 7: "Extreme Prejudice" (†). From May 8: "Gardens of Stone" (Francis Coppola), with James Caan, Anjelica Huston, and James Earl Jones.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through May 14: "Blind Date" (†).
From May 15: "The Gate" (Tibor Takacs).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Creepshow 2" (Michael Gornick).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Secret of My Success" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 7: "My Demon Lover" (Charles Loventhal), with Scott Valentine. From May 8: "Hot Pursuit" (Steven Lisberger), with John Cusack.
Theatre 3: "Platoon" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through May 14: "Project X" (†).
From May 15: "Ishtar" (Elaine May), with Warren Beatty, Isabelle Adjani, and Dustin Hoffman.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 7: "Malone" (Harley Cokliss), with Burt Reynolds.
From May 8: "Blind Date" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through May 14: "Extreme Prejudice" (†).
From May 15: "Ishtar" (Elaine May), with Warren Beatty, Isabelle Adjani, and Dustin Hoffman.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Project X" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through May 7: "The Allnighter" (Tamar Simon Hoffs), with Susanna Hoffs and Joan Cusack.
From May 8: "Platoon" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through May 7: "Outrageous Fortune" (†). From May 8: "River's Edge" (Tim Hunter).
Theatre 2: Through May 7: "Forever, Lulu" (Amos Kollek), with Hanna Schygulla and Deborah Harry. From May 8: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Lethal Weapon" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Gothic" (Ken Russell).
Theatre 2: Through May 14: "Tin Men" (†). From May 15: "Personal Services" (Terry Jones), with Julie Walters.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Secret of My Success" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 7: "Blind Date" (†). From May 8: "The Stepfather" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Raising Arizona" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Radio Days" (†).
Theatre 2: "Creepshow 2" (Michael Gornick).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Sweet Lorraine" (Steve Gomer), with Maureen Stapleton.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through May 7: "Making Mr. Right" (†).
From May 8: "Gardens of Stone" (Francis Coppola), with James Caan, Anjelica Huston, and James Earl Jones.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Creepshow 2" (Michael Gornick).

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Lethal Weapon" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 14: "Extreme Prejudice" (†). From May 15: "The Gate" (Tibor Takacs).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through May 7: "Malone" (Harley Cokliss), with Burt Reynolds. From May 8: "Hot Pursuit" (Steven Lisberger), with John Cusack.
Theatre 2: "The Secret of My Success" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Project X" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Hearst Metrotone Newsreel Show" (1987), newsreels from 1929 to 1940.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "The Festival of Claymation," a full-length film of animated short features by Will Vinton.
Theatre 2: "Working Girls" (directed by Lizzie Borden).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Raising Arizona" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tin Men" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 7: "The Allnighter" (Tamar Simon Hoffs), with Susanna Hoffs and Joan Cusack.
From May 8: "Forever, Lulu" (Amos Kollek), with Hanna Schygulla and Deborah Harry.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through May 14: "Radio Days" (†). From May 15: "Ishtar" (Elaine May), with Warren Beatty, Isabelle Adjani, and Dustin Hoffman.
Theatre 2: Through May 14: "The Assault" (Fons Rademakers; in Dutch). From May 15: "Ishtar."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Scene of the Crime" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 3: Through May 14: "Creepshow 2" (Michael Gornick). From May 15: "Padre Nuestro" (Francisco Regueiro; in Spanish), with Fernando Rey and Francisco Rabal.
Theatre 4: Through May 7: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin. From May 8: "Law of Desire" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Making Mr. Right" (†).
Theatre 2: "Project X" (†).
Theatre 3: Through May 7: "Malone" (Harley Cokliss), with Burt Reynolds. From May 8: "Steele Justice" (Robert Boris).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through May 7: "Memed, My Hawk" (Peter Ustinov), with Ustinov and Herbert Lom.
From May 8: "Hot Pursuit" (Steven Lisberger), with John Cusack.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"A Room with a View" (†).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Platoon" (†). No performances on Tuesday, May 12.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"L'Année des Méduses" (Christopher Frank; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through May 7: "Making Mr. Right" (†).
From May 8: "Gardens of Stone" (Francis Coppola), with James Caan, Anjelica Huston, and James Earl Jones.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Prick Up Your Ears" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "Rosa Luxemburg" (Margarethe von Trotta; in Polish and German).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Law of Desire" (†).
Theatre 2: "Swimming to Cambodia" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Raising Arizona" (†).
Theatre 2: "Padre Nuestro" (Francisco Regueiro; in Spanish), with Fernando Rey and Francisco Rabal.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Tin Men" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Secret of My Success" (†).
Theatre 3: "Project X" (†).
Theatre 4: "Lethal Weapon" (†).
Theatre 5: "Extreme Prejudice" (†).
Theatre 6: "Blind Date" (†).

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 2: Through May 7: "The Element of Crime" (Lars von Trier). From May 8 (tentative): "Platoon" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Project X" (†).
Theatre 2: "Police Academy 4: Citizens on Patrol" (directed by Jim Drake), with Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 3: "Lethal Weapon" (†).
Theatre 4: Through May 7: "Blind Date" (†). From May 8: "Angel Heart" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Allnighter" (Tamar Simon Hoffs), with Susanna Hoffs and Joan Cusack.
Theatre 6: "Malone" (Harley Cokliss), with Burt Reynolds.

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Creepshow 2" (Michael Gornick).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "American Ninja 2" (Sam Firstenberg).
Theatre 3: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 4: Through May 7: "My Demon Lover" (Charles Loventhal), with Scott Valentine. From May 8: "Hot Pursuit" (Steven Lisberger), with John Cusack.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Extreme Prejudice" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Secret of My Success" (†).

U.A. Twin I and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through May 7: "Slaughter High." From May 8 (tentative): "Steele Justice" (Robert Boris).
Theatre 2: Through May 7: "Campus Man" (Ron Casden). From May 8: "Blind Date" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 7: "Taxi Driver" (1976; directed by Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "The King of Comedy"

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(1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis.

May 8-9: "Koyaanisqatsi" (1983; Godfrey Reggio); and "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Brigitte Helm.

May 10: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" (1973; Gérard Oury; in French), with Louis de Funès.

May 11-12: "Attack of the Killer Tomatoes" (1978; John DeBello); and "Glenn or Glenda" (1952; Edward D. Wood, Jr.), with Bela Lugosi.

May 13-14: "Macbeth" (1971; Roman Polanski), with Jon Finch; and "Hamlet" (1969 †).

May 15-16: "Bizet's Carmen" (1984 †) and "Don Quixote" (1973 †).

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

May 6: "Kill!" (1968; Kihachi Okamoto; in Japanese); and "Rebellion" (1967; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

May 7: "The Human Condition, Part 1: No Greater Love" (1959; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese).

May 8-9: "Zatoichi Meets Yojimbo" (1971; Kihachi Okamoto; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu and Toshiro Mifune.

May 10-11: "The Hidden Fortress" (1958; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

May 12-13: "Goyokin" (1969; Hideo Gosha; in Japanese); and "Harakiri" (1962; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese).

May 14: "The Human Condition, Part 2: Road to Eternity" (1959; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese).

May 15-16: "Pigs and Battleships" (1961; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese), with Hiroyuki Nagato; and "When a Woman Ascends the Stairs" (1960; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese), with Hideko Takamine.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

May 6: "Take the Money and Run" (1969; Woody Allen), with Allen and Janet Margolin; and "Interiors" (1978; Woody Allen), with Diane Keaton, Maureen Stapleton, Geraldine Page, Mary Beth Hurt, Sam Waterston, and E. G. Marshall.

May 7-9: "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep; and "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (1982; Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, José Ferrer, Julie Hagerty, and Tony Roberts.

May 10-12: "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (1939; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Claude Rains, Guy Kibbee, and Beulah Bondi; and "Made for Each Other" (1939; John Cromwell), with Carole Lombard, James Stewart, and Charles Coburn.

May 13-16: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day; and "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

May 6: "Les Enfants Terribles" (1949; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French); and "Disobedient" (1954; Charles Frank).

May 7: "Fellini's Roma" (1972; Federico Fellini; in English and Italian); and "Il Bidone" (1955; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Broderick Crawford, Richard Basehart, Franco Fabrizi, and Giulietta Masina.

May 8: "La Cage aux Folles" (1979; Edouard Molinaro; in French), "La Cage aux Folles II" (1980; Edouard Molinaro; in French), and "La Cage aux Folles 3: The Wedding" (1986; Georges Lautner; in French), all with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi.

May 9: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (1982; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian), with Omero Antonutti, and "Paisan" (1946; Roberto Rossellini; in English, French, Italian, and German), a six-episode film.

May 10: "Mommie Dearest" (1981; Frank Perry), with Faye Dunaway; and "Strait-Jacket" (1964; William Castle), with Joan Crawford, Diane Baker, and Leif Erickson.

May 11: "Breathless" (†); and "Elevator to the Gallows" ("Frantic;" 1957; Louis Malle; in French), with Jeanne Moreau.

May 12: "Les Misérables" (1935; Richard Boleslavsky), with Charles Laughton and Fredric March; and "Nicholas Nickleby" (†).

May 13: "Attack of the 50-Foot Woman" (1958; Nathan Hertz), with Allison Hayes and William Hudson; and "Village of the Giants" (1965; Bert I. Gordon), with Tommy Kirk.

May 14: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci.

May 15: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "Lifeboat" (1944; Alfred Hitchcock), with Tallulah Bankhead and William Bendix.

May 16: "Something Wild" (1986; Jonathan Demme), with Jeff Daniels and Melanie Griffith; and "Something Wild" (1961; Jack Garfein), with Carroll Baker, Ralph Meeker, and Mildred Dunnock.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

May 6: "The Kids Are Alright" (1979; Jeff Stein), with The Who; and "Rock 'n' Roll High School" (1979), with the Ramones.

May 7: "The Disorderly Orderly" (1964; Frank Tashlin), with Jerry Lewis; and "Who's Minding the Store?" (1963; Frank Tashlin), with Jerry Lewis, Jill St. John, and Agnes Moorehead.

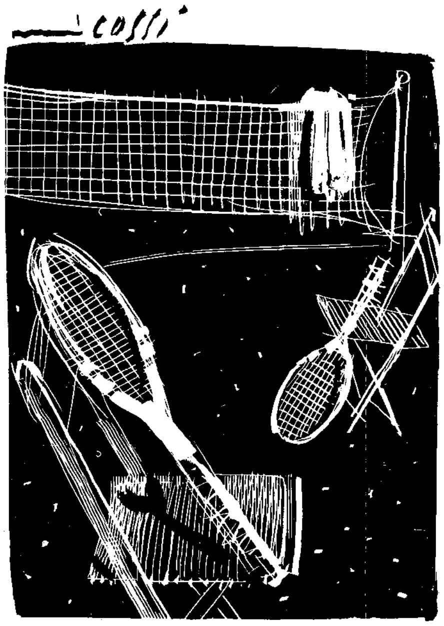
May 8-9: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino; and "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, Diane Keaton, and Robert De Niro.

May 10: "Sherman's March" (1986; Ross McElwee); and "Joe's Bed-Stuy Barber Shop: We Cut Heads" (1983; Spike Lee).

May 11: "Betrayal" (1983; David Jones), with Jeremy Irons, Ben Kingsley, and Patricia Hodge; and "The Pumpkin Eater" (1964; Jack Clayton), with Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith.

May 12: "The Tarnished Angels" (†); and "Sleep, My Love" (1948; Douglas Sirk), with Claudette Colbert and Robert Cummings.

May 13: "Funny Face" (1957; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Kay Thompson, and Michel Auclair; and "On the Avenue" (†).



May 14: "The Good Humor Man" (1950; Lloyd Bacon), with Jack Carson and Lola Albright; and "The Geisha Boy" (1958; Frank Tashlin), with Jerry Lewis and Marie McDonald.

May 15-16: "Breathless" (1959 †) and "Band of Outsiders" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 6: "The Criminal Code" (1931; Howard Hawks), with Walter Huston, Phillips Holmes, and Constance Cummings; and "Crime and Punishment" (1935; Josef von Sternberg), with Edward Arnold and Peter Lorre.

May 7: "The Last Picture Show" (1971; Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, and Cloris Leachman; and "Nickelodeon" (1976; Peter Bogdanovich), with Ryan O'Neal, Burt Reynolds, Tatum O'Neal, and Brian Keith.

May 8-9: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

May 10: "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles; and "Gilda" (1946; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready.

May 11: "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail" (1945; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese); and "The Drunken Angel" (1948; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

May 12: "Lost Horizon" (1937; Frank Capra), with Ronald Colman, Margo, Sam Jaffe, and Edward Everett Horton; and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (†).

May 13: "The Fugitive Kind" (1960; Sidney Lumet), with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward; and "One-Eyed Jacks" (1961; Marlon Brando), with Brando, Karl Malden, and Katy Jurado.

May 14: "Charlie Chan's Secret" (1936; Gordon Wiles), with Warner Oland as Chan; and "Dead Men Tell" (1941; Harry Lachman), with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan.

May 15-16: "The Red House" (1947; Delmer Daves), with Edward G. Robinson, Lon McCallister, and Judith Anderson; and "D.O.A." (1949; Rudolph Maté), with Edmond O'Brien.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE I: *May 7 at 2:30:* "Flowers of St. Francis" (1950; directed by Roberto Rossellini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Aldo Fabrizi. . . . ¶ May 7 at 6 and May 8 at 2:30: "Journey to Italy" (1954; "Strangers;" Roberto Rossellini; an Italian film, in English), with Ingrid Bergman and George Sanders. . . . ¶ May 8 at 6: "Flowers of St. Francis." . . . ¶ May 9 at 2 and 5: "Leave Her to Heaven" (1945; John M. Stahl), with Gene Tierney, Cornel Wilde, Jeanne Crain, and Vincent Price. . . . ¶ May 10 at 2 and 5: "Rich and Strange" (1932; Alfred Hitchcock), with Henry Kendall, Joan Barry, and Percy Marmont. . . . ¶ May 11 at 2:30 and 6: "Joan of Arc" (1948; Victor Fleming), with Ingrid Bergman and José Ferrer. . . . ¶ May 12 at 2:30 and 6: "The 25th Academy Awards Presentation" (1953; William A. Bennington; a kinescope), hosted by Bob Hope and Conrad Nagel. . . . ¶ May 14 at 2:30 and 6: "Under Capricorn" (1949; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, and Michael Wilding. . . . ¶ May 15 at 2:30: "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert. . . . ¶ May 15 at 6: "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Deborah Kerr, Montgomery Clift, and Frank Sinatra. . . . ¶ May 16 at 2: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, Lee J. Cobb, Rod

Steiger, and Eva Marie Saint. . . . ¶ May 16 at 5: "All the King's Men" (1949; Robert Rossen), with Broderick Crawford and John Derek.

Theatre 2: May 7 at 3: "Naked Spaces" (1985; Trinh T. Minh-ha), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 7 at 6:30: "Janie's Janie" (1972; Geri Ashur and Peter Barton) and "Cost of Living" (1979; Richard Rogers), both documentaries. . . . ¶ May 8 at 3: "Bang" (1986; Robert Breer), "Dancing Silhouettes" (1983; Felicity Field), and a program of animated films (1971-80) by Mary Beams. . . . ¶ May 8 at 6:30: A program of animated films (1977-86) by David Ehrlich. . . . ¶ May 9 at 2:30: A program of documentaries (1970-84) by Richard Rogers. . . . ¶ May 9 at 5:30: "Cadmium Yellow" (1982; Richard Rogers) and "Manifestations of Shiva" (1985; Malcolm Leigh). . . . ¶ May 10 at 2:30: "Stranger Than Paradise" (1984; Jim Jarmusch), with John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. . . . ¶ May 11 at 3: "Lives of Performers" (1972; Yvonne Rainer). . . . ¶ May 11 at 6:30: A film by Jean Beaudry and François Bouvier, who will be present. . . . ¶ May 12 at 3: "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci. . . . ¶ May 12 at 6:30: "Suspense" (1913; Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley; a silent film), with Weber and Valentine Paul; and "Ingeborg Holm" (1913; Victor Sjöström; a Swedish silent film, with Swedish intertitles), with Hilda Borgström. . . . ¶ May 14 at 3 and 6:30: "Stephanie" (1987; Peggy Stern), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 15 at 3: "Memories of Underdevelopment" (1968; Tomás Gutiérrez Alea; in Spanish, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 15 at 6:30: "Ninotchka" (1939; Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas. . . . ¶ May 16 at 2:30: "Bronco Billy" (1980; Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood, Sondra Locke, Geoffrey Lewis, and Scatman Crothers. . . . ¶ May 16 at 5:30: "Edvard Munch" (1974; Peter Watkins; in Norwegian, with English subtitles).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—May 8 at 7:30: "Snow Country" (1957; Shiro Toyoda; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Ryo Ikebe. . . . ¶ May 15 at 7:30: "Floating Clouds" (1956; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Hideko Takamine.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Arlene Croce and Terrence Rafferty.)

Angel Heart—With Mickey Rourke, Robert De Niro, Lisa Bonet, and Charlotte Rampling; directed by Alan Parker. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/6/87.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting May 8.)

Band of Outsiders (1964)—The two heroes (Claude Brasseur and Sami Frey) begin by playacting crime-and-violence movies, then really act them out in their lives. Their girl (Anna Karina), wanting to be accepted, tells them there is money in the villa where she lives. And we watch, apprehensive and puzzled, as the three of them go through the robbery they're committing as if it were something in a movie—or a fairy tale. This Jean-Luc Godard film is like a reverie of a gangster movie. It has the gangster-film virtues (loyalty, daring), but they are mixed with innocence, amorality, lack of equilibrium. This lyrical tragicomedy is perhaps Godard's most delicately charming film. In French. (Thalia SoHo; May 15-16.)

The Bitter Tea of General Yen (1933)—This story about a cool, straitlaced girl from New England (Barbara Stanwyck) who is sexually drawn to the Chinese warlord who kidnaps her was the opening attraction at Radio City Music Hall. Tall, Swedish Nils Asther was a very peculiar Oriental, but he was certainly dazzlingly elegant and a highly exotic love object. One of the most sensuously atmospheric (and least cloying) of Frank Capra's films, it suggests the influence of von Sternberg's "Shanghai Express" (1932). With Gavin Gordon, Walter Connolly, Toshia Mori, Richard Loo, and Lucien Littlefield. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 12.)

Bizet's Carmen (1984)—Directed by Francesco Rosi, this version has a clean, raw vivacity and is supremely romantic. Julia Migenes-Johnson's Carmen revitalizes the story. Her strutting, her dark, messy, frizzy hair—her sexual availability—attract the middle-class clod Don José (Plácido Domingo) and drive him crazy. Rosi lets the music carry the passion; what he supplies are ideal conditions for the viewer to experience the opera as a totality. Rosi's handling suggests the most fluently stylized movie musicals. With Faith Esham as Micaëla and Ruggero Raimondi as Escamillo. In French. (Cinema Village; May 15-16.)

Blind Date—In Blake Edwards' latest, Bruce Willis, of TV's "Moonlighting," plays a bachelor businessman eager to impress his boss, and Kim Basinger is the sexy blind date who turns his big business dinner into a shambles. Edwards' set pieces, from the frenetic dinner scene to that screwball-comedy staple the lavish wedding that doesn't come off, aren't snappy enough to make up for the lack of any romantic feeling in the two leads. Willis seems game but self-absorbed and Basinger is blurry: the way Edwards directs her, we never even get a good look at her face. The movie plods along with a jokey but dispirited air, like a sketch on a Bob Hope special. When things get slow, somebody falls into the pool. With John Larroquette, William Daniels, and George Coe.—T.R. (Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Gemini, and Criterion Center; through May 7. . . . ¶ New Gramercy; through May 14. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and U. A. Twin; starting May 8.)

Breathless (1959; "À Bout de Souffle")—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with the twenty-six-year-old Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood, and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and just as casually turns him in to the police when he becomes an inconvenience. Godard saw something in the cheap American gangster movies of his youth that French movies lacked; he poeticized it and made it so modern (via fast jump cutting) that he, in turn, became the key influence on American movies of the sixties. The film is light and playful and off-the-cuff—even a little silly. Yet the giddy, gauche characters who don't give a damn are not only familiar in an exciting, revealing way; they are terribly *attractive.* In French. (Thalia; May 11. . . . ¶ Thalia SoHo; May 15-16.)

Don Quixote (1973)—The Petipa ballet to the music of Minkus, staged by and starring Rudolf Nureyev, with Robert Helpmann as the Don, and with dancers of the Australian Ballet. It has the cushioned impact of all ballets filmed in studios, and its air of unreality may make you drowsy, but Nureyev, aided by the multiple takes that this process makes possible, disports himself with inhuman zest, and the bewitching Marilyn Rowe appears in two of the featured roles.—A.C. (Cinema Village; May 15-16.)

Extreme Prejudice—This Tex-Mex border thriller, directed by Walter Hill, wants to be a lean, hard contemporary action picture, but the story (by John Milius and Fred Rexer) has too much fat on it. It's a jumble of genre conventions and macho codes, deployed with a recklessness that suggests desperation. There are scorpions and long swigs of tequila; heavy eyeballing in smoky cantinas; a lawman (Nick Nolte) and a crook (Powers Boothe) competing for the loyalty of a good woman (Maria Conchita Alonso); and a handful of man's-man proverbs. Hill's sympathies seem to be with a gang of high-tech mercenaries who look coldly villainous at first and then, after they've been betrayed, turn into a modern Wild Bunch, brutal but honorable. The echoes of Peckinpah and of Hill's fine earlier work ("The Warriors," "The Long Riders," and "Southern Comfort") are saddening. Hill is trying to recapture the conviction and violent simplicity of the action genre, with nothing but technique on his side, and he betrays himself helplessly. Also with Rip Torn, Michael Ironside, Clancy Brown, and William Forsythe. Screenplay by Deric Washburn and Harry Kleiner.—T.R. (Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through May 7. . . . ¶ Sutton, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin; through May 14.)

Hamlet (1969)—Bearded, and with a nasal twang, Nicol Williamson is a surly Hamlet, deliberately, wretchedly unattractive. Williamson's acting is all pathos and vituperation, snarls and tantrums. This movie, directed by Tony Richardson, isn't a reinterpretation of "Hamlet" but an exploitation of what's worst in Nicol Williamson as an actor; it isn't tragic or absurdist—it's just cheap Jacobean-Mod, sexed up whenever possible. There are a few fine moments: Roger Livesey's entrance with the players provides a touch of humanity; he is in beautiful cracked voice and fine music-hall spirit. And Anthony Hopkins is an appealing though very young Claudius—one rather wishes he had been left in peace to rule the country, since Hamlet is obviously unfit. With Marianne Faithfull, Judy Parfitt, Gordon Jackson, Mark Dignam, and Michael Pennington. (Cinema Village; May 13-14.)

Law of Desire—This flamboyantly glamorous homosexual fantasy by Madrid's gagster-artist Pedro Almodóvar is satirical, romantic, metaphorical; it has wonderful jokes and the exaggerated plot of an absurdist Hollywood melodrama. It doesn't disguise its narcissism; it turns it into bright-colored tragicomedy. And even when it loses its beat (after a murder) there's always something happening. Carmen Maura, a powerful actress in the manner of the early Anna Magnani, with the trippiness and self-mockery of Bette Midler, plays Tina, a transsexual who has a hot, roiling temperament. Tina's celebrity brother Pablo (Eusebio Poncela) directs classy homoerotic films. One night, Pablo takes home Antonio (Antonio Banderas), a government minister's son, who has been stalking him; by morning, Antonio loves him, is determined to possess him completely, and refuses to get out of his life. With Miguel Molina as Pablo's true love, Manuela Velasco as little Ada, and the male transvestite Bibi Andersen as Tina's lesbian ex-lover. In Spanish. (4/20/87) (Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting May 8.)

Lethal Weapon—In this high-concept urban thriller, Mel Gibson and Danny Glover run through their buddy-buddy routines with the skill of veteran infielders: Gibson, as a suicidal L.A. cop, is as lithe and quick-witted as a shortstop, while his partner Glover, a paunchily contented family man, remains (thanklessly) rock-steady at first base. The movie's central joke is that the depressive Gibson, a crack shot *and* a martial-arts wizard, is so unconcerned with his own safety that he pushes sticky situations to perilous extremes—he can't seem to get through a whole day without killing someone. But neither the screenwriter, Shane Black, nor the director, Richard Donner, has the style for black comedy. Windshields shatter; copters swoop; bare-chested Vietnam vets are tortured; a teen-age girl, stripped to her underwear, screams; sleek cars burst into great balls of fire on the freeway—and it's all as depressing as only top-of-the-line Hollywood entertainment can be. With Gary Busey, Mitchell Ryan, Darlene Love, and Traci Wolfe.—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Making Mr. Right—Playing a dual role, John Malkovich puts on a goofy grin as Ulysses, an android developed for a deep-space mission, and a nerd's stern gaze as Dr. Jeff Peters, the scientist who created him. In this mistaken-identity comedy, written by Floyd Byars and Laurie Frank, Peters and his automaton seem meant to represent two faces of male innocence: one peevish and self-centered, the other open and affectionate (in a dim-witted way). No one except Frankie (Ann Magnu-

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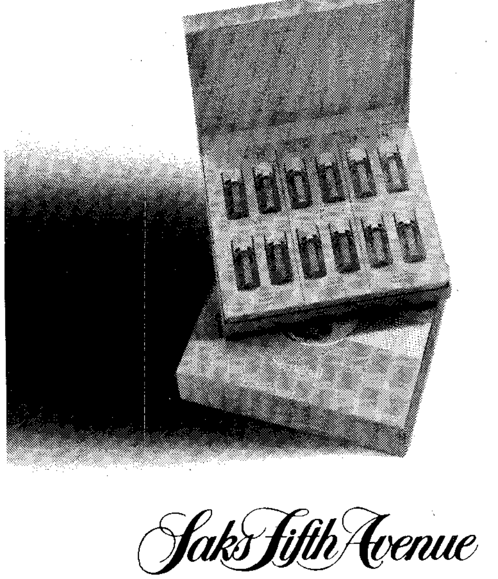

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son), a publicist who's the robot's bewildered love object, can tell the difference—at least until Ulysses' head falls off, as it tends to in moments of stress. There's a (very dubious) satiric point here, but the premise is sort of inane, and Susan Seidelman's direction has its own ambiguous innocence: is this movie's manic flatness a product of postmodern sophistication, or just incompetence? "Making Mr. Right" is a bizarre experiment, an attempt at a New Wave, feminist version of "The Nutty Professor"—escaped from the laboratory, it lurches along like something without a head. With Glenne Headly, Ben Masters, and Laurie Metcalf. Cinematography by Ed Lachman.—T.R. (23rd St. West Triplex. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount; through May 7.)

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill: he survives all his dislocations and heartbreaks with resilient humor and a penchant for comparing himself, philosophically, with the victims of various disasters. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages, such as the scenes with Ingemar's hearty and boyish Uncle Gunnar (Tomas von Brömssen), with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. Also with Anki Liden, Ing-mari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Nicholas Nickleby (1947)—Alberto Cavalcanti's fast-moving English-made version of the early Dickens novel has been undeservedly neglected. It's darker, more grotesque and melodramatic than the other Dickens films, with more attention paid to the visual design and the lighting than to any affectionate qualities in the characters, but the style has its own excitement, and the cast is almost everything it should be. Dickens' heroes never seem to come to much on the screen, and Derek Bond's Nicholas is no exception, but his villainous uncle (Cedric Hardwicke) is a beauty, and there are Stanley Holloway as a travelling actor, Sybil Thorndike as Mrs. Squeers, Alfred Drayton as the properly horrible Wackford Squeers, Bernard Miles as Noggs, Aubrey Woods as Smike, and Jill Balcon and Sally Ann Howes. (Thalia; May 12.)

On the Avenue (1937)—One of the best of the 20th Century–Fox musicals of the thirties, despite its unevenness and lack of sophistication. If it had nothing else, it might still be worth seeing for Alice Faye singing the memorable "This Year's Kisses," and it has a lot more: Dick Powell in ebullient voice, the Ritz Brothers doing a parody number, and a first-rate Irving Berlin score that includes "I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm." The love interest involves ever beautiful, ever coy Madeleine Carroll, who gurgles when she means to talk, but the director, Roy Del Ruth, doesn't linger on her. He does, blessedly, linger on Harry Ritz, and when this great manic vaudevillian puts on drag and does an imitation of Alice Faye, or when he exercises his eyeballs, you can just barely gasp "Dada." (Thalia SoHo; May 13.)

Outrageous Fortune—With Bette Midler, Shelley Long, Peter Coyote, and George Carlin; directed by Arthur Hiller. (2/23/87) (Baronet; through May 7. . . . ¶ Coronet; starting May 8.)

Platoon—Vietnam, as seen by the writer-director Oliver Stone, who dropped out of Yale and, feeling, he says, that he needed to be an anonymous common soldier, enlisted and saw action with the 25th Infantry along the Cambodian border. Charlie Sheen plays Chris, the autobiographical figure (who, regrettably, narrates the movie by reading aloud the letters he writes home to his grandmother). Chris finds two authority figures in two sergeants who represent good and evil. Willem Dafoe's Sgt. Elias is a supersensitive hippie pothead, who cares about the men—he's a veteran fighter who's kept his soul. Tom Berenger's Sgt. Barnes is a kickass boozer—a psycho whose scarred, dead-eyed face suggests the spirit of war. There are fine, scary scenes, but there are others where you think, It's a bit much. The movie crowds you; it doesn't give you room to have an honest emotion. And when Chris calmly, deliberately shoots a fellow-soldier, and the murder is presented as an unambiguous, justified execution, you may wonder at the mixture of war elegy and pulp revenge fantasy. With Keith David, Forest Whitaker, and Kevin Dillon. Cinematography by Robert Richardson. (1/12/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace. . . . ¶ New Carnegie. No performances on Tuesday, May 12. . . . ¶ Plaza; starting May 8. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; starting May 8, tentative.)

Prick Up Your Ears—Joe Orton wrote some of the greatest farces of the English-speaking theatre in this century, but you could come out of this movie about him without any sense of their vengeful, bawdy originality. Directed by Stephen Frears from a screenplay by Alan Bennett, based on the literary biography of the same name by John Lahr, the film is honest and watchable. But, unlike Orton, it takes no real delight in misbehaving. And though the moviemakers don't try to conceal the facts of the sixteen years that Orton (Gary Oldman) spent with Kenneth Halliwell (Alfred Molina), who bludgeoned him to death and then killed himself, the relationship between the two hasn't been made convincing. What you come out with is some modern-style psychosexual moralizing about how Orton's pansexuality liberated his talent whereas the inhibited Halliwell was driven to murder. You don't feel Orton's pulse, but Vanessa Redgrave, who plays his smart, ribald agent, has never been sexier or more spontaneous. With Wallace Shawn as Lahr, Lindsay Duncan as Anthea Lahr, Margaret Tyzack as the elocution teacher, Janet Dale as Mrs. Sugden, and Julie Walters as Orton's mother. Cinematography by Oliver Stapleton. (5/4/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Project X—For its first half, this juvenile adventure, about chimps subjected to Air Force experiments on the effects of radiation, is amiable, unpretentious fun. Director Jonathan Kaplan, a veteran of low-budget movies ("Over the Edge," "Heart Like a Wheel"), keeps the action focussed on the animals' behavior, and his brisk, uncoercive style leaves us free to enjoy it. When—inevitably—the plot machinery kicks in, the film becomes more predictable and manipulative. Still, Kaplan manages to get through the rousing, Spielbergy, oppressively scored chase sequences at the end fairly honorably. He generates some excitement without making the audience feel as if it had a squealing, overstimulated animal jumping up and down on its shoulders. Screenplay by Stanley Weiser, from a story by Weiser and Lawrence Lasker. With Matthew Broderick, Helen Hunt, and a charmer named Willie as the lead chimp.—T.R. (Gotham Cinema, 86th St. East, 23rd St. West Triplex, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through May 14.)

Radio Days—Woody Allen looks back fondly, in a warm, amber-toned reminiscence of what radio meant to him and his family at the start of the Second World War. The actors who make up the eleven-year-old hero's lower-middle-class Jewish family in Rockaway Beach are a wonderful group of comedians—Michael Tucker, Julie Kavner, Josh Mostel, Renee Lippin, Joy Newman, Dianne Wiest—yet they're never up close, at the center of our attention. Allen has reduced everyone to harmlessness. It's pure nostalgia—the past sweetened and trivialized. The mood is soft regret: he treats the old songs (the film incorporates a generous assortment of hits) as a value that we've lost. As he spells it out, the public's memories of the stars of radio become dimmer each year. The question the film asks—its theme—is "Will our fame last?" With Mia Farrow as the one character whom we follow over a period of years, as she rises from cigarette girl to jewel-decked radio star, and Seth Green as the boy, Gina DeAngelis, Danny Aiello, Denise Dummont, Tito Puente, Jeff Daniels, Tony Roberts, Wallace Shawn, and Diane Keaton. The cinematography is by Carlo Di Palma. (3/9/87) (Loews New York Twin.

. . . ¶ R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin; through May 14.)

Raising Arizona—This broad farce is no big deal, but it has a cornpone-surreal quality and a rambunctious charm. It's about baby love—about people who feel they can't live without an infant to cuddle. When Edwina, or Ed—played by Holly Hunter—discovers she can't have a child, she's a wreck until she hears about male quintuplets that have been born to a woman who took fertility drugs; then she torments her husband, Hi (Nicolas Cage), until he goes to steal one of them. Hi and Ed live in a yellow mobile home in a Tempe, Arizona, trailer park at the edge of a Pop-art version of the desert. Everything in the film is warped and flipped out; the light seems fluorescent, as if the world were a twenty-four-hour supermarket. And the film is storyboarded like a comic strip; it has a galumphing tempo. Joel and Ethan Coen did the writing together, and Joel directed and Ethan produced (with Mark Silverman). With John Goodman and William Forsythe as the escaped-convict brothers who become gaga over the babe, Trey Wilson as the quints' hardheaded father, Randall (Tex) Cobb as the biker, and Frances McDormand and Sam McMurray. Cinematography by Barry Sonnenfeld. (4/20/87) (Beekman, Waverly, and Embassy 72nd St.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (57th St. Playhouse.)

Scene of the Crime—André Téchiné's moody provincial soap opera with thriller convolutions is largely an exercise in style—but it's a dazzling style, and there's real feeling in it. Catherine Deneuve, in perhaps her warmest and most skillful performance, plays a divorced country woman who falls in love with a young escaped convict (Wadeck Stanczak). Their affair is, of course, doomed—undone by fate, society, etc. The fatalistic mood is familiar, the plot is absurdly intricate, yet Téchiné's direction—mixing self-conscious homage to old movies with unself-conscious love of the landscape and the characters—gives the movie an unsettling and seductive pull, as if some strange new form of romanticism were struggling into being. With Danielle Darrieux, Nicolas Giraudi, and Claire Nebout. Screenplay by Téchiné, Pascal Bonitzer, and Olivier Assayas. Cinematography by Pascal Marti. In French.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

The Secret of My Success—The story of how the farm-bred Brantley (Michael J. Fox) comes to Manhattan, is given a lowly mailroom job by his distant uncle (Richard Jordan), and takes over his uncle's wife (Margaret Whitton), mistress (Helen Slater), and conglomerate. The picture is stupid and often perfunctory; at the same time it's moderately enjoyable. It has a let's-try-it cheerfulness, a knockout performance by Whitton, who's like a Lubitsch vamp, and nonchalant bits of artifice that are like Lubitsch touches. The director, Herbert Ross, seems to take the derivative, jumbled material as a challenge, and he gives the adventures of Fox's polite Yuppie hustler a spinning, light-headed quality. With standout "character" performances by Elizabeth Franz as Brantley's mother, John Pankow as his mailroom pal, Christopher Murney as the boss of the mailroom, Susan Kellerman and Carol-Ann Susi as secretaries, Mercedes Ruehl as a waitress. The script is credited to Jim Cash & Jack Epps, Jr., and A. J. Carothers, though the dialogue was reworked by others—principally by Peter Stone, and by Christopher Durang, who appears as the most petulant member of the corporate board. The cinematography is by Carlo Di Palma; the editing is by Paul Hirsch. The movie is painless, except for the music (by David Foster). (5/4/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Movieland.)

The Stepfather—A first-rate cunning, shapely thriller, directed by Joseph Ruben ("Dreamscape"), from a nifty screenplay by the crime novelist Donald E. Westlake. The blandly handsome perfectionist (Terry O'Quinn) wants to be the head of an ideal family; he's attracted to widows with children, in picture-postcard houses. Everything's going smoothly for him in his new marriage, except that his sixteen-year-old stepdaughter (Jill Schoelen) recoils from his touch. She knows right down to her toes that he's got some kind of fix on her and that he doesn't love her bamboozled mother (Shelley Hack). This movie has a deceptively placid surface: the horror is there waiting all the time. It's in what's missing from the man we see, and the skill of the picture is that it keeps us creepily conscious of what's missing. With the Vancouver area doubling for Seattle in the opening section, and then for the fictitious towns nearby, Ruben uses everyday settings, and the film's scariness is almost cruelly plausible; luckily he and Westlake are entertainers. With Charles Lanyer, Stephen Shellen, and Jeff Schultz; cinematography by John W. Lindley. (2/9/87) (Gemini; starting May 8.)

Swimming to Cambodia—Jonathan Demme directed this concert film of Spalding Gray's stage performance; it was shot before live audiences in November, 1986, at the Performing Garage, in lower Manhattan. Working on a minimalist basis, with nothing but Gray and his props, Demme uses the lighting and shifts in camera angles and a musical score by Laurie Anderson to virtuoso rhythmic effect. Gray presents a droll, vaguely stream-of-consciousness report of his life as an actor, and of how he happened to be cast in the small role of an American diplomat in "The Killing Fields." The high point of his monologue comes when he hears about our secret bombing of Cambodia, and what the Khmer Rouge did to the Cambodian people in 1975, driving them out of the cities and to their deaths. He's incredulous and horrified as he describes the exodus; he's an actor who has discovered strong material, and he builds the tension. But he doesn't know that heating up his piddling stage act by an account of the Cambodian misery is about the most squalid thing anyone could do. (4/6/87) (Cinema Studio.)

The Tarnished Angels (1958)—An adaptation of William Faulkner's "Pylon," written by George Zuckerman and directed by Douglas Sirk. Set in New Orleans in 1931, the movie attempts to re-create Faulkner's hectic, feverish atmosphere and heroes—the ex-war pilots who will do anything to sustain the thrill of flying. The daredevils are played by Robert Stack, Dorothy Malone (as his promiscuous parachutist wife), and Jack Carson (as a mechanic); Rock Hudson is the heavy-drinking reporter who wants to do a story on the trio. This movie would have been better—in its odd, neo-thirties sort of way—if the last quarter hour had been left out. It's the kind of bad movie that you know is bad—and yet you're held by the mixture of polished style and quasi melodramatics achieved by the director. (Thalia SoHo; May 12.)

Tin Men—Written and directed by Barry Levinson, this movie about aluminum-siding salesmen in Baltimore in 1963 is a middle-aged echo of his 1982 film "Diner." He's making essentially the same point—that guys relate better to guys than they do to girls. The picture centers on a feud between two strutting tin men—Richard Dreyfuss and Danny DeVito—who work for different outfits, and on Dreyfuss's trying to score off DeVito by seducing his wife (Barbara Hershey). The salesmen's scams are entertaining, but their spritzing is too tame, and the action is prolonged with limp, wavering scenes. Levinson wants to be on the humane side of every issue. The best work is done by the supporting players. Dreyfuss's sales team includes John Mahoney as his partner, and Seymour Cassel, Matt Craven, Richard Portnow, Alan Blumenfeld, and Michael Tucker as the boss. DeVito's team includes Jackie Gayle as his partner, and Stanley Brock, Bruno Kirby, and J. T. Walsh as the boss. (4/6/87) (Waverly, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through May 14.)

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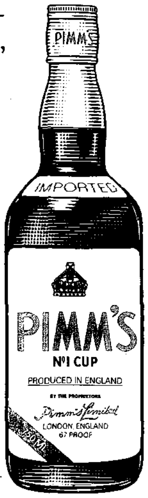

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE Italian writer and chemist Primo Levi, who died last month, at the age of sixty-seven, wrote some years ago about his first experience in a laboratory. The story, called "Hydrogen," was an early chapter in Levi's memoir "The Periodic Table," in which each chapter is named for the element it recalls: cerium he'd encountered in Auschwitz, iron he'd found in the mountains outside his native Turin, and so on. He told the hydrogen story by way of a joke on himself—his young self mostly, though every so often he seemed to be telling the story on his grown self, too. In 1935, when Levi was sixteen and first chemistry-smitten, he and a more down-to-earth school friend got themselves into an older brother's makeshift but off-limits lab. After fiddling around a while with the dusty Bunsen burner, the two spent a concentrated hour feinting at glassblowing: "Even the slightest puff of breath in excess and the walls took on the iridescence of a soap bubble [until the glass] burst with a sharp little snap and its fragments were scattered over the floor with the tenuous rustle of eggshells." Then they turned to something more satisfyingly chemical, and more certain in its results: the electrolytic proof of the elemental proportions of water. Levi assembled the ingredients—a dry battery, two empty jam jars upside down in a beaker of water, a pinch of salt—and the experiment was set in motion. "I wrote the well-known equation on the blackboard," Levi recalled, "and explained to Enrico that what was written there was actually taking place." The next day, one of the jam jars, half full ("in pliant obsequiousness to theory"), held oxygen; the other, filled up, contained hydrogen—but this Levi's school friend stubbornly disbelieved:

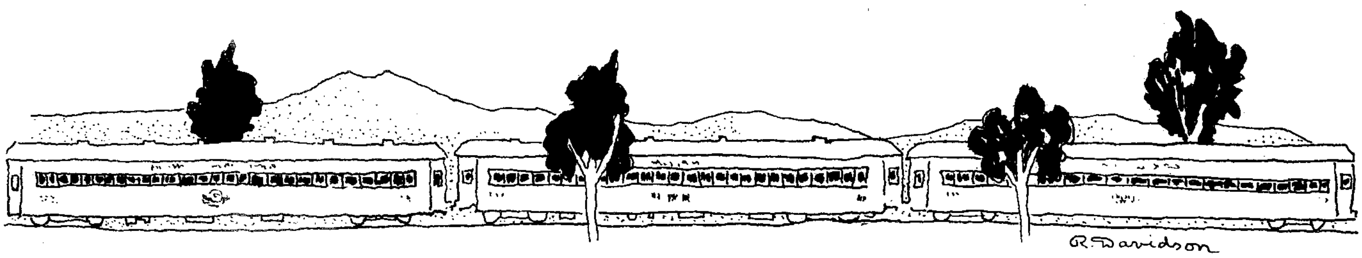
> "Now we shall see," I said: I carefully lifted the cathode jar and, holding it with its open end down, lit a match and brought it close. There was an explosion, small but sharp and angry, the jar burst into splinters (luckily, I was holding it level with my chest and not higher), and there remained in my hand, as a sarcastic symbol, the glass ring of the bottom.

It was this—the sound of glass breaking, the boys' astonishment at the lawfully reacting gas—that came to our mind at the news of Levi's death. "The authorities said they were treating the death as a suicide," the *Times* reported, and the story went on to say that Levi had recently had minor surgery, and that "friends suggested he was deeply troubled about the condition of his 92-year-old mother, who was partially paralyzed by a stroke last year."

We also remembered a passage from "Survival in Auschwitz"—Levi's first book, written a year or so after the war—in which he discussed analytically the various inhabitants of the German *Lager*, or prison camp, where he had spent eleven months. In the passage we recalled, he wrote of the distinction made between those prisoners commonly known as Muselmänner ("This word 'Muselmann,' I do not know why, was used by the old ones of the camp to describe the weak, the inept, those doomed to selection," he said in a footnote) and everyone else—the drowned and the saved, he called them. He wrote:

> This division is much less evident in ordinary life; for there it rarely happens that a man loses himself. A man is normally not alone, and in his rise or fall is tied to the destinies of his neighbours; so that it is exceptional for anyone to acquire unlimited power, or to fall by a succession of defeats into utter ruin. Moreover, everyone is normally in possession of such spiritual, physical and even financial resources that the probabilities of a shipwreck, of total inadequacy in the face of life, are relatively small. And one must take into account a definite cushioning effect exercised both by the law, and by the moral sense which constitutes a self-imposed law; for a country is considered the more civilized the more the wisdom and efficiency of its laws hinder a weak man from becoming too weak or a powerful one too powerful.
>
> But in the Lager things are different.

When we first heard of Primo Levi's death, it seemed to us that there could be no plausible explanation for it, and, of course, no one could say with certainty why, having survived the *Lager* forty-some years ago, he would choose death now. It was Levi, after all, who assembled on paper those cool, light, and passionate words—



as orderly and as carefully prepared as glass jars set out to receive acid—for specific use in contemplating large or small disasters and in counteracting despair. Our fear, naturally, was that the efficacy of all his words had somehow been cancelled by his death—that his hope, or faith, was no longer usable by the rest of us. Later, though, when we went and looked, we found that among his words he had left a precise vocabulary—a gift, possibly inadvertent—for the strangely familial pain his death had caused: "a sharp little snap."

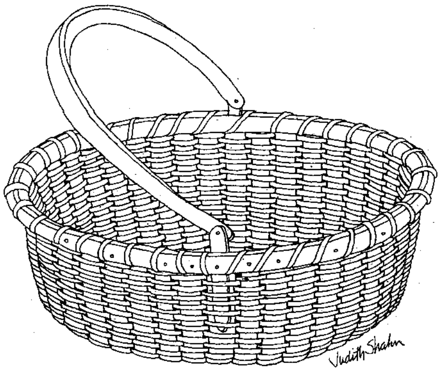
• •

Spring Walk

ONE recent sunny, cloudless spring day—a day of a kind fairly rare this year—we took a walk on Fifth Avenue: west side of the street from Forty-third to Fifty-seventh, east side back down. Here are some of the things we saw en route: venders dispensing beef yakitori, hamburgers, shish kebab, fresh orange juice, whole fresh fruit, fresh honey-roasted peanuts, other fresh nuts, hot dogs, chili dogs, Italian sausages, other sausages, souvlaki, Oriental snacks, tempura, gyoza, pretzels, knishes, and, for dessert, DoveBars and Chipwiches; fourteen different flags (American, French, Italian, British, Greek, Swiss, Swedish, Brazilian, Japanese, Philippine, Spanish, United Nations, New York City, and New York State); only three dogs (one white, two black), all with blind beggars; one sighted beggar, without a dog; eleven people (nine male, two female) with radios plugged into their ears; one pessimist, toting an umbrella; two anything-on-display-for-a-dollar book tables (one featuring dictionaries and thesauruses, the other crosswords and children's books); two trash bins courtesy of McDonald's; one man in a hurry delivering what, from the dimensions of the box he was carrying, had to be a giant pizza; one Con Edison truck crew fixing something; one kid on a skateboard; one male teen-ager kicking an empty Diet Pepsi can along the sidewalk, under the watchful eye of a building employee with broom and scoop, who, once the can was abandoned, immediately stepped over it and proceeded out of sight; eleven illegally parked stretch limos, one with white curtains on the rear windows; four bicycles being rapidly pedalled against the flow of traffic; twenty-three construction workers, all but four of them holding plastic-foam coffee containers; thirty-two people in mufti, and three uniformed cops, on the steps of St. Patrick's; four busloads of tourists (two busloads Japanese, one student, one assorted others); half a dozen stores touting reduced prices (fifty-five per cent off luggage, fifty per cent off lithographs and gold chains, from forty to sixty per cent off other jewelry, thirty per cent off selected spring fashions, seventy per cent off in an inventory clearance, from fifty to seventy-five per cent off fire-sale goods); and, pasted to the fire-sale premises, a notice to the effect that there is a hunting-club membership available this year at Branchville, New Jersey.

The most attractive outdoor-flora block was the one between Forty-ninth and Fiftieth—Saks' profusion of yellow mums to the east, Rockefeller Center's elegant flower beds to the west. Nicest indoor flora was between Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth—the Swiss Center's to the west, Korean Air Lines' across the Avenue. An "I ♥ Bobby Rock and The Dream" testimonial had been slapped on a curbside vending machine offering the *Financial Times* (a dollar) and on one offering the *Times* (thirty cents). The latter receptacle also featured a flyer for a tarot-card reader. A television crew was photographing a Gucci doorway, and a still-cameraman was reconnoitering a Trump Tower plaque that read "Welcome to the World's Most Extraordinary Shopping Experience." What a car-hire driver in front of the Tower shouted at a woman traffic cop who'd just given him a parking ticket cannot be repeated in a family magazine.

We were handed three printed invitations: one to visit a fingernail emporium (crystal gel, with French nail tips, manicure included; thirty-five dollars), one from a jeweller (confidential, courteous service, Saturday by appointment), and one, passed out by a boy of not more than thirteen, from a delicatessen. A woman just ahead of us took his handout, walked on, turned back, and said to him reproachfully, "You gave me a whole bunch." Then she looked at him and went on, in a quite different tone, "Oh, I see what you're trying to do. You have to get *rid* of them. Give me some more."

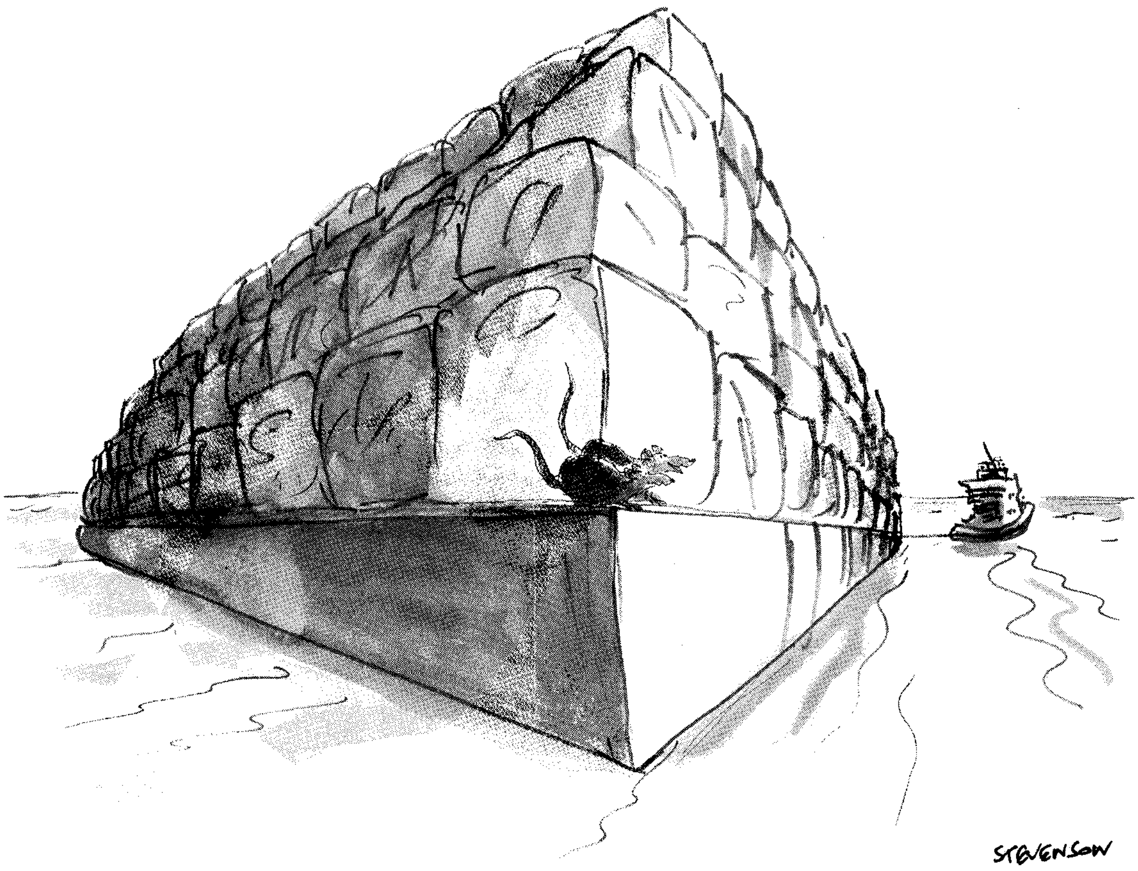


Moms

"MOTHER'S DAY is the biggest day of the year for the National Restaurant Association. The second is St. Patrick's Day," Ted Kaufman told us when we stopped in at the Sheraton Centre recently for the Ninth Annual Outstanding Mothers Award Presentation Luncheon. Mr. Kaufman, an energetic man, slight of build, who was dressed neatly in a two-piece pin-striped suit, used to be a senior vice-president of Grey Advertising and since 1978 has been overseeing the National Mother's Day and National Father's Day Committees. "We're nonprofit and noncommercial—our sole mandate is to create a good environment for the observation of Mother's Day," Mr. Kaufman went on. "In the past, we've given awards to Geraldine Ferraro, Coretta Scott King, Phyllis George, Lynda Johnson Robb, Bette Davis, Erica Jong, and one just plain good mother—Dorothy DeBolt, who, with her husband, adopted fourteen children, each of them with some kind of handicap."

Cameras clicked, red roses were handed out, Lynn Redgrave (one of this year's outstanding mothers) made a joke about leaving her daughter at home on her fourth birthday, and one woman standing by the pre-luncheon bar greeted another with "I'm so glad to see you—I can't believe you're not pregnant." Thirty-seven people, including twelve-year-old Arkadi Gerney, the son of an outstanding mother, sat down at a table on the dais, while representatives (each paying a hundred dollars a plate) of over a hundred and fifty companies—including Allstate Hosiery, Camp Beverly Hills, du Pont, Waterford Crystal, and F. W. Woolworth—found their places at tables below. Governor Martha Layne Collins, of Kentucky, an outstanding mother for 1985, served as mistress of ceremonies, and began the luncheon with a story: One afternoon while she was lieutenant governor and was presiding over the State Senate an aide came rushing up to her. What question of parliamentary procedure was about to present itself, she wondered. Would she have to break a tie vote? The aide handed her a note. "Mom," it read. "I need my cheerleading shorts. Where are they? I have practice in thirty minutes." (Knowing nods and laughter from the audience; a comment at Table No. 54 that she had told the same story two years earlier.) Lynn Redgrave thanked the committee for her award and spoke of a day when her teen-age son had phoned her from college to say that he was in love and needed to know why women are the way they are (mild laughter, murmurs of approval). Rosalyn Yalow, winner of a Nobel Prize in Medicine, said that some years ago her employer, the Veterans Administration, had a rule that women must leave work in their fifth month of pregnancy, so she had made medical history by giving birth to a healthy eight-pound-two-ounce baby in her fifth month (laughter, applause). Connie Collins, an NBC reporter, quoted her two-year-old son: "I happy." Ann Compton, an ABC Washington correspondent, said that when her fourth child was born, President Reagan took time out on the day the American Embassy in Beirut was bombed to call and congratulate her for finally having a girl. Linda Lavin, who starred in "Alice," said it was on television that she learned how to be a mother. Brigitte Gerney, the mother of two who was injured in 1985 by a toppling crane, said that she had just been bicycling with her children (enthusiastic applause), and that she had survived the accident in large part because she was both mother and father to her children and knew she had to live (further enthusiastic applause). Evelyn Lauder, a corporate vice-president of Estée Lauder, said that she had decided not to talk about depressing things such as teen-age suicide and drugs but would tell a story about a Mother's Day several years ago. On that occasion, she received from her husband, at her request, a seven-dollar-and-ninety-nine-cent white enamel asparagus cooker, whereas a friend in Connecticut received from *her* husband a diamond-and-pearl bracelet, so Mrs. Lauder whacked her husband on the back with a large purse (subdued, uncertain laughter). Lunch was served.

"Today, almost seventy per cent of the mothers of children under eighteen in this country work outside the home, so we're trying to equate the contemporary Mother's Day with a seventy-nine-year-old institution," Mr. Kaufman told us after dessert. "The committee operates on a shoestring budget—any surplus money we get goes to a charity responsive to the needs of children. This year, it was Phoenix House, the rehabilitation center for drug users. To come up with our outstanding mothers, we ask previous recipients to send in recommendations. We check *Who's Who;* we check references. We want to make sure no one's involved in any messy legal problems. So far, we haven't made any mistakes with the mothers, but for Father's Day once we gave an award to Spiro Agnew—we didn't anticipate that a year later he'd be driven from office. And about thirty years ago Sir Cedric Hardwicke was served with a divorce subpoena on the dais while he was accepting his award. His wife didn't know where else to find him. He was a good father, though."



"In your wildest dreams, did you ever think you'd one day be cruising the Gulf of Mexico?"

• •

Draft Day

BERT SUGAR, the best kibitzer in New York, decided to kibitz the N.F.L. draft this year. The former publisher and editor of the magazine *Ring* and the author of many books on boxing, baseball, and wrestling, Bert is perhaps the only man in the city who still wears a snap-brim hat indoors and carries a cigar at eleven in the morning. In the middle of the first round—

about the time the Philadelphia Eagles claimed Jerome Brown—Bert began promenading in a peculiar, narrow no man's land in the middle of the Broadway Ballroom of the Marriott Marquis, where the draft was being held. Just in front of him, behind velvet ropes, were the team tables, each with several telephones—at least one phone on each table was a replica of the team helmet—and, working the phones, three or four intense, fluffy-haired young men dressed in Coachwear: soft cashmere V-neck sweaters, open-necked shirts, and the kind of high-waisted pants that cry out to be called slacks. Just behind Bert was the working press, seated on high bleachers and frantically phoning in the draft selections made by the guys at the tables. In the narrow space between these two zones of industry, Bert, by the sheer energy of his unceasing commentary, reflections, and general spritzing, was creating an atmosphere of a kind that has not often been seen in the city since they closed the old Toots Shor's.

Among the many friends Bert Sugar greeted was Burt Schultz, the former public-relations director of the American Basketball Association—the league that, as Burt Schultz often remarks, gave the world the modern three-point shot, the red-white-and-blue basketball, and Julius Erving. While everyone waited for the Jets to make their first pick, Bert and Burt speculated on the motives of those sports fans (they call themselves "draftniks") who are willing to get in line at six-thirty in the morning for a seat in the ballroom's balcony in order to watch eighteen hours of men in slacks talking on phones and reading off names from little slips of paper.

A young man standing nearby obviously felt that he *had* to interrupt. "It's a great event," he said earnestly. "I'm the Sports Information Director of my high school, and there's this great program where many of the players come out to visit, and then we're invited here by the League." He waved a hand toward the balcony, where, it seemed, many of his flock were seated. "It gives us a chance to kick off the season with the *pros*. I mean, just to be here while all the execs are making deals on the phones—the last-minute switches, the big trades . . ." He looked in appeal at Schultz and Sugar. The Sports Information Director was a slight youngster wearing a brown three-piece suit and a broad paisley tie.

The two men gave him, in return, a steady, opaque look. Then they decided that it was only fair to try to dry the kid off behind the ears. They explained to him that the general managers—the people actually doing the picking—were not on the premises, and that what he was seeing was a kind of dumb-show reënactment of decisions being made by reclusive bosses in distant rooms. "These guys are just gofers—errand boys!" Bert Sugar said. "I used to man the phones for the Redskins on draft day, back when they never had any draft picks. You don't see Al Davis here, or George Young. It's *fun*—that's all it is. It's a party. It's a rite of spring!" Bert Sugar was in a particularly happy mood on this draft day because, as he had been telling Burt Schultz, he had got good news recently about a couple of lawsuits he's involved in. Bert is entangled in a set of lawsuits so intricately interlocked that they make Texaco v. Pennzoil look like an uncontested case in traffic court.

Up in the balcony, the Jet fans among the draftniks, who had watched the Jets blunder in the draft the last couple of years—their first-round pick last time didn't even make the team—were beside themselves with anxiety. "Don't hurry it, guys," one of them implored, leaning over the railing.

Ever since Bert and Burt bumped into each other, they had been trying to make a date for a meal together.

"The thing is, I've got this lunch date," Burt Schultz began.

"Yeah, I've met her," Bert Sugar joked.

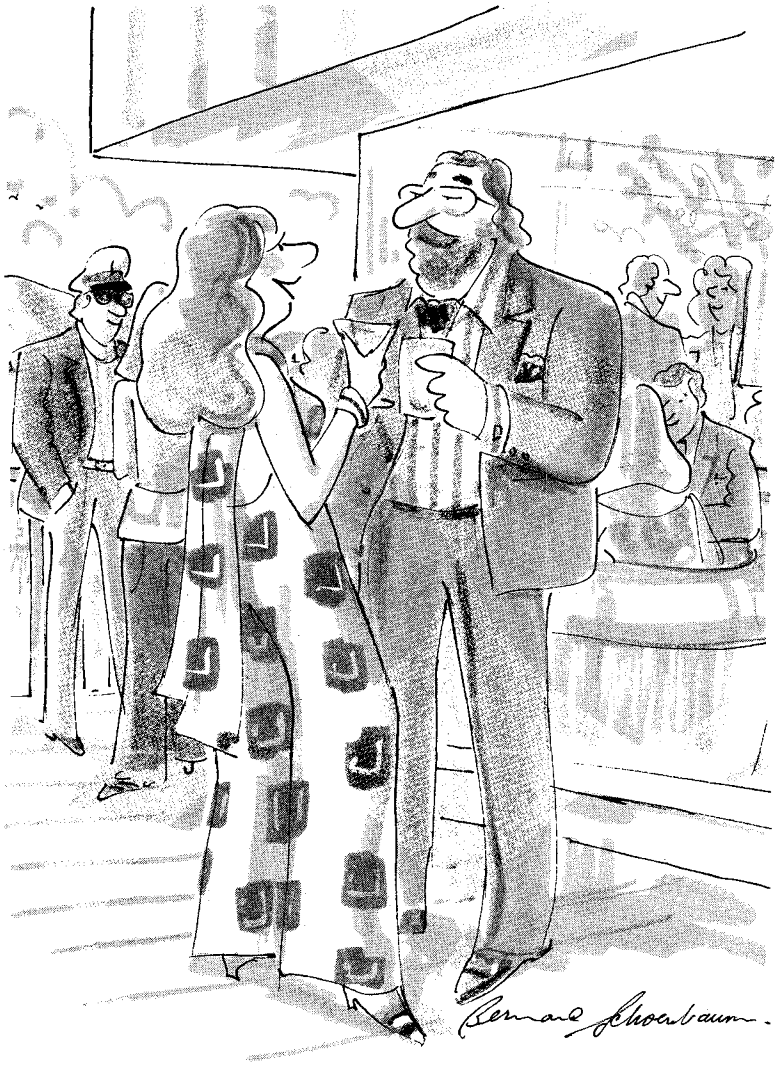
"No, I've got a lunch date with— Well, let me put it in the form of a trivia question. Number Forty-four."

"That's not a question," Bert Sugar pointed out. "That's a dictum."

"No, it's— Who's the first person you think of when I say 'Number Forty-four'?"

"Reggie Jackson!" the Sports Information Director burst in.

"Wrong sport," Burt Schultz said coldly. He turned back to Bert Sugar. "Bert, who do you think of when you hear me say 'Number Forty-four'?"



"Listened to your latest novel. Couldn't switch it off."

"Rote. You're having lunch with Rote."

"That's right. But now I don't know if we're still on, so—"

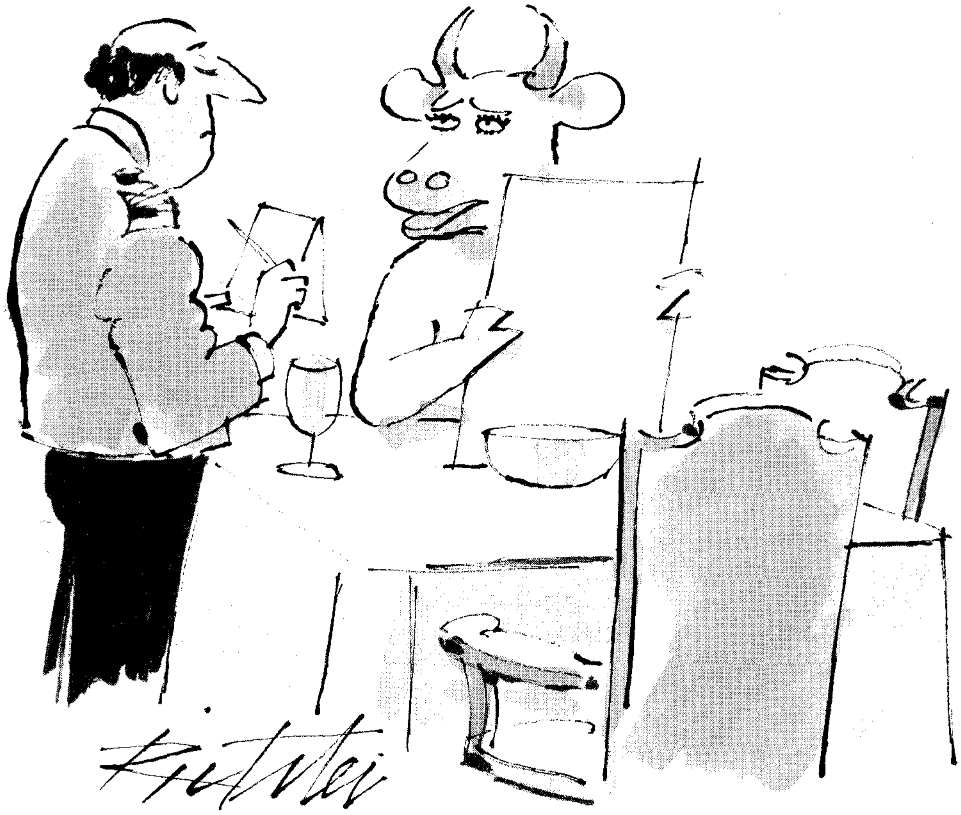
"Kyle Rote!" the boy said. "Great ballplayer!"

Burt Schultz eyed him. "Let me tell you a story about Kyle Rote," he said. "True. Kyle Rote and two partners start a kitchen-equipment-franchise business. They go broke, and Kyle Rote pays off every single one of the guys they owed." He waited to make sure the boy had taken in the full implications of this *exemplum virtutis*, and then turned back to Bert Sugar. "The thing is, Bert, if you can give me your card—"

"Card! I don't write cards—I write books."

Up in the balcony, the Jet fans had settled on *their* choice for the team: Alex Gordon, a linebacker from the University of Cincinnati. The fans began a long moaning cry, directed at the Jets' draft table: "Alex! Alex!"

Finally, the Jets' representative came to the front of the room with a little slip of paper and gave it to Pete Rozelle, the commissioner, who was standing alone on a platform at the front of the room. Rozelle announced that the Jets had taken Roger Vick, a big fullback from Texas A. & M., as their first pick.



"The hay looks good."

• •

The Jet fans in the balcony went berserk with grief. "But you've already got Paige!" one of them shouted, throwing himself violently against the railing. "You've already got Paige!" (Tony Paige is the Jets' incumbent fullback.)

Bert Sugar watched all this with amusement. "Participatory sports is what this is," he said.

Burt Schultz went off to try to confirm his lunch date with Kyle Rote. While he was away, the San Diego Chargers took a tight end from Texas A. & M., whose name, it seemed, was Bernstein.

"Can it be!" Bert Sugar cried. "Can it be!" Then a picture of the tight end—a handsome young black man who spells his name "Bernstine"—flashed on one of the television monitors above the platform. "Well, close," Bert said, disappointed. "I guess not. *Close*." He thought about it. "Hey, you know what? He's from so far down South that he calls his rabbi Bubba" he said, then shouted out "Hey, Bryan!" to Bryan Burwell, of the *Daily News*. "This kid Bernstine calls his rabbi Bubba!" Burwell, who is black, smiled and waved.

Burt Schultz came back. In a room with at least two hundred telephones, he hadn't been able to coax anyone into letting him use one. "But you know what I'll do?" he said. "I'll just check on my computer." Very carefully, he took from a jacket pocket what looked like a large electronic calculator, and opened it up. "This is a computerized appointment book," he announced proudly. "You see, Bert, I can put in here who I'm meeting, what their telephone numbers are—all that." He pressed a few buttons and then showed the display screen to Bert Sugar and the boy: "KYLE ROTE, LUNCH, APRIL 28TH, HIS OFFICE."

Bert Sugar pointed to a Casio label on the computer. "Hey!" he said. "In the war, I took Japan and seven and a half points—and I've *won!*"

The Sports Information Director disappeared for a few minutes, and when he returned his face was alive with the pleasure of a scoop. "Hey! You know what? They think the first round is going to last more than four hours. It might be the longest in history!"

Bert Sugar looked at him very deliberately. "Now, *there's excitement*," he said. "I thought that record would outlive my time."

Finally, the Giants made the last pick in the first round—Mark Ingram, a speedy wide receiver from Michigan State—and everyone on the ballroom floor headed out for the N.F.L. lunch buffet. The N.F.L. is famous for its lunch buffets.

As they were leaving, Burt Schultz turned to the Sports Information Director. "*You* were impressed with my computer. But Sugar wasn't." His tone was at once forlorn and matter-of-fact.

Somewhere across the ballroom, a glass smashed.

"Hey, Bert!" Bryan Burwell called out. "A Jewish wedding just broke out!"

For the first time on draft day, Bert Sugar was at a loss for words.

FOSSIL NEWS

When the discovery of the provocative "black skull" was announced last summer, the small, contentious fraternity of paleoanthropology was stunned into a rare state of unanimity. Everyone agreed that the skull was the most significant early humanlike fossil to be found in more than a decade. Everyone agreed it would necessitate a major rethinking of the human family tree.

Today, however, it is scholarly business as usual. Nearly everyone in the field has a different notion of how to redraw the family tree to accommodate the surprising and confounding attributes of the 2.5-million-year-old skull.—*The Times.*

NOT only has the discovery of the "black skull" set scholars to redrawing man's family tree, it has fuelled a long-simmering rivalry between two scientists of the first rank: Dr. Colin Slive Swillens, of New Age College, in Palos Verdes Estates, California, widely known for his book "Primitive Man: Whole at Last," and Professor Heinz Maillot-Maillard, Curator of Fossils at Vienna's Antikensammlungen und Glyptothek, who is revered as Mr. Paleoanthropology. Academic gossip has it that Swillens may be leaning toward the idea that the "black skull" represents an entirely new species, while Maillot-Maillard is expected to come down on the side of those who feel it is merely an early example of *Australopithecus boisei*, a "dead end" descendant of *Australopithecus afarensis*. So far, however, it is a waiting game, with each scholar presumably poised to flip-flop once the other's position is declared.

Beatrice

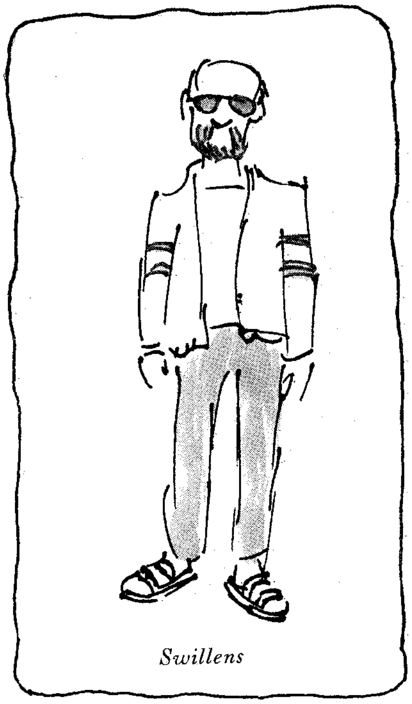
Swillens is generally regarded as rather adventurous in his postulations, while the older man tends toward caution. Examining the same fossil jaw found in Mauritania in 1961, for example, Maillot-Maillard would go no further than to declare that the jaw was "probably pretty old," while Swillens ventured the opinion that it had belonged to a hominid who stood erect, ate blueberries, and played some form of hockey.*

Although it is difficult to pinpoint the precise moment when hostilities flared between the two, some observers suggest they may have shifted into high gear in 1985, when Swillens unearthed a 3.2-million-year-old skull in Kenya. Swillens named his find Beatrice, claiming it to be a relative of the celebrated Lucy, the first known upright hominid. While the appellation meant nothing in particular to the scientific community, it was not something to be overlooked by Maillot-Maillard, who could not have failed to recognize the name of his beloved grandmother (Béatrice Maillot-Maillard, 1847-1938).

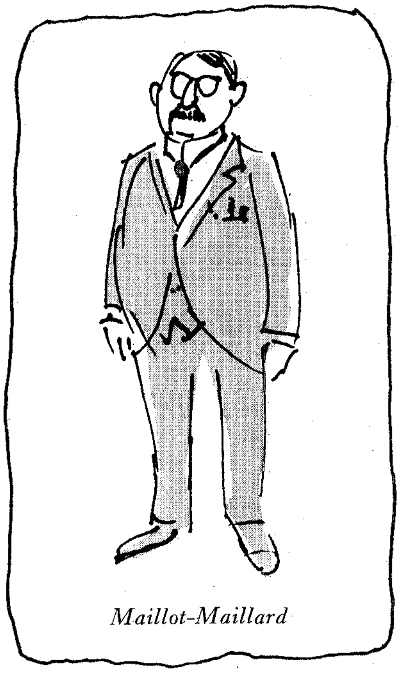
What prompted Swillens' peculiar action? It may have been his distress over Maillot-Maillard's earlier book review in the magazine *Paleontology & Leisure*, in which he termed Swillens' eight-hundred-page volume "volcanic ash." In any case, it was not long before Swillens replied in kind. In a colloquium at Aspen, Colorado, he declared, "Maillot-Maillard's last significant contribution to the field was so long ago they can't even carbon-date it."

Maillot-Maillard responded with an appraisal of "Bones and Us," Swillens' award-winning public-television series: "Swillens is almost—but not quite—as good as Pee-wee Herman."

Last summer, benevolent colleagues attempted to close the widening breach and bring the two scholars together at a kind of summit. Maillot-Maillard was persuaded to invite Swillens to his Vienna museum; later, Swillens would play host to the older man in California. But the visit was, quite simply, a disaster. Swillens arrived in Vienna, as planned, examined the paleontological collection at some length, then remarked, "I've seen better specimens in a box of Milk-Bones," and started to leave. Maillot-Maillard shouted, "*Dummkopf mit fehlerhafter Weltanschauung!*" (roughly, "Stupid-head with a preposterous world view!"), and blocked his way. "Move it, fossil face," demanded Swillens. Maillot-Maillard responded by kicking Swillens in the left *patella* (A). Swillens



Swillens



Maillot-Maillard

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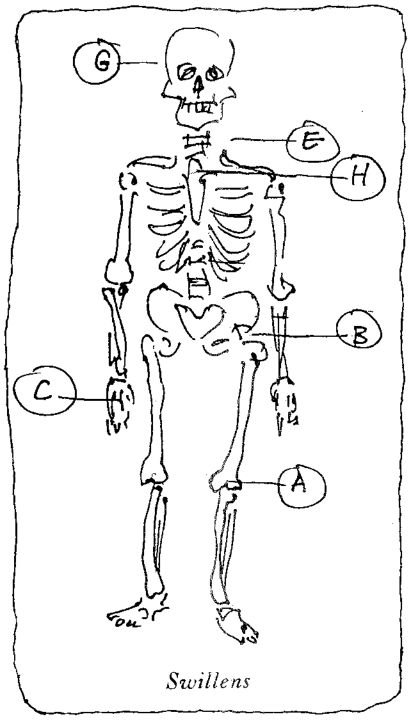
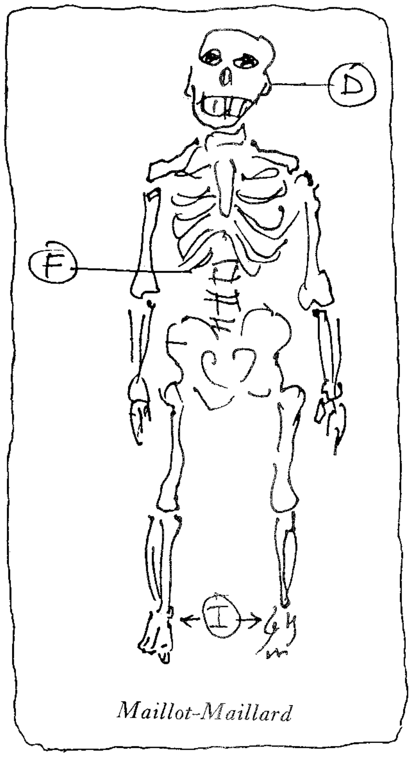
*By 1962, Maillot-Maillard had revised his sparse evaluation of the Mauritanian jaw, and was calling it "an absolutely staggering find." In justifying his dramatic reappraisal, the professor claimed to have been an unwitting victim of the old "fossil switch" trick, and said the jaw he had first seen was "totally different." Swillens, meanwhile, had hedged on *his* own opinion, and placed the fossil as "no earlier than the Treaty of Ghent."



Swillens



Maillot-Maillard

The incident at the Antikensammlungen und Glyptothek (schematic)

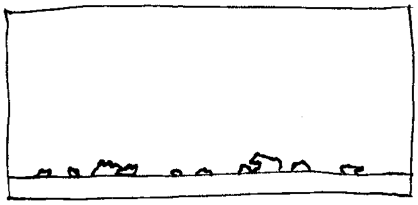
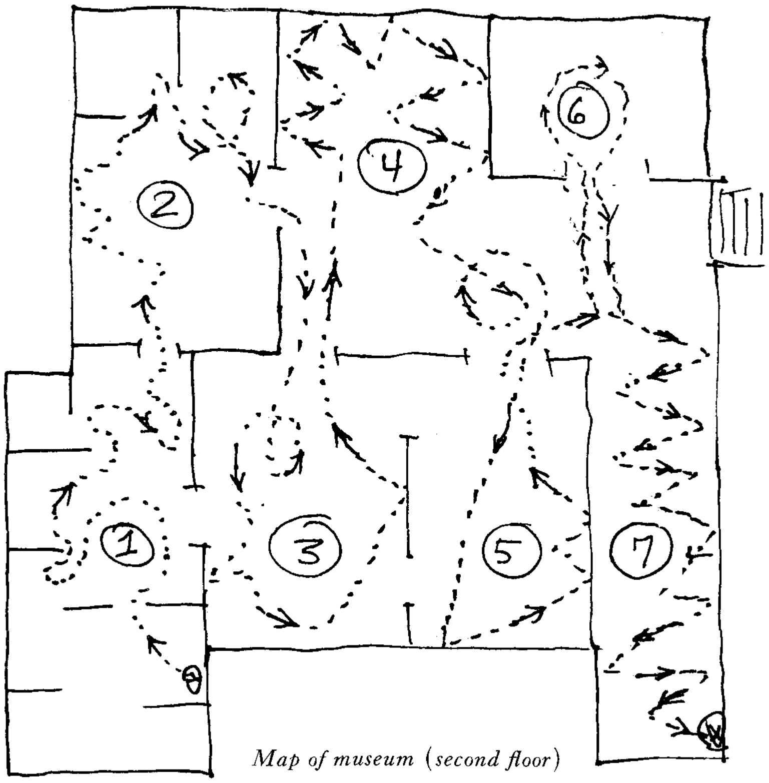


Exhibit of australopithecine jaw and molar fragments (elevation)

swung from the *ilium* (B) and delivered a right *metacarpus* (C) to Maillot-Maillard's left *external auditory meatus* (D). Maillot-Maillard grabbed Swillens with both hands by the *sternocleidomastoid* (E), as Swillens snapped a left to the older man's *serratus anterior* (F). Maillot-Maillard shoved Swillens, who fell backward, striking his *occipital lobe* (G) on—and destroying—a display case of australopithecine jaw and molar fragments just as Maillot-Maillard landed on Swillens' *manubrium sterni* (H) with both *ossa calcis* (I). The battle continued through the rooms of the paleontological department, then into an adjoining exhibition of seventeenth-century terra-cotta sculpture, through a collection of Louis XIV furniture, back and forth in a room containing the celebrated Manning-Gordon Collection of Venetian glass, and into a show of Hellenistic amphorae.



Map of museum (second floor)

Route followed by Swillens and Maillot-Maillard:

(*1*) *Paleontological department*
(*2*) *Seventeenth-century terra-cotta sculpture*
(*3*) *Louis XIV furniture*
(*4*) *Venetian glass*
(*5*) *Hellenistic amphorae*
(*6*) *Cosmological collection*
(*7*) *Model ships*

A comparatively silent interval ensued when the two men stumbled into the Jussi and Heather Bierstrübe cosmological collection—temporarily closed to the public, and unlit—where there was stored a large group of iron meteorites in the three-to-five-ton range. Emerging from the darkness, they finally came to a halt in the middle of a display of full-rigged model ships (1200-1850), where Swillens was rendered senseless by a wrought-iron jack-staff socket hurled by Maillot-Maillard, who then became entangled in the lower shrouds of a clipper ship and was smothered under layers of sail, including, successively, flying jib, outer jib, inner jib, fore-topmast staysail, foresail, lower fore-topsail, upper fore-topsail, topgallant, royal, main-topmast staysail, main-royal studding sail, and mizzen-topgallant sail.

At last report, the museum had filed for relief under Chapter 11, while the two paleoanthropologists—fully recovered now—were in a private race to see which one might obtain the larger grant for research into orthodontic reconstruction of australopithecine jaw and molar fragments.

—James Stevenson

A TRINITY

THEIR first holiday since their honeymoon was paid for by the elderly man they both called Uncle. In fact, he was related to neither of them: for eleven years he had been Dawne's employer, but the relationship was more truly that of benefactor and dependents. They lived with him and looked after him, but in another sense it was he who looked after them, demonstrating regularly that they required such care. "What you need is a touch of the autumn sun," he had said, ordering Keith to acquire as many holiday brochures as he could lay his hands on. "The pair of you are as white as bedsheets."

The old man lived vicariously through aspects of their lives, and listened carefully to all they said. Sharing their anticipation, he browsed delightedly through the pages of the colorful brochures and opened out on the kitchen table one glossy folder after another. He marvelled at the blue of the Aegean Sea and the flower markets of San Remo, at the Nile and the pyramids, the Costa del Sol, the treasures of Bavaria. But it was Venice that most vividly caught his imagination, and again and again he returned to the wonder of its bridges and canals, and the majesty of the Piazza San Marco.

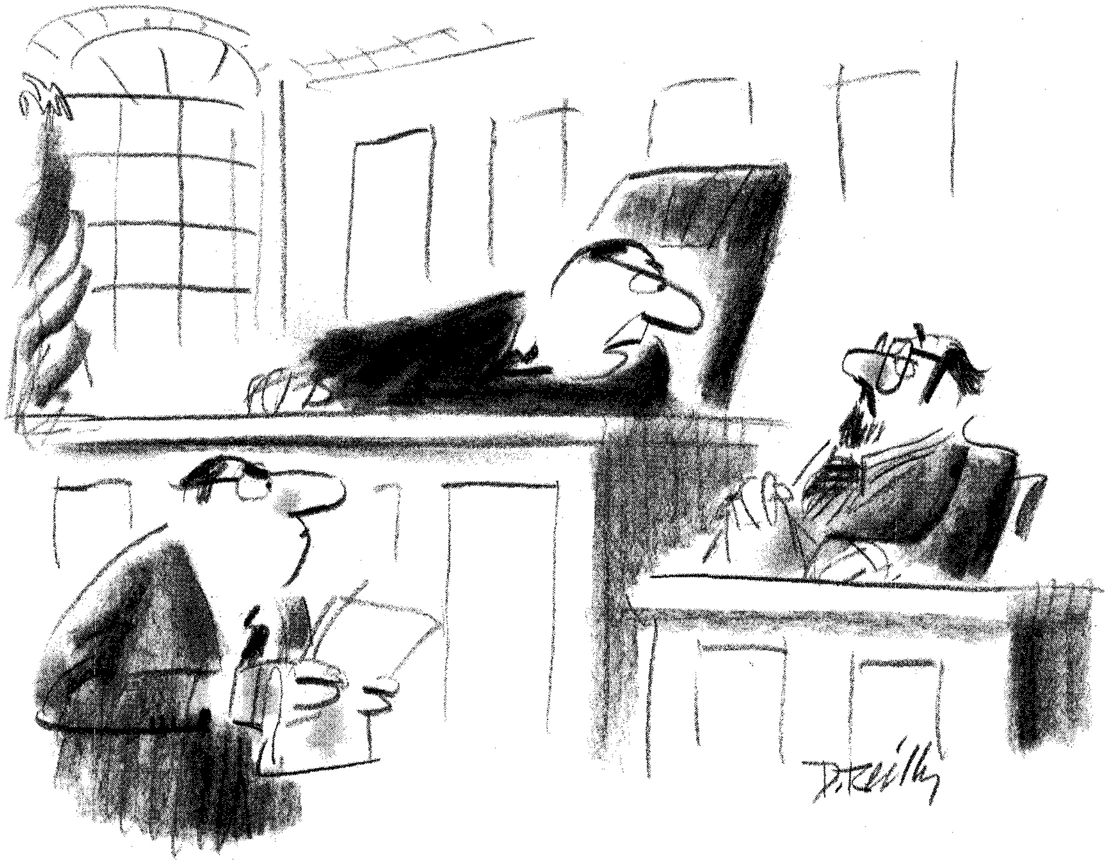
"I am too old for Venice," he remarked a little sadly. "I am too old for anywhere now."

They protested. They pressed him to accompany them. But as well as being old he had his paper shop to think about. He could not leave Mrs. Withers to cope on her own; it would not be fair. "Send me one or two postcards," he said. "That will be sufficient."

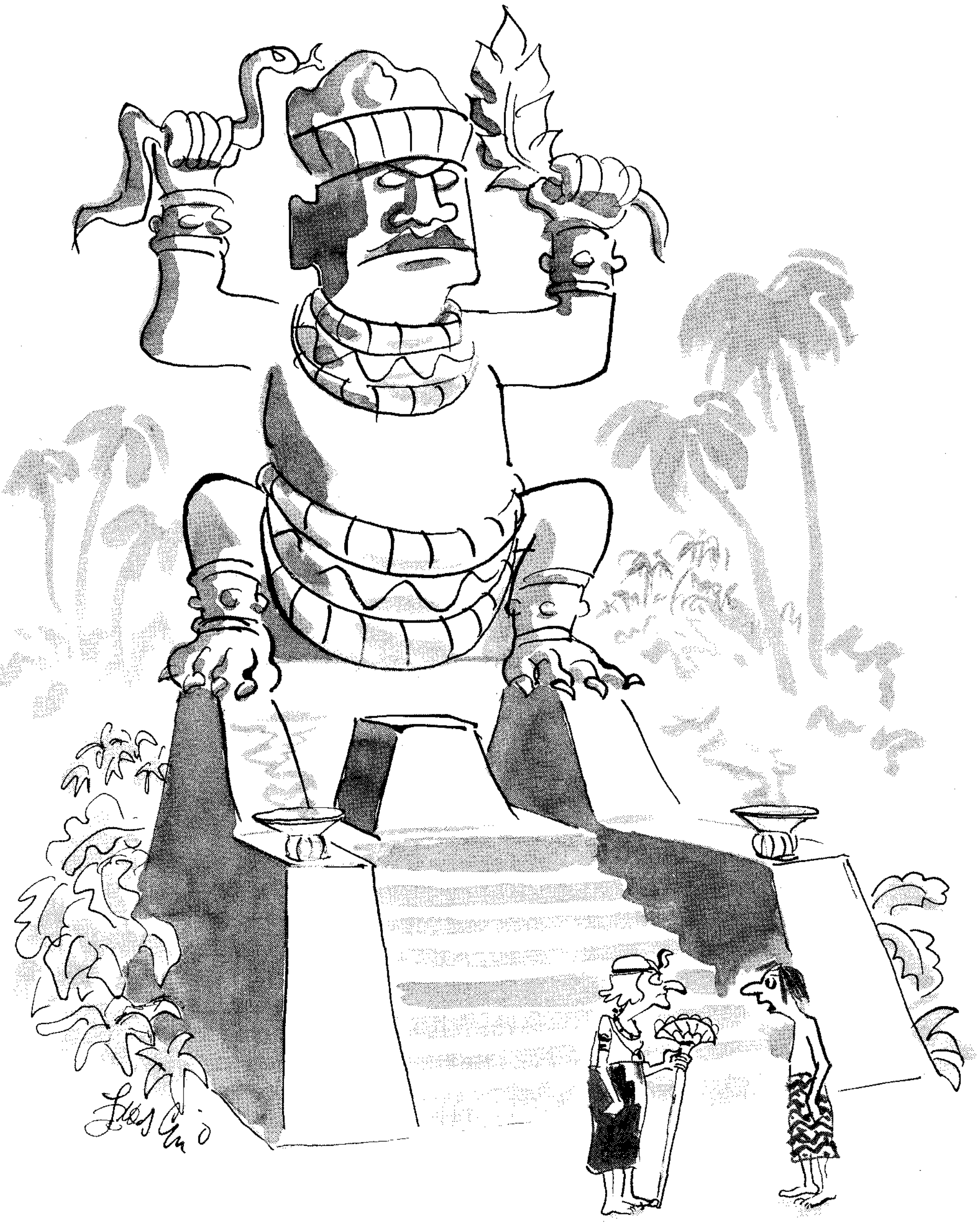
He chose for them a package holiday at a very reasonable price: a flight from Gatwick Airport, twelve nights in the fairyland city, in the Pensione Concordia. When Keith and Dawne went together to the travel agency to make the booking, the counter clerk explained that the other members of that particular package were an Italian class from Windsor, all of them learning the language under the tutelage of a Signor Bancini. "It is up to you if you wish to take the guided tours of Signor Bancini," the counter clerk explained. "And naturally you have your own table for breakfast and for dinner."

The old man, on being told about the party from Windsor, was well pleased. Mixing with such people and, for just a little extra, being able to avail themselves of the expertise of an Italian-language teacher amounted to a bonus, he pointed out. "Travel widens the mind," he said. "I deplore I never had the opportunity."

BUT something went wrong. Either in the travel agency or at Gatwick Airport, or in some anonymous computer, a small calamity was conceived. Dawne and Keith ended up in a hotel called the Edelweiss, in Room 212, somewhere in Switzerland. At Gatwick they had handed their tickets to a girl in the yellow-and-red Your-Kind-of-Holiday uniform. She'd addressed them by name, had checked the details on their tickets and said that that was lovely. An hour later it had surprised them to hear elderly people on the plane talking in North of England accents when the counter clerk at the travel agency had so specifically stated that Signor Bancini's Italian class came from Windsor. Dawne had even remarked on it, but Keith said there must have been a cancellation, or possibly the Italian class was on a second plane. "That'll be the name of the airport," he confidently explained when the pilot referred over the communication system to a destination that didn't sound like Venice. "Same as he'd say Gatwick. Or Heathrow." They ordered two Drambuies, Dawne's favorite drink, and then two more. "The coach'll take us on," a stout woman with spectacles announced when the plane landed. "Keep all together now." There'd been no mention of an overnight stop in the brochure, but when the coach drew in at the



"The witness is hereby ordered to refrain from appending 'n'est-ce pas?' to each reply."



"Who or what should I sacrifice to relieve simple nervous tension?"

Edelweiss Hotel Keith explained that that was clearly what this was. By air and then by coach was how these package firms kept the prices down, a colleague at work had told him. As they stepped out of the coach it was close on midnight: fatigued and travel-stained, they did not feel like questioning their right to the beds they were offered. But the next morning, when it became apparent that they were being offered them for the duration of their holiday, they became alarmed.

"We have the lake, and the water birds," the desk clerk smilingly explained. "And we may take the steamer to Interlaken."

"An error has been made," Keith said, keeping the register of his voice even, for it was essential to be calm. He was aware of his wife's agitated breathing close beside him. She'd had to sit down when they realized that something was wrong, but now she was standing up again.

"We cannot change the room, sir," the clerk swiftly countered. "Each has been given a room. You accompany the group, sir?"

Keith shook his head. Not this group, he said—a different group; a group that was travelling on to another destination. Keith was not a tall man, and often suffered from what he considered to be arrogance in other people, from officials of one kind or another, and shop assistants with a tendency to assume that his lack of stature reflected a diminutive personality.

In a way Keith didn't care for, the clerk repeated, "This is the Edelweiss Hotel, sir."

"We were meant to be in Venice. In the Pensione Concordia."

"I do not know the name, sir. Here we have Switzerland."

"A coach is to take us on. An official said so on the plane. She was here last night, that woman."

"Tomorrow we have the fondue party," the clerk went on, having listened politely to this information about an official. "On Tuesday there is the visit to a chocolate factory. On other days we may take the steamer to Interlaken, where we have teashops. In Interlaken mementos may be bought at fair prices."

Dawne had still not spoken. She, too, was a slight figure, her features pale beneath orangish powder. "Mingy," the old man had a way of saying in his jokey voice, and sometimes told her to lie down.

"Eeh, idn't it luvely?" a voice behind Keith enthused. "Been out to feed them ducks, 'ave you?"

Keith did not turn round. Speaking slowly, giving each word space, he said to the clerk, "We have been booked onto the wrong holiday."

"Your group is booked twelve nights in the Edelweiss Hotel. To make an alteration now, sir, if you have changed your minds—"

"We haven't changed our minds. There's been a mistake."

The clerk shook his head. He did not know about a mistake. He had not been told that. He would help if he could, but he did not see how help might best be offered.

"The man who made the booking," Dawne interrupted, "was bald, with glasses and a mustache." She gave the name of the travel agency in London.

In reply, the clerk smiled with professional sympathy. He fingered the edge of his register. "Mustache?" he said.

Three aged women who had been on the plane passed through the reception area. Had anyone noticed, one of them remarked, that there were rubber linings under the sheets? Well, you couldn't be too careful, another agreeably responded, if you were running a hotel.

"Some problem, have we?" another woman said, beaming at Keith. She was the stout woman he had referred to as an official, flamboyantly attired this morning in a two-tone trouser suit, green and blue. Her flesh-colored spectacles were decorated with swirls of metal made to seem like gold; her gray hair was carefully waved. They'd seen her talking to the yellow-and-red girl at Gatwick. On the plane she'd walked up and down the aisle, smiling at people.

"My name is Franks," she was saying now. "I'm married to the man with the bad leg."

"Are you in charge, Mrs. Franks?" Dawne inquired. "Only we're in the wrong hotel." Again she gave the name of the travel agency and described the bald-headed counter clerk, mentioning his spectacles and his mustache.

Keith interrupted her. "It seems we got into the wrong group. We reported to the Your-Kind-of-Holiday girl and left it all to her."

"We should have known when they weren't from Windsor," Dawne contributed. "We heard them talking about Darlington."

Keith made an impatient sound. He wished she'd leave the talking to him. It was no good whatsoever going on about Darlington and the counter clerk's mustache, confusing everything even more.

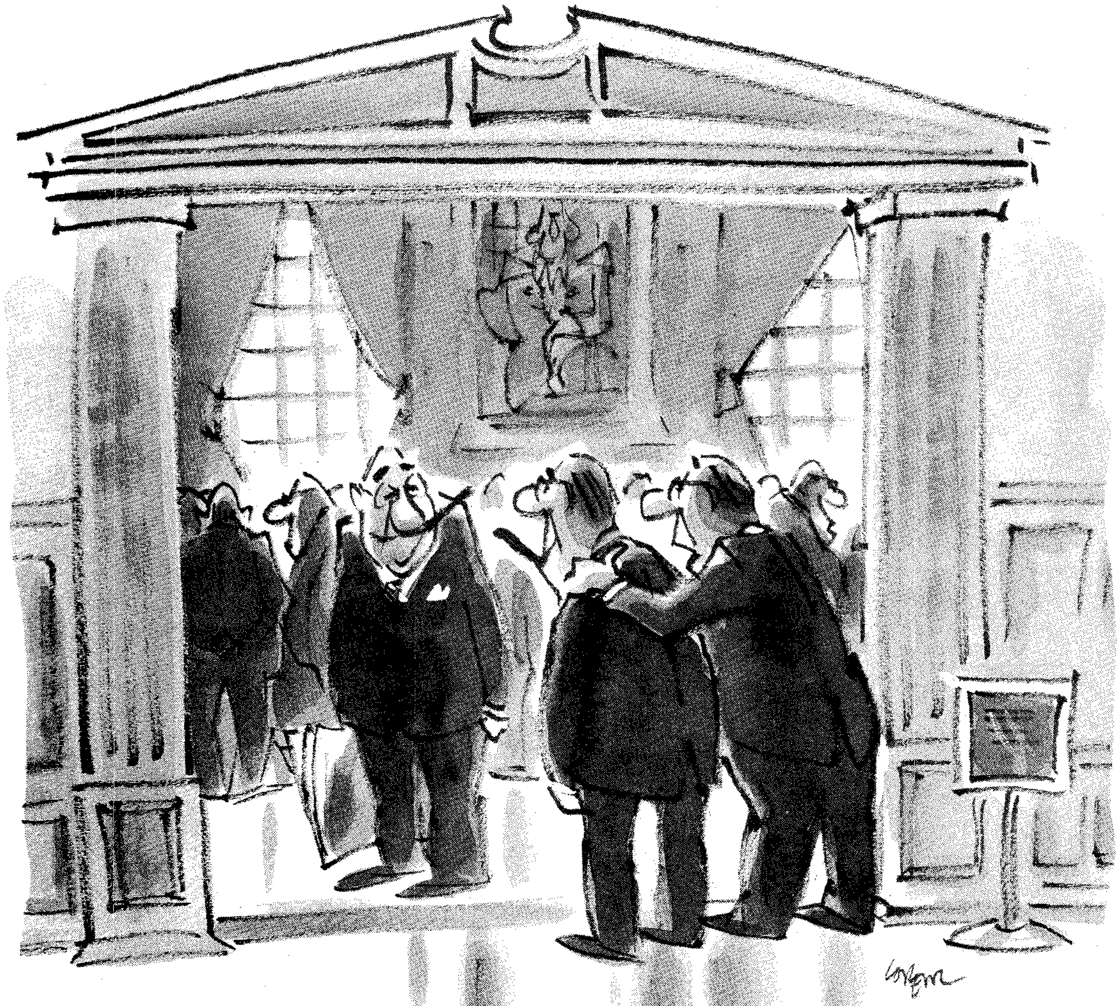
"We noticed you at Gatwick," he said to the stout woman. "We knew you were in charge of things."

"I noticed *you*. Well, of course I did, naturally I did. I counted you, although I daresay you didn't see me doing that. Monica checked the tickets and I did the counting. That's how I know everything's O.K. Now, let me explain to you. There are many places Your-Kind-of-Holiday sends its clients to, many tours, many different holidays at different prices. You follow me? Something to suit every pocket, something for every taste. There are, for instance, villa holidays for the adventurous under-thirty-fives. There are treks to Turkey, and treks for singles to the Himalayas. There is self-catering in Portugal, November reductions in Casablanca, February in Biarritz. There's Culture-in-Tuscany and Sunshine-in-Sorrento. There's the Nile. There's Your-Kind-of-Safari in Kenya. Now, what I am endeavoring to say to you good people is that all tickets and labels are naturally similar, the yellow with the two red bands." Mrs. Franks suddenly laughed. "So if you simply followed other people with the yellow-and-red label you might imagine you could end up in a wildlife park!" Mrs. Franks' speech came hurriedly from her, the words tumbling over one another, gushing through her teeth. "But of course," she added soothingly, "that couldn't happen in a million years."

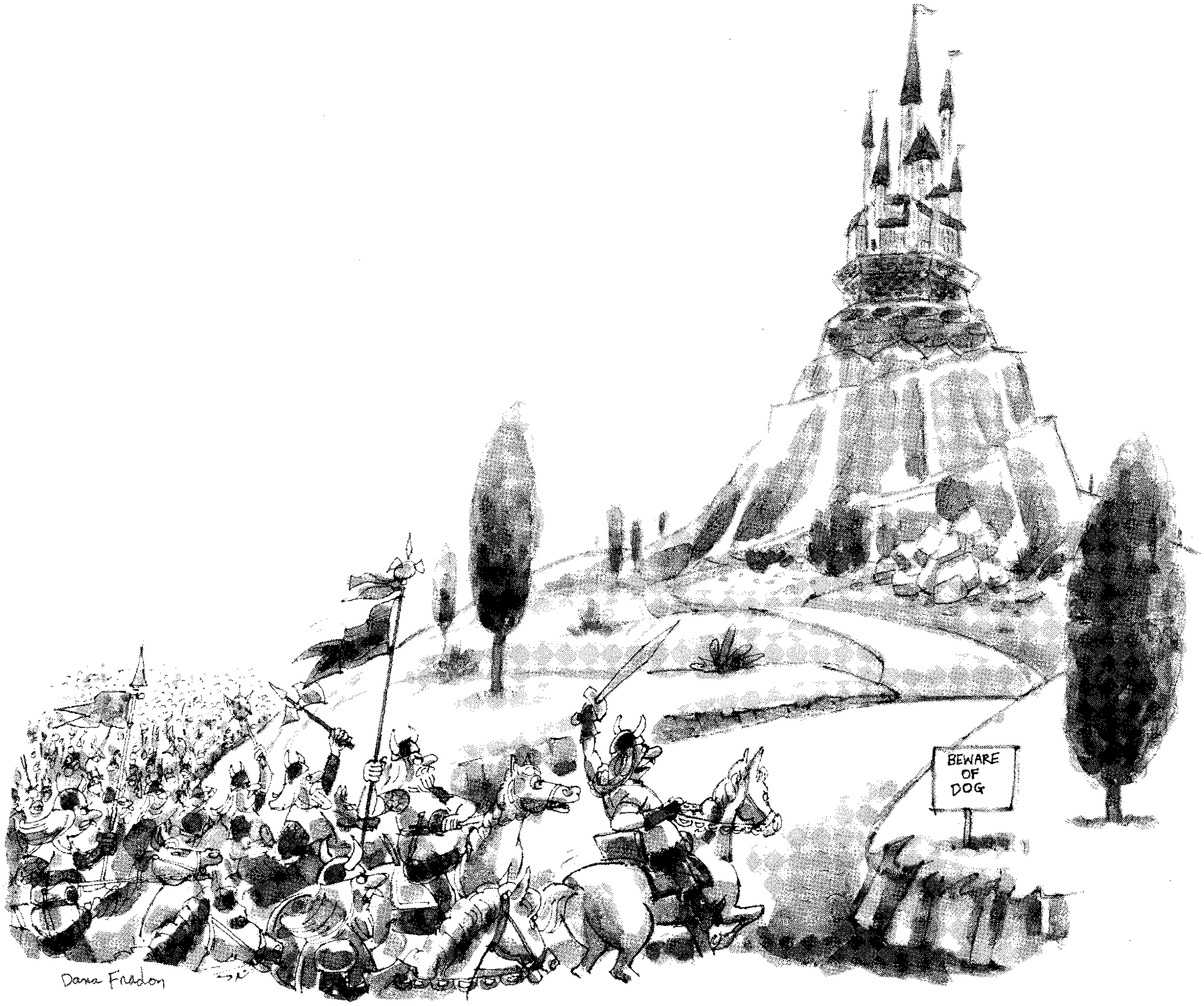
"We're not meant to be in Switzerland," Keith doggedly persisted.

"Well, let's just see, shall we?"

Unexpectedly, Mrs. Franks turned and went away, leaving them standing. The clerk was no longer behind the reception desk. The sound of typing could be heard.



"Look after Foster, will you, Kendall? He's the new kid on the block."



"Damn!"

• •

"She seems quite kind," Dawne whispered, "that woman."

To Keith it seemed unnecessary to say that. Any consideration of Mrs. Franks was, in the circumstances, as irrelevant as a description of the man in the travel agency. He tried to go over in his mind every single thing that had occurred: handing the girl the tickets, sitting down to wait, and then the girl leading the way to the plane, and then the pilot's voice welcoming them aboard, and the air hostess with the smooth black hair going round to see that everyone's seat belt was fastened.

"Snaith his name was," Dawne was saying. "It said 'Snaith' on a plastic thing in front of him."

"What are you talking about?"

"The man in the travel place was called Snaith. 'G. Snaith' it said."

"The man was just a clerk."

"He booked us wrong, though. That man's responsible, Keith."

"Be that as it may."

Sooner or later, Dawne had guessed, he'd say "Be that as it may." He put her in her place with the phrase; he always had. You'd make an innocent remark, doing your best to be helpful, and out he'd come with "Be that as it may." You expected him to go on, to finish the sentence, but he never did. The phrase just hung there, making him sound uneducated.

"Are you going to phone up that man, Keith?"

"Which man is this?"

She didn't reply. He knew perfectly well which man she meant. All he had to do was to get through to Directory Inquiries and find out the number of the travel agency. It was no good complaining to a hotel desk clerk who had nothing to do with it, or to a woman in charge of a totally different package tour. No good putting the blame where it didn't belong.

"Nice to have some young people along," an elderly man said. "Nottage the name is."

Dawne smiled, the way she did in the shop when someone was trying to be agreeable, but Keith didn't acknowledge the greeting, because he didn't want to become involved.

"Seen the ducks, 'ave you? Right champion them ducks are."

The old man's wife was with him,

both of them looking as if they were in their eighties. She nodded when he said the ducks were right champion. They'd slept like logs, she said, best night's sleep they'd had for years, which of course would be due to the lakeside air.

"That's nice," Dawne said.

Keith walked out of the reception area and Dawne followed him. On the gravel forecourt of the hotel they didn't say to one another that there was an irony in the catastrophe that had occurred. On their first holiday since their honeymoon they'd landed themselves in a package tour of elderly people when the whole point of the holiday was to escape the needs and demands of the elderly. In his bossy way Uncle had said so himself when they'd tried to persuade him to accompany them.

"You'll have to phone up Snaith," Dawne repeated, irritating Keith further. What she did not understand was that if the error had occurred with the man she spoke of it would since have become compounded to such a degree that the man would claim to be able to do nothing about their immediate predicament. Keith, who sold insurance over the counter for the General Accident insurance company, knew something of the complications that followed when even the slightest uncertainty in a requirement was passed into the program of a computer. Somewhere along the line, that was what had happened, but to explain it to Dawne would take a very long time. Dawne could work a cash register as well as anyone; in the shop she knew by heart the price of Mars bars and the different kinds of cigarettes and tobacco, and the prices of all the newspapers and magazines, but otherwise Keith considered her slow on the uptake, often unable to follow a simple argument.

"Hi, there!" Mrs. Franks called out, and they turned and saw her picking her way across the gravel toward them. She had a piece of pink paper in her hand. "I've been doing my homework!" she cried when she was a little closer. She waved the pink paper. "Take a look at this."

It was a list of names, a computer printout, each name a series of tiny dots. "K. and H. Beale," they read, "T. and G. Craven," "P. and R. Fineman." There were many others, including "B. and Y. Nottage." In the correct alphabetical position they were there themselves, between "J. and A. Hines" and "C. and L. Mace."

INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE DARKNESS

The dark under the trees is filled with lightning bugs,
and because I am in one of those strange moods
I start to think I have found one of the hollows
where the life of the world is created. There is light
on the field still, a late light, bluish-gray, clear as water,
but in the dark circle of shadow under the oaks transformations
take place; small, accurate, invested points of light shiver
and rise wavering above the thin grass. I am in one of those moods
when I need this, this regenerative, tangibly formed
coinage, this dream or perception of the mixing vats
of the earth making out of nothing small light
that perhaps will continue to grow and change, become substantial.

The world of this field, sloping to a small black pond under trees,
is empty just now; on the side of the low mountain before me
the built lights of houses come on and shine like gold jackets
thrown up into the trees. It is spring, and the breeze carries its mix
of summer and spring and the hint of dew that is not so much carried
as woven into the slippage of air; purplish clouds, thinned
nearly to haze, pile against the western rim. I have known
this mood before, and it comes sought
but unbidden. Like a shy child, it does not approach; the lightning bugs
do not translate themselves into negotiable forms, a human
hand, the voice of a loved one. To become known
we must become unknown; the way out, I have learned,
is through. But I do not know
the names of the trees that are just now carefully laying
their long shadows across the body of the pond. The shadows
will lie on the surface of the water
all night, indistinguishable from darkness. It is not a matter
of being saved. I know this.

—Charlie Smith

• •

"The thing is," Dawne began, and Keith looked away. His wife's voice quietly continued, telling Mrs. Franks that their holiday had been very kindly paid for by the old man whom they lived with, who had been her employer before they ever moved in to live with him, who still was. They called him Uncle but he wasn't a relation, a friend really—well, more than that. The thing was, he would be angry because they were not in Venice, he having said it should be Venice. He'd be angry because they were in a package for the elderly when he wanted them to have a rest from the elderly, not that she minded looking after Uncle herself, not that she ever would. The person in the travel agency had said the Windsor people were quite young. "I always remember things like that," Dawne finished up. "Snaith he was called. G. Snaith."

"Well, that's most interesting," Mrs. Franks commented, and added after a pause, "As a matter of fact, Dawne, Mr. Franks and myself are still in our fifties."

"Be that as it may," Keith said. "At no time did we book a holiday in Switzerland."

"Well, there you are, you see. The ticket you handed to me at Gatwick is as clear as daylight, exactly the same as the Beales' and the Maces', the same as our own, come to that. Not a tither of difference, Keith."

"We need to be conveyed to our correct destination. An arrangement has to be made."

"The trouble is, Keith, I don't know if you know it but you're half a continent away from Venice. Another thing is, I'm not employed by YourKind, nothing like that. They just reduce our ticket a bit if I agree to keep an eye. On location we call it." Mrs. Franks went on to say that her husband had also scrutinized the piece of pink paper and was in complete agreement with her. She asked Keith if he had met her husband, and said again that he was the man with the bad leg. He'd been an accountant and still did a lot of accountancy work one way or another, in a private capacity. The Edelweiss Hotel was excellent, she said. Your-Kind would never choose an indifferent hotel.

"We are asking you to get in touch with your firm in London," Keith said. "We do not belong with your group."

In silence, though smiling, Mrs. Franks held out the pink list. Her expression insisted that it spoke for itself. No one could gainsay the dotted identification among the others.

"Our name is there by mistake."

A man limped across the gravel toward them. He was a large man of shambling appearance, his navy-blue pin-striped jacket and waistcoat at odds with his brown trousers, his spectacles repaired with Sellotape. The sound of his breath could be heard as he approached. He blew it through half-pursed lips in a vague rendition of a Gilbert and Sullivan melody.

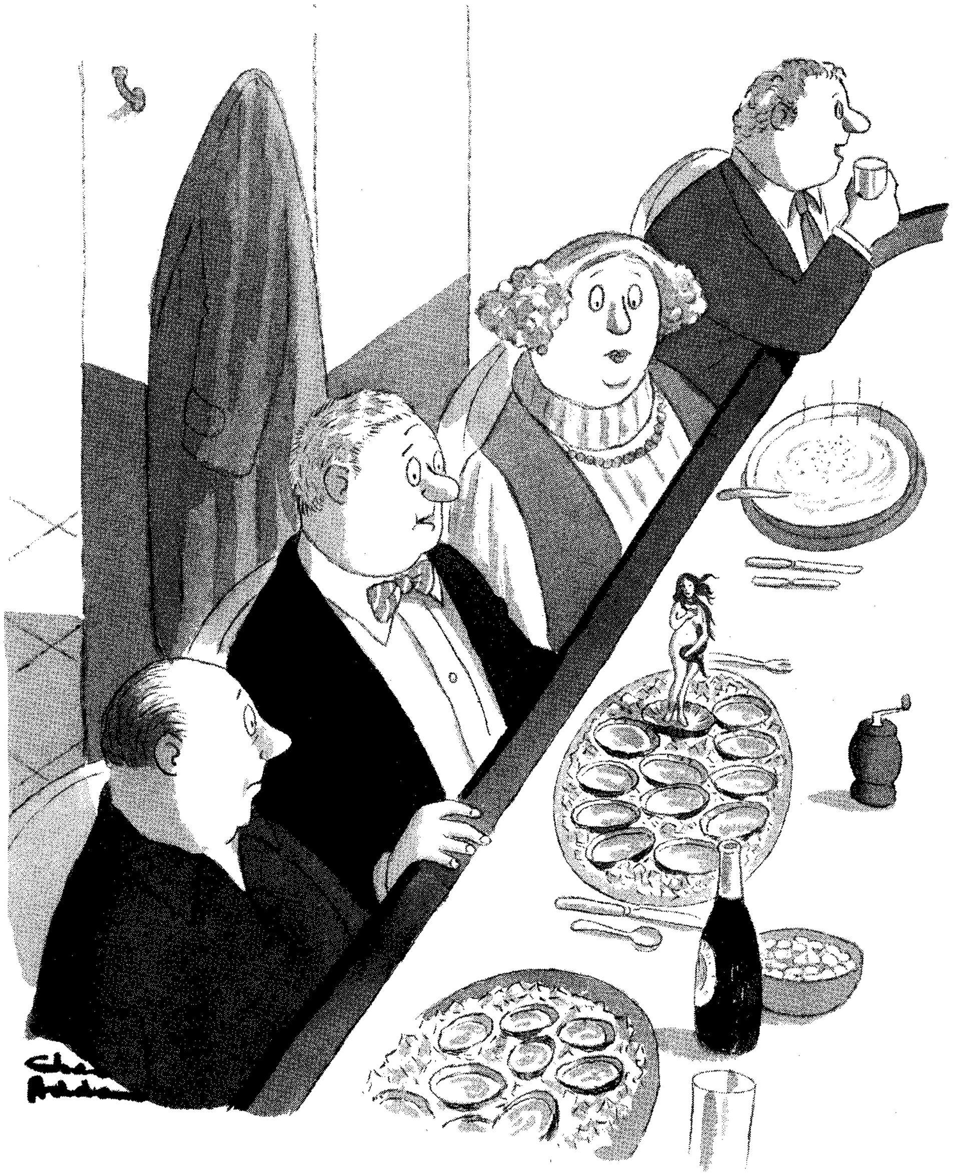
"These are the poor lost lambs," Mrs. Franks said. "Keith and Dawne."

"How do?" Mr. Franks held a hand out. "Silly thing to happen, eh?"

It was Mr. Franks who eventually suggested that Keith should telephone Your-Kind-of-Holiday himself, and to Keith's surprise he got through to a number in Croydon without any difficulty.

"Excuse me a minute," a girl said when he finished. He heard her talking to someone else and he heard the other person laughing. There was a trace of laughter in the girl's voice when she spoke again. You couldn't change your mind, she said, in the middle of a package. In no circumstances whatsoever could that be permitted.

"We're not changing our minds," Keith protested, but while he was explaining all over again he was cut off because he hadn't any more coins. He cashed a traveller's check with the desk clerk and was supplied with a number of five-franc pieces, but when he redialled the number the girl he'd spoken to couldn't be located, so he explained everything to another girl.

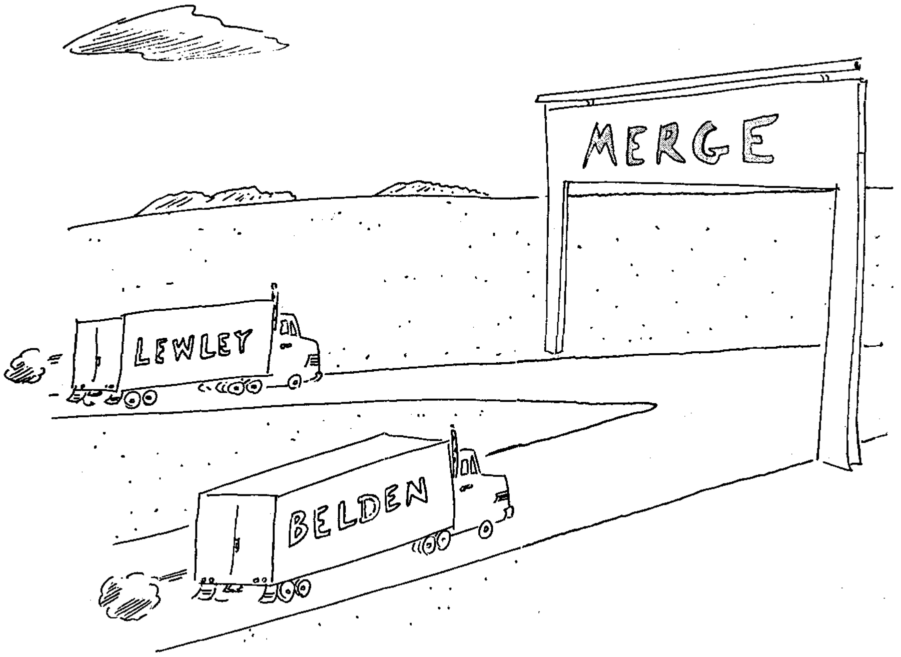


"I'm sorry, sir," this girl said, "but if we allowed people to change their minds on account of they didn't like the look of a place we'd be out of business in no time."

Keith began to shout into the telephone, and Dawne rapped on the glass of the booth, holding up a piece of paper on which she'd written "G. Snaith the name was." "Some sort of loony," Keith heard the girl say in Croydon, the mouthpiece being inadequately muffled. There was an outburst of giggling before he was cut off.

IT was not the first time that Keith and Dawne had suffered in this way: they were familiar with defeat. There'd been the time, a couple of years after their marriage, when Keith had got into debt through purchasing materials for making ships in bottles; earlier—before they'd even met—there was the occasion when the Lamb and Flag had had to let Dawne go because she'd taken tips although the rules categorically forbade it. Once Keith had sawn through the wrong water pipe and the landlords had come along with a bill for nearly two hundred pounds when the ceiling of the flat below collapsed. It was Uncle who had given Dawne a job in his shop after the Lamb and Flag episode and who had put them on their feet by paying off the arrears of the handicraft debt. In the end he persuaded them to come and live with him, pointing out that the arrangement would suit all three of them. Since his sister's death he had found it troublesome managing on his own.

In Interlaken they selected a postcard to send him: of a mountain that



had featured in a James Bond film. But they didn't know what to write on it: if they told the truth they would receive the old man's unspoken scorn when they returned—a look that came into his eyes while he silently regarded them. Years ago he had openly said—once only—that they were accident-prone. They were unfortunate in their dealings with the world, he had explained when Dawne asked him; lame ducks, he supposed you could say, if they'd forgive the expression; victims by nature, no fault of their own. Ever since, such judgments had been expressed only through his eyes.

"You choose your piece of gâteau," Dawne said, "up at the counter. They put it on a plate for you. Then the waitress comes along and you order the tea. I've been watching how it's done."

Keith chose a slice of glazed greengage cake and Dawne a portion of strawberry flan. As soon as they sat down a waitress came and stood smiling in front of them. "Tea with milk in it," Dawne ordered, because when she said they were going abroad someone who'd come into the shop had warned her that you had to ask for milk; otherwise the tea came just as it was, sometimes no more than a tea bag and a glass of hot water.

"A strike?" Dawne suggested. "You're always hearing of strikes in airports."

But Keith continued to gaze at the blank postcard, not persuaded that an attempt at falsehood was wise. It wasn't easy to tell the old man a lie. He had a way of making such attempts feel clumsy, and in the end of winkling out the truth. Yet his scorn would continue for many months, especially since he had paid out what he would call—a couple of hundred times at least—"good money" for their tickets. "That's typical of Keith, that is," he'd repeatedly inform his customers in Dawne's hearing, and she'd pass it on that night in bed, the way she always passed his comments on.

Keith ate his greengage slice, Dawne her strawberry flan. They did not share their thoughts, although their thoughts were similar. "You've neither of you a head for business," he'd said after the ships-in-bottles calamity, and again when Dawne unsuccessfully attempted to make a go of dressmaking alterations. "You wouldn't last a week in charge of things downstairs." He always referred to the shop as "downstairs." Every day of his life he rose at five o'clock in order to be downstairs for the newspapers when they arrived. He'd done so for fifty-three years.

"The plane couldn't land at the Italian airport," Keith wrote, "owing to a strike. So it had to come down here instead. It's good in a way, because we're seeing another country as well!" "Hope your cold's cleared up," Dawne added. "It's really lovely here!"

They imagined him showing the postcard to Mrs. Withers. "That's typical, that is," they imagined him saying, and Mrs. Withers jollying him along, telling him not to be sarky. Mrs. Withers was pleased about earning the extra; she'd been as keen as anything when he'd asked her to come in full time for a fortnight.

"Could happen to anyone, a strike," Dawne said, voicing Mrs. Withers' response.

Keith finished his greengage slice. "Call in to Smith's for a will form," he imagined the cross, tetchy voice instructing Mrs. Withers, the postcard already tucked away among the packets of cigarettes on the Embassy Tipped shelf. And when she arrived with the will form the next morning he'd let it lie around all day but have it in his hand when she left, before he locked the shop door behind her. "Silly, really," Mrs. Withers would say when eventually she told Dawne about it.

"I'd just as soon be here," Dawne whispered, leaning forward a bit, daring at last to say that. "I'd just as soon be in Switzerland, Keithie."

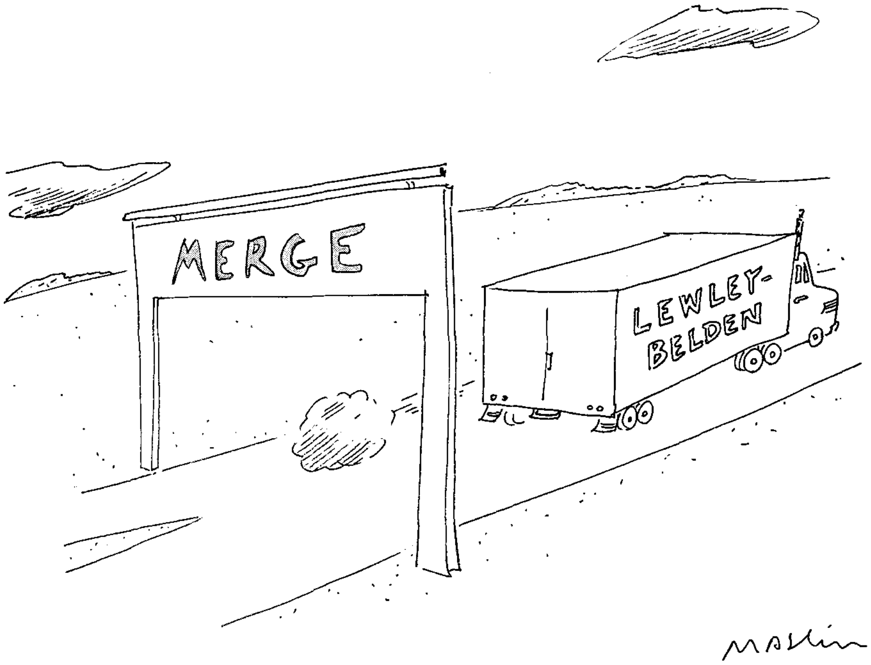
He didn't reply, but looked around the teashop: at the display of cake in the long glass cabinet that served also as a counter—apricot and plum and apple, carrot cake and Black Forest gâteau, richly glazed fruitcake, marzipan slices, small lemon tarts, orange éclairs, coffee fondants. Irritated because his wife had made that statement and wishing to be unpleasant to her by not responding, he allowed his gaze to slip over the faces of the couples who sat sedately at round, prettily arranged tables. In a leisurely manner he examined the smiling waitresses, their crimson aprons matching the crimson of the frilled tablecloths. He endeavored to give the impression that the waitresses attracted him.

"It's really nice," Dawne said, her voice still shyly low.

He didn't disagree; there was nothing wrong with the place. People were speaking in German, but when you spoke in English they understood you. Enoch Melchor, in Claims, had gone to somewhere in Italy last year and had got into all sorts of difficulties with the language, including being given the head of a fish when he thought he'd ordered peas.

"We could say we liked it so much we decided to stay on," Dawne suggested.

She didn't seem to understand that it



wasn't up to them to decide anything. Twelve days in Venice had been chosen for them; twelve days in Venice had been paid for. "No better'n a sewer," Enoch Melchor had said, not that he'd ever been there. "Stinks to high heaven," he'd said, but that wasn't the point either. Memories of Venice had been ordered, memories that were to be transported back to London, with glass figurines for the mantelpiece because Venice was famous for its glass. The menus at the Pensione Concordia and the tunes played by the café orchestras were to be noted in Dawne's day-to-day diary. Venice was bathed in sunshine, its best autumn for years, according to the newspapers.

They left the teashop and walked about the streets, their eyes stinging at first, until they became used to the bitter breeze that had got up. They examined windows full of watches, and went from one to another of the souvenir shops because notices said that entrance was free. There was a clock that had a girl swinging on a swing every hour, and another that had a man and a woman employing a two-handed saw, another that had a cow being milked. All sorts of tunes came out of different-shaped musical boxes: "Lilli Marlene," "The Blue Danube," "Lara's Theme" from "Doctor Zhivago," "The Destiny Waltz." There were oven gloves with next year's calendar printed on them in English, and miniature arrangements of dried flowers, framed, on velvet. In the chocolate shops there were all the different brands—Lindt, Suchard, Nestlé, Cailler, and dozens of others. There was chocolate with nuts, and chocolate with raisins, with nougat and honey, white chocolate, bitter chocolate, chocolate with fudge filling, with cognac or whiskey or Chartreuse. There were chocolate mice and chocolate windmills.

"It's ever so enjoyable here," Dawne remarked, with genuine enthusiasm. They went into another teashop, and this time Keith had a chestnut slice and Dawne a black-currant one, both with cream.

AT dinner, in a dining room tastefully panelled in gray-painted wood, they sat among the people from Darlington, at a table for two, as the clerk in the travel agency had promised. The chicken-noodle soup was quite what they were used to, and so was the pork chop that followed, with applesauce and chipped potatoes. "They know what we like," the woman called Mrs. Franks said, making a round of all the tables, saying the same thing at each.

"Really lovely," Dawne agreed. She'd felt sick in her stomach when they'd first realized about the error; she'd wanted to go to the lavatory and just sit there, hoping it was all a nightmare. She'd blamed herself because it was she who'd wondered about so many elderly people on the plane after the man in the travel place had given the impression of younger people, from Windsor. It was she who had frowned, just for a moment, when the name of the airport was mentioned. Keith had a habit of pooh-poohing her doubts, as when she'd been doubtful about the men who'd come to the door selling mattresses and he'd been persuaded to make a down payment. The trouble with Keith was he always sounded confident, as though he knew something she didn't, as though someone had told him. "We'll just be here for the night," he'd said, and she'd thought that was something he must have read in the brochure or that the clerk in the travel place had said. He couldn't help himself, of course; it was the way he was made. "Cotton wool in your brain box, have you?" Uncle had rudely remarked the August bank holiday poor Keith had got them onto the slow train to Brighton, the one that took an hour longer.

"Silver lining, Keithie." She put her head on one side, her small features softening into a smile. They'd walked by the lakeside before dinner. Just by stooping down she'd attracted the birds that were swimming on the water. Afterward she'd changed into her new fawn dress, bought specially for the holiday.

"I'll try that number again tomorrow," Keith said.

She could see he was still worried. He was terribly subdued, even though he was able to eat his food. It made him cross when she mentioned the place they'd bought the tickets, so she didn't do so, although she wanted to. Time enough to face the music when they got back, better to make the best of things really: she didn't say that either. "If you want, Keithie," she said instead. "You try it if you've a mind to."

Naturally he'd feel it more than she would; he'd get more of the blame, being a man. But in the end it mightn't be too bad, in the end the storm would be weathered. There'd be the fondue party to talk about, and the visit to the chocolate factory. There'd be the swimming birds, and the teashops, and the railway journey they'd seen advertised, up to the top of an Alp.

"Banana split?" the waiter offered. "You prefer meringue Williams?"

They hesitated. Meringue Williams was meringue with pears and ice cream, the waiter explained. Very good. He himself would recommend the meringue Williams.

"Sounds lovely," Dawne said, and Keith had it, too. She thought of pointing out that everyone was being nice to them, that Mrs. Franks was ever so sympathetic, that the man who came round to ask them if the dinner was all right had been ever so pleasant, and the waiter, too. But she decided not to because sometimes Keith just didn't want to cheer up. "Droopy Drawers," Uncle sometimes called him, or "Down-in-the-Dumps Donald."

All around them the old people were chattering. They were older than Uncle, Dawne could see; some of them were ten years older, fifteen even. She wondered if Keith had noticed that, if it had added to his gloom. She could hear them talking about the mementos they'd bought and the teashops they'd been to; hale and hearty they looked, still as full of vim as Uncle. "Any day now I'll be dropping off my twig," he had a way of saying, which was nonsense, of course. Dawne watched the elderly mouths receiving spoonfuls of banana or meringue, the slow chewing, the savoring of the sweetness. A good twenty years Uncle could go on for, she suddenly thought.

"It's just bad luck," she said.

"Be that as it may."

"Don't say that, Keithie."

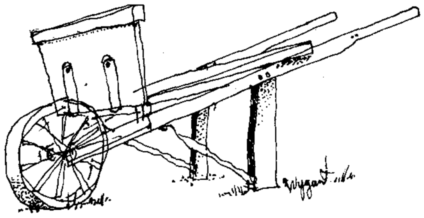
"Say what?"

"Don't say 'Be that as it may.' "

"Why not?"

"Oh just because, Keithie."

They had in common an institution background: they had not known their parents. Dawne could remember Keith when he was eleven and she was nine, although at that time they had not been drawn to each other. They'd met again later, revisiting their children's home for the annual dance—"disco," as it was called these days. "I got work in this shop," she'd said, not mentioning Uncle, because he was only her employer then, in the days when his sister was alive. They'd been married for a while before he became an influence in their lives. Now they could anticipate without thinking his changes of heart and his whims, and see coming a mile off another quarrel with the Reverend Simms, whose church occasionally he attended. Once they'd tried to divert such quarrels, to brace themselves for changes of heart, to counter the troublesome whims. They no longer did so. Although he listened carefully, he took no notice of what they said, because he held the upper hand. The Smith's will forms and an old billiard room—the happiest place a man could spend an hour in—were what he threatened them with. He met his friends in the billiard room; he read the *Daily Express* there, drinking bottles of Double Diamond, which he said was the best bottled beer in the world. It would be a terrible thing if men of all ages could no longer play billiards in that room; terrible if funds weren't available to keep it going forever.



Mrs. Franks rose and made an announcement. She called for silence, and then gave particulars of the next day's program. There was to be a visit to the James Bond mountain, everyone to assemble on the forecourt at half past ten. Anyone who didn't want to go should please tell her tonight.

"We don't have to, Keithie," Dawne whispered when Mrs. Franks sat down. "Not if we don't want to."

The chatter began again, spoons excitedly waved in the air. False teeth,

STRIKE

First the salt was removed,
then the axes and powderhorns,
the blankets, jerky, shot-pouches, gourds,
the kettles and muslin, the burlap torsos of
cornmeal, and the wagons hauled on a coil of rope,
hand over hand, up
the last granite face of the High Sierras,
dangling, wobbling fat in that wind like lake bass,

then the oxen, pushed up the spidery trail—
in the concave crooks of their shanks,
the mules, centered and pushed—

and then it was all restored.

Soon the nut pines yielded to scrub pines, the wind
to the screams of the handcarts—
wooden axles, wooden wheel hubs,
day after day, the haunting, wooden voices.

Now and then, the lowland flashed up
through the trees, russet and gold-filled:
Ophir, Mineral Bar, the American River. Then
the scrub pines gave way to the black oaks, the wistful
manzanitas. On the bank of a river fork
someone knelt, pinched the gravel,
plump and auriferous. Two others
talked of their journey, and the journey
of gold, of their last descent and that climbing:
fold-fault and lifting, erosion,
glaciation, explosion,
the magma and silica scratching upwards,

pin-step by pin-step, to meet them.
All night the rain washed over the wagons,
cut down through the wheel ruts and fire pits,
the powdery topsoil, as if to say
Deeper, just a little deeper,
and in the morning, pulled up in the muzzles
of mules, dangling in the grassy root tips,
that gold dust, that ending.

—Linda Bierds

• •

"This is it, everybody. Jack and Harriet Schroeder sing Harold Arlen."

• •

gray hair, glasses; Uncle might have been among them, except that Uncle never would, because he claimed to despise the elderly. "You're telling *me*, are you? You're telling *me* you got yourselves entangled with a bunch of O.A.P.s?" As clearly as if he were beside her Dawne could hear his voice, enriched with the pretense of amazement. "You landed up in the wrong country and spent your holiday with a crowd of geriatrics! You're never telling me that?"

Sympathetic as she was, Mrs. Franks had played it down. She knew that a young couple in their thirties weren't meant to be on a package with the elderly; she knew the error was not theirs. But it wouldn't be any use mentioning Mrs. Franks to Uncle. It wouldn't be any use saying that Keith had got cross with the desk clerk and with the people in Croydon. He'd listen and then there'd be a silence. After that he'd begin to talk about the billiard room.

"Had a great day, did you?" Mrs. Franks said on her way out of the dining room with her husband. "All's well that ends well, eh?"

Keith continued to eat his meringue Williams as if he had not been addressed. Mr. Franks remarked on the meringue Williams, laughing about it, saying they'd all have to watch their figures. "I must say," Mrs. Franks said, "we're lucky with the weather. At least it isn't raining." She was dressed in the same flamboyant clothes. She'd been able to buy some Madame Rochas, she said—awfully good value.

"We don't have to say about the old people," Dawne whispered when the Frankses had passed on. "We needn't mention that."

Keith dug into the deep glass for the ice cream that lay beneath the slices of pear. She knew he was thinking she would let it slip about the old people. Every Saturday she washed Uncle's hair for him, since he found it difficult to do it himself. Because he grumbled so about the tepid rinse that was necessary in case he caught a cold afterward, she had to jolly him along. She'd always found it difficult to do two things at once, and it was while washing his hair that occasionally she'd forgotten what she was saying. But she was determined not to make that mistake again, just as she had ages ago resolved not to get into a flap if he suddenly asked her a question when she was in the middle of counting the newspapers that hadn't been sold.

"Did you find your friends from Windsor, then?" an old woman with a walking frame inquired. "Eeh, it were bad you lost your friends."

Dawne explained, since no harm was meant. Other old people stood by to hear, but a few of them were deaf and asked to have what was being said repeated. Keith continued to eat his meringue Williams.

"Keithie, it isn't their fault," she tentatively began when the people had passed on. "*They* can't help it, Keithie."

"Be that as it may. No need to go attracting them."

"I didn't attract them. They stopped by. Same as Mrs. Franks."

"Who's Mrs. Franks?"

"You know who she is. That big woman. She gave us her name this morning, Keithie."

"When I get back I'll institute proceedings."

She could tell from his tone that that was what he'd been thinking about. All the time on the steamer they'd taken to Interlaken, all the time in the teashop, and on the cold streets and in the souvenir shops, all the time they'd been looking at the watch displays and the chocolate displays, all the time in the gray-panelled dining room, he had been planning what he'd say, what he'd probably write on the very next postcard: that he intended to take legal proceedings. When they returned he would stand in the kitchen and state what he intended very matter-of-factly. First thing on Monday he'd arrange to see a solicitor, he'd state, an appointment for his lunch hour. And Uncle would remain silent, not even occasionally inclining his head, or shaking it, knowing that solicitors cost money.

"They're liable for the full amount. Every penny of it."

"Let's try to enjoy ourselves, Keithie. Why don't I tell Mrs. Franks we'll go up the mountain?"

"What mountain's that?"

"What she was on about, the one we sent him a card of."

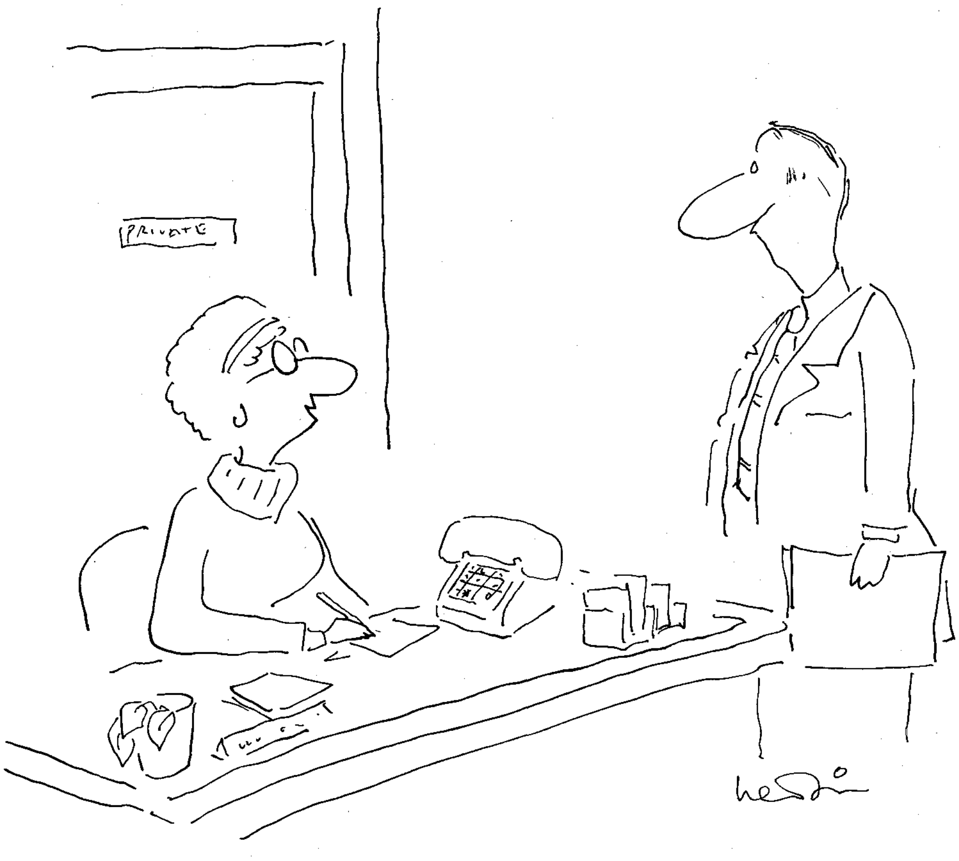
"I need to phone up Croydon in the morning."

"You can do it before ten-thirty, Keithie."

The last of the elderly people slowly made their way from the dining room, saying good night as they went. A day would come, Dawne thought, when they would go to Venice on their own initiative, with people like the Windsor people. She imagined the Windsor people in the Pensione Concordia, not one of them a day older than themselves. She imagined Signor Bancini passing among them, translating a word or two of Italian as he went. There was laughter in the dining room of the Pensione Concordia, and bottles of red wine on the tables. The young people's names were Désirée and Rob, and Luke and Angelique, and Sean and Aimée. "Uncle we used to call him," her own voice was saying. "He died a while back."

Keith stood up. Skillful with the tablecloths, the waiter wished them good night. In the reception area a different clerk, a girl, smiled at them. Some of the old people were standing around, saying it was too cold to go for a walk. You'd miss the television, one of them remarked.

THE warmth of their bodies was a familiar comfort. They had not had children because the rooms above the shop weren't suitable for children. The crying at night would have driven Uncle mad, and naturally you could see his point of view. There'd been an error when first they'd lived with him; they'd had to spend a bit terminating it.



"Mr. Carmichael won't be in today. He was beset by woes."

They refrained from saying that their bodies were a comfort. They had never said so. What they said in their lives had to do with Keith's hoping for promotion, and the clothes Dawne coveted. What they said had to do with their efforts to make a little extra money, or paying their way by washing the woodwork of an old man's house and tacking down his threadbare carpets.

When he heard their news he would mention the savings in the Halifax Building Society and the good will of the shop and the valuation that had been carried out four years ago. He would mention again that men of all ages should have somewhere to go of an evening, or in the afternoon or the morning, a place to be at peace. He would remind them that a man who had benefitted could not pass on without making provision for the rent and the heating and for the replacing of the billiard tables when the moment came. "Memorial to a humble man," he would repeat. "Shopkeeper of this neighborhood."

In the darkness they did not say to each other that if he hadn't insisted they needed a touch of the autumn sun they wouldn't again have been exposed to humiliation. It was as though, through knowing them, he had arranged their failure in order to indulge his scorn. Creatures of a shabby institution, his eyes had so often said, they could not manage on their own: they were not even capable of supplying each other's needs.

In the darkness they did not say that their greed for his money was much the same as his greed for their obedience, that greed nourished the trinity they had become. They did not say that the money, and the freedom it promised, was the galaxy in their lives, as his cruelty was the last pleasure in his. Scarcely aware that they held on to each other beneath the bedclothes, they heard his teasing little laugh while they were still awake, and again when they slept. —William Trevor

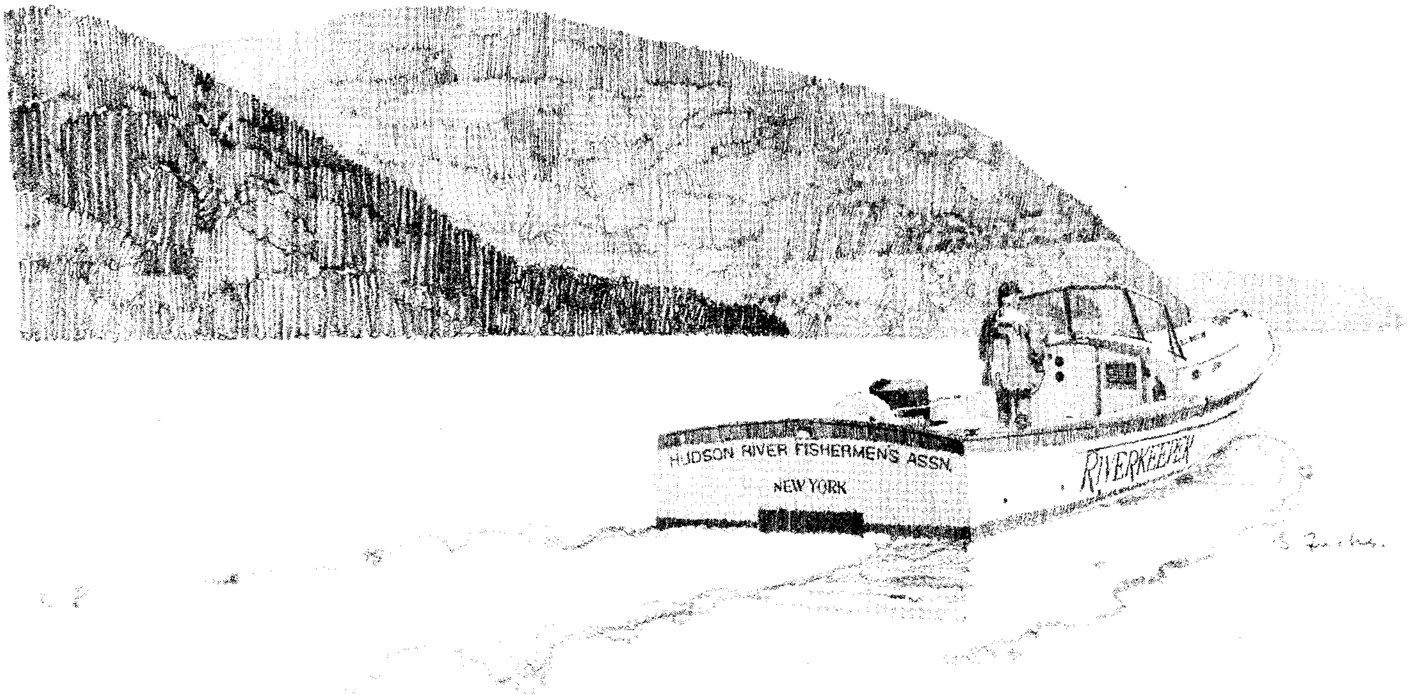
●

TODAY—4:00-6:00 p.m.—Senior High Youth Group Mtg. (9-10-11-12 grades) Meet at St. John's for election of officers, an excellent film and discussion on how we unintentionally enable people to use drugs and alcohol, worship and pizza. Please bring $1.50 for pizza and pop.—*Bulletin of St. John's United Church of Christ in Kenton, Ohio.*

The other stuff is on the house.

PROFILES

THE RIVERKEEPER

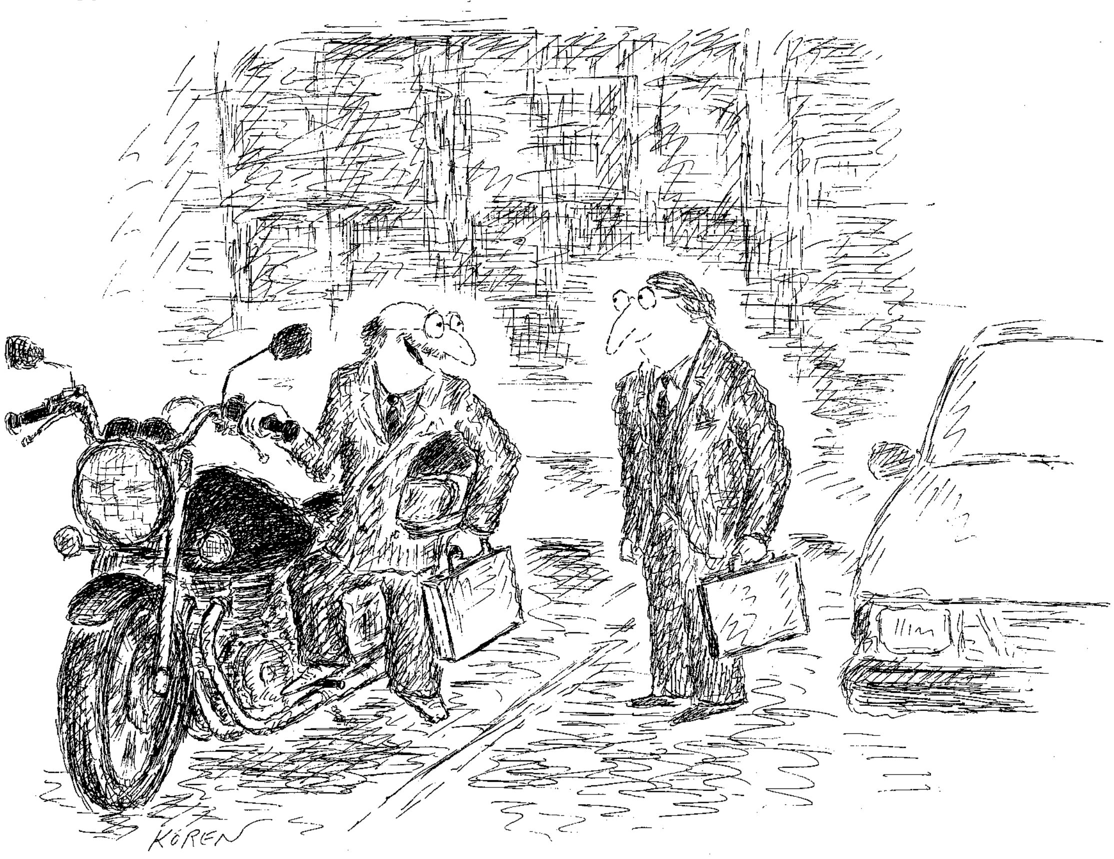


THE Hudson is a complicated river. It contains salt, brackish, and fresh water, half of it is more properly an estuary than a river, it is tidal, and it flows in two directions. In places where it flows past cities—particularly where it flows past Albany and Troy and where it flows past New York—it is grotesquely polluted. People often think of it as a dead river. Nevertheless, the variety of life in the Hudson is greater now than it was when Verrazano discovered the river, in 1524. A number of species of fish have been introduced into the river, or into its tributaries and have found their way to the river, or have arrived in the river through the Erie Canal. A kind of sturgeon, the short-nosed sturgeon, which is endangered practically everywhere else, is plentiful in the Hudson. It is possible that there are as many as thirty million striped bass in the river. New York City occasionally takes a portion of its drinking water from the freshwater part of the river. Several towns along the river rely exclusively on the Hudson for their drinking supply, and for a number of years until recently fresh water was secretly taken from the Hudson and transported by tanker to Aruba, an arid island in the Caribbean. The bulk of it was put to industrial use, but at least one hotel used Hudson River water to fill its pool.

The river as it flows through New York Harbor is salty. Lobsters nest in the river. There are barnacles on the pilings in the harbor and oysters underneath the George Washington Bridge. The southernmost marsh on the river—Piermont Marsh, twenty miles north of the Statue of Liberty—is a saltwater marsh; saltwater plants grow in it, and saltwater creatures live in it. The Hudson turns brackish at Peekskill. The edge of the salt front fluctuates. Mainly, the tide and the current control it. Heavy rains drive it south, sometimes as far as the Battery. A dry summer advances it. The river is usually fresh above Newburgh, but in periods of drought the salt line occasionally extends to Poughkeepsie, seventy-five miles north of the Battery.

What accounts for the Hudson's being tidal is the riverbed's lying below sea level. The sea floods the river. The Hudson runs from the dam at Troy with no real change in elevation. The tide is about four and a half feet at the Battery, and about four and a half feet at Troy. The river at low tide looks especially unwholesome. People viewing its weedy, muddy, gull-bestrewn flats often think they are looking at the river in a drought. Tide is a measure of the rise and fall of water in the river. Current is the rate of progress of water through the bed of the river. The relation of tide to current is not orderly. In places, the tide can be running along the banks and static in the channel; meanwhile, the river is flowing south. This makes the surface of the river look like herringbone. The current turns about two hours after the tide—that is, it takes about two hours for the column of water to slow to a stop in the face of the tide and reverse its direction. During heavy fall rains, the current sometimes runs south for nine and ten hours at a time. It is possible then to see a layer of fresh, clear water on the surface of the river. Because of the ebb and flow of the tide, the same water runs more than once past a fixed point on the river. Power plants, which draw river water for cooling, put the river in extra jeopardy, because the tide causes the same water to be swept more than once through the plant. In the water are the fry of spawning fish.

The surface of the river does not reveal depth; it is too silty for that. Its life is invisible. The colors on its surface are mainly a reflection of the sky. Under a uniform sky, the color of the water is consistent from bank to bank and up and down the river as far as



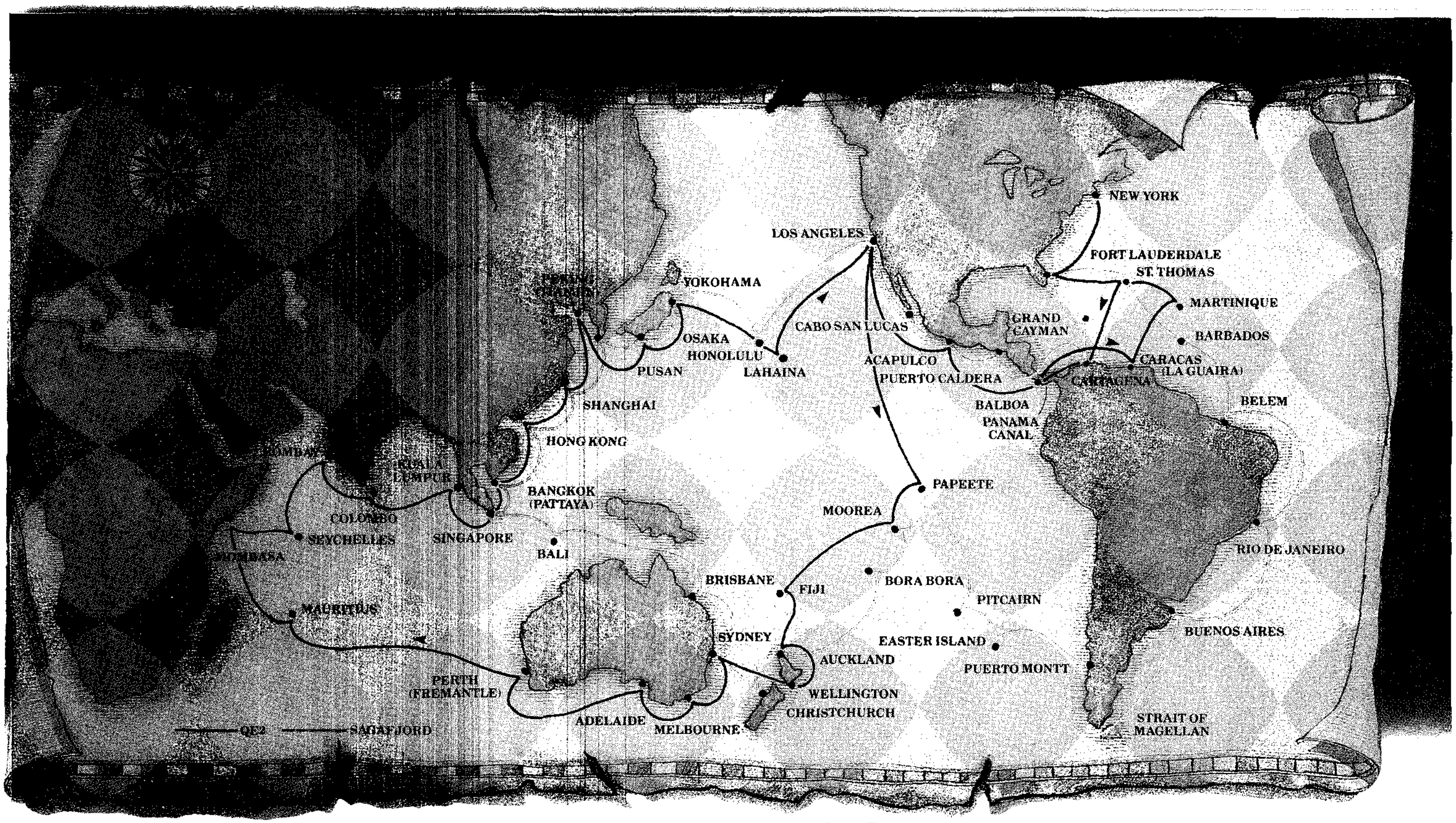
"I'm just getting around to sowing my wild oats."

you can see. Two feet of water looks the same in tone as twenty or sixty or eighty. It is sometimes possible to find the shallower parts by the appearance on the surface of long, stringy plants that grow up from the bottom. Sometimes these are out in the middle of the river, where you would expect there to be plenty of water. In the winter, it is easy to find shallows against the shore, because ice stacks up in them. The wind occasionally stirs up the bottom in the shallows and floats mud in solid streaks along the bank, which makes there appear to be two separate rivers. In bright light, the surface of the river is polished and shiny, like the finish of a car. It hurts your eyes to look at it. It almost blurs your vision. On overcast days, it turns dark and gray and loses its lustre, and is hardly reflective at all. Under a sky of scattered clouds, the river keeps changing color.

Sunlight penetrates approximately ten feet of the river and gives occasionally as much as six inches' visibility, but deeper than that there is none. Fish swim in the dark. Police Department divers working in the river often close their eyes and use their hands to locate objects, or hope to bump into them, because it gives them a headache to try and focus in the gloom. On the bottom of the river are wrecks, as well as every possible kind of trash, as well as rocks and mud and silt and sludge, as well as tools and steel girders that have fallen off bridges under construction. At Newburgh, parts of the bottom of the river are paved to a depth of about a foot with beer bottles. On the bottom of portions of the part of the river that passes the city are lengths of unspooled movie film, and no one knows why. Occasionally, Police Department divers get tangled up in it. Sometimes they swim into phone booths.

Many American rivers are larger than the Hudson: the Alabama, the Apalachicola-Chattahoochee, the Assiniboine, the Black, the Big Black, the Brazos, the Cedar, the Churchill, the Connecticut, the Coppermine, the Cumberland, the Delaware, the Fraser, the Gila, the James, the Kanawha-New, the Koyukuk, the Mackenzie, the Milk, the Mississippi, the Neosho, the Osage, the Ouachita, the Peace, the Pearl, the Pecos, the Pend Oreille, the Platte, the Powder, the Republican, the Sabine, the Savannah, the Snake, the Tanana, the Tombigbee, the White, and the Yukon. Plus almost sixty others. The Hudson is three hundred and fifteen miles long, and narrow in many places, but if you are standing on the shore at Stony Point and staring the three and a half miles across Haverstraw Bay it looks as if it must be the biggest river in the world.

A HUNDRED and eighty-six species of fish are found in the river, of which seventy-three are saltwater fish. Five kinds of fish use the river: freshwater fish such as large- and smallmouth bass; fish such as the American eel, which live in fresh water but spawn at sea; saltwater fish such as bluefish, which during the first year of their lives move inshore to feed; saltwater fish such as shad and striped bass, which spawn in fresh water; and estuarine fish—that is, saltwater fish such as hogchokers (a kind of small sole) and bay anchovies, which spend their lives mainly in water of low salt content. Exotic fish stray into the river while migrating or are blown off course by storms. Some arrive following warm water. The Gulf Stream doglegs east off New York Harbor; eddies wheel off it and close up like soap bubbles and drift into the river. If the fish within them survive the winter, it is usually by locating a discharge of heated water from a power plant. Fishermen on the river whose main interest is in catching exotic fish pay special attention to the outflows of power plants. Warm-water strays such as lookdowns, spots, mullets, ladyfish, mangrove snappers, fat sleepers, jack crevalles, northern stargazers, orange filefish, Atlantic needlefish, and flying gurnards turn up in nets, and are sometimes caught from the shore. Practically any creature that lives in the ocean can wander into the river. Not long ago, a whale swam up the river as far as Forty-second Street. In 1936, a school of dolphins swam nearly to Albany. Seals visit the river. One lived several months in the river the year before last. A man watched it floating on its back and eating a catfish. Another man took pictures of it sunning itself on a dock. Recently, a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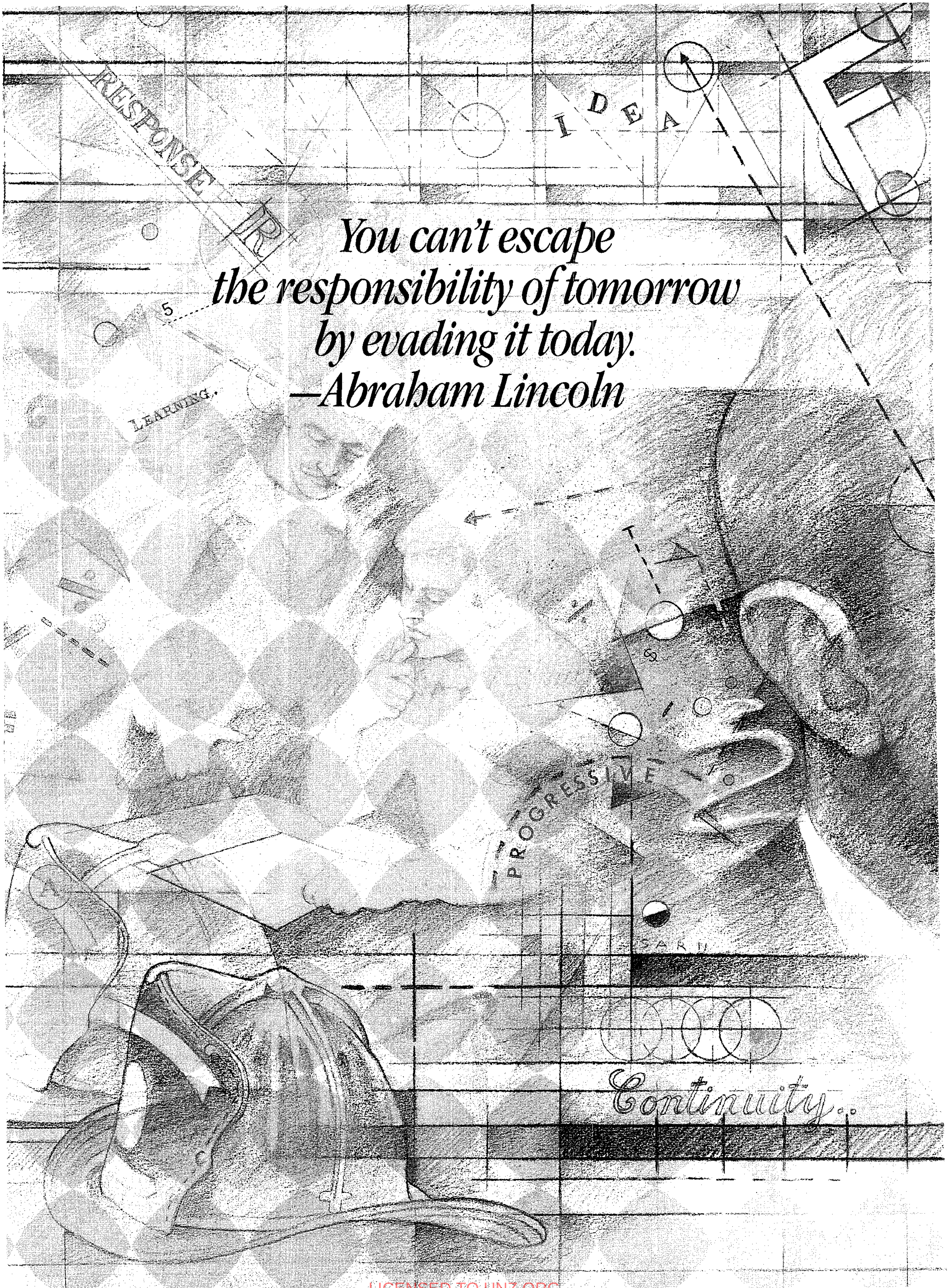
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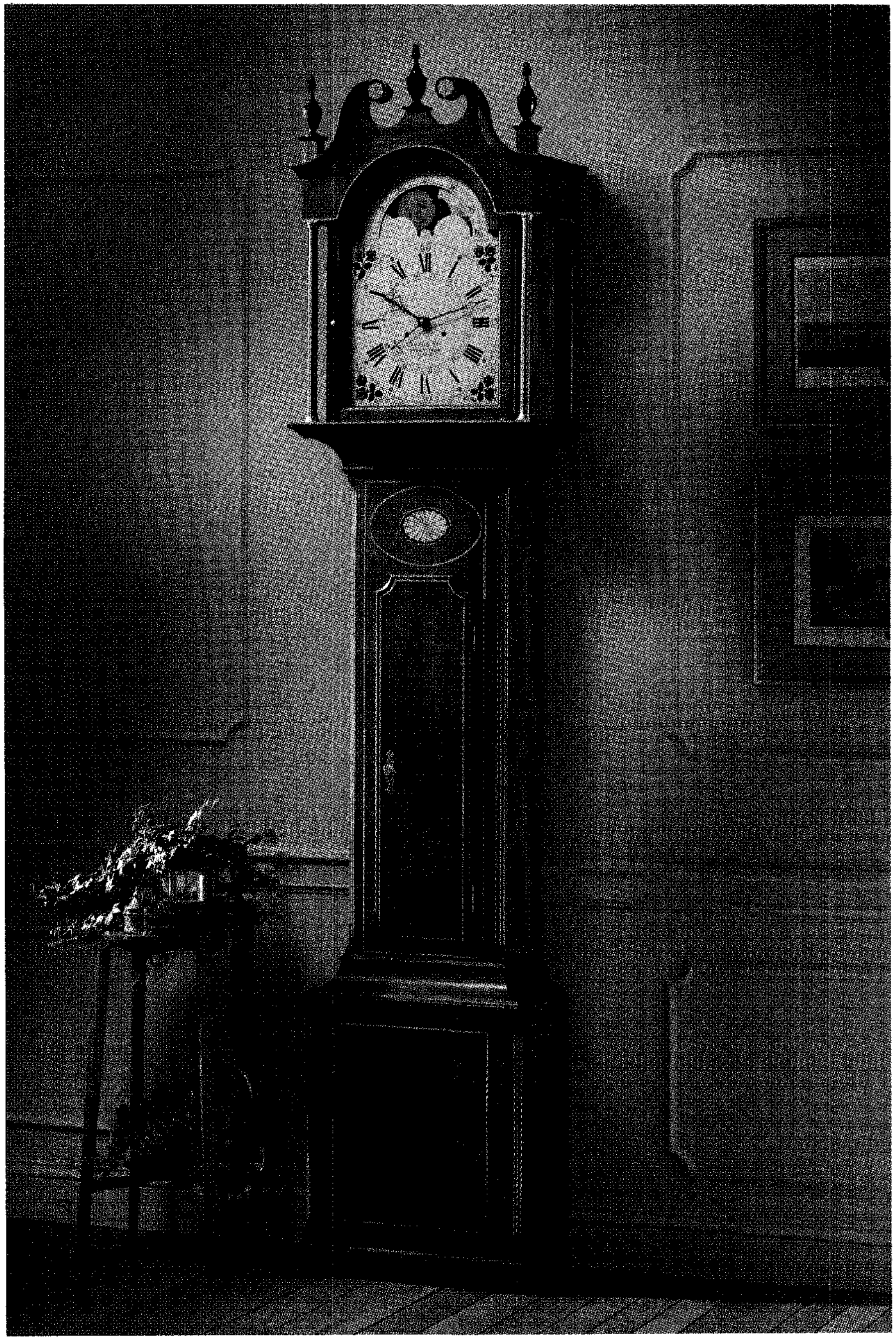

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member of the New York City police diving team saw a sea turtle floating in the river. The policeman said it looked like a hubcap.

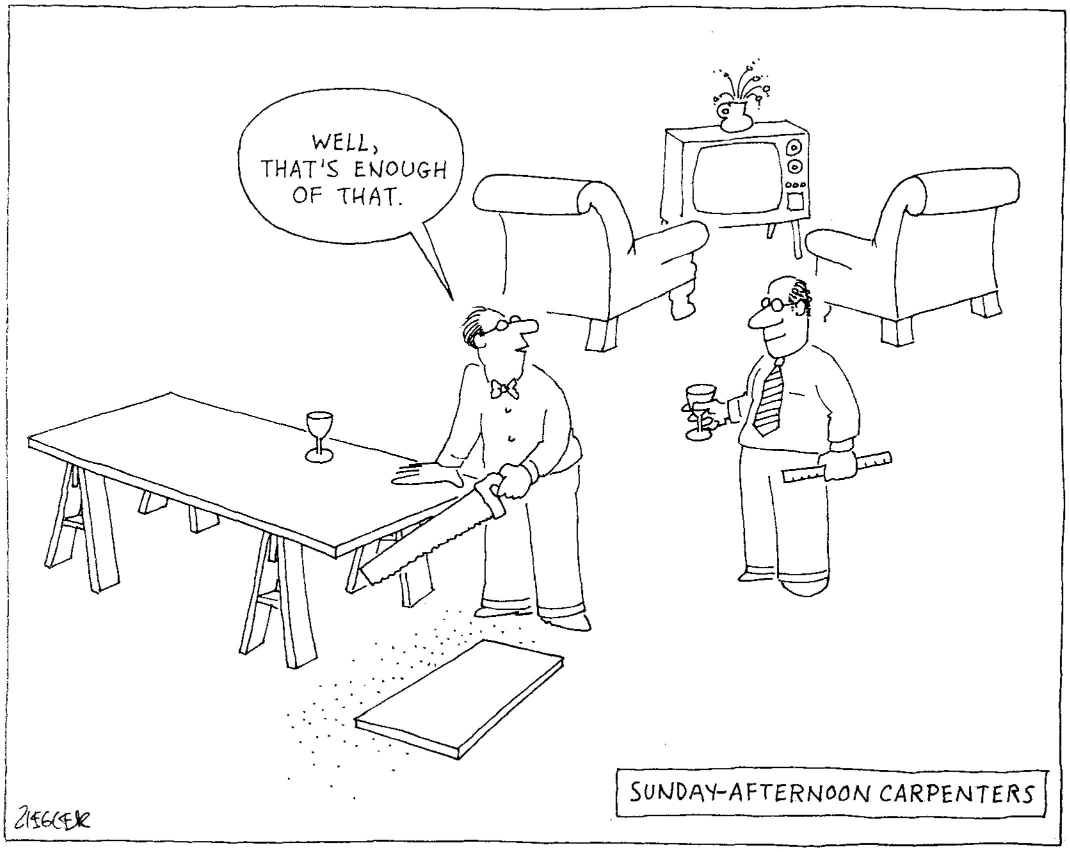
The striped bass in the river are believed to be divided among four populations. Three are transient. Two of these are believed to winter in the river and leave after spawning in the spring. The third enters the Hudson only to spawn. The fourth is thought to be resident. The resident bass have orange stripes and are called strawberry bass. In winter, striped bass collect beneath the ice of Haverstraw Bay and the Tappan Zee. They gather in enormous schools and lie relatively still and close to the bottom in from twenty-five to forty feet of water. As the river warms in the spring, the slumbering bass spread into the shallows to feed. Off Ossining, and by Croton Point, and off a place called Georges Island are old oyster beds and shoals where striped bass gather. South of Verplanck is a bed of oyster shells about two miles long and half a mile wide. The bed is dense and tightly packed, and an anchor dropped there will slide right along the bottom as if there were cement down there, as if it had been dropped in a swimming pool. At the edge of this bed, stripers feed. Striped bass caught in the part of the river that flows past the city taste of kerosene. The people who fish for them—Hispanic people, mainly—marinate them a day or so in lemon juice before cooking them.

THE pollution in the river is both chemical and bacterial. The bacteria consume oxygen, especially during hot weather, and in places where they are extraordinarily abundant they use up so much of it that the water stagnates and the fish among them drown. Scores of chemicals of varying toxicity are dumped into the river each year, some with permits from the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation and some secretly. Some companies receive permits for discharges into the river, and comply with their provisions; some companies either forgo permits entirely and dump mainly at night or receive a permit for a certain chemical or a certain number of discharges and then improvise. The main chemical menace to the river is the hundreds of thousands of pounds of polychlorinated-biphenyl compounds, known as PCBs, dumped into it over a period of years by the General Electric Company from its factories at Hudson Falls and Fort Edward. General Electric began dumping PCBs into the river in 1945. In 1972, the passage of the Clean Water Act made it necessary for the company to have a permit, which it was recommended for by the D.E.C. and awarded by the E.P.A. In 1975, it was announced that PCBs had been found in the tissues of fish in the river. Some of the highest amounts were found in eels. PCBs collect in fat tissues, and of the fish in the river eels have the most fat. In 1976, the taking of eels from the river was prohibited, and so was commercial fishing for striped bass. The Department of Health recommended that people eat no more than half a pound a month of striped bass from the river, and of other fish in the river none at all, and that women of child-bearing age and children under fifteen eat no fish from the river. The Food and Drug Administration believes that more than two parts per million of PCBs in a fish is a hazard; Hudson River striped bass average between four and five parts per million, and have for a number of years. (During the nineteen-seventies, striped bass measuring more than fifty parts per million were found in the Hudson.) A striped bass caught anywhere else in New York state is a fish that has probably spent some part of its year in the Hudson. In 1985, because of PCB contamination from the Hudson, commercial fishing for striped bass was banned in New York state, except off eastern Long Island, and in 1986 recreational fishing for striped bass was banned. In addition, the commercial ban became total. For a year, the possession of a striped bass from New York water was illegal. Along the river, the ban was ignored and unenforced and difficult to defend: striped bass were by no means the most heavily contaminated fish in the river. On April 27th, the D.E.C. announced that north of the George Washington Bridge a fisherman would be allowed to keep one striped bass a day of at least eighteen inches, and that south and east of the bridge a fisherman could keep one striped bass a day of at least thirty-three inches, but it continued to warn that no fish at all should be eaten.

PCBs settle to the bottom. Areas where there are concentrations of at least fifty parts per million are called hot spots. It is believed that there are approximately two hundred thousand pounds of PCBs in hot spots above the Troy dam and a hundred and seventy-seven thousand pounds dispersed throughout the upper river. A hundred and fifty thousand pounds are thought to have travelled over the dam and dispersed themselves throughout the estuary. In 1976, G.E. paid a settlement of three million dollars and stopped dumping PCBs into the river. In addition, it donated a million dollars for research on the river. The D.E.C. paid a settlement of three million dollars for improper regulatory practices. Removing the hot spots from the river will cost approximately eighty million dollars.

During the years when the ban was only on fish in the river, commercial fishermen found hard to swallow the idea that the river could be swarming with striped bass and they couldn't touch them but as soon as the fish left the river someone else could. The definition of the boundaries of the river became exquisitely precise. Pinhookers—men who fish commercially with hook and line—would wait in the fall for striped bass leaving the river. They would wait in the harbor by the Statue of Liberty, and they would wait in Hell Gate, off the upper East Side, and they would wait in the East River off LaGuardia Airport. Some fishermen upriver would drift-net at night and sell their bass without saying where the catch came from. Among the fishermen, these fish were called bootleg bass. When the first ban on fishing was imposed, fish prices were high, and many fishermen on the river had bought new equipment with the idea of quitting their regular jobs and fishing full time. Eels were the river's staple fish. The fishermen had stacks of eel pots; they were ready to go.

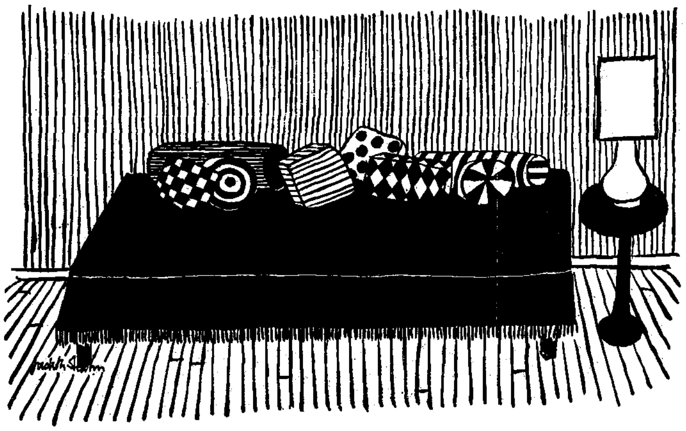
PROFESSIONAL responsibility and personal obsession meet on the river in John Cronin. John works for the Hudson River Fishermen's Association, patrolling the estuary in a boat the association had built for him. The estuary is a hundred and fifty-four miles long. The Fishermen's Association has never told him what to do. He has no job description. He has no plan. He watches the river. He searches for places where towns or factories are dumping things into it without permission, or trying to fill it or bury beside it chemicals that might seep into it. He follows the runs of spawning



fish. By towing a trawl in one part of the river, he learns what is living there, and by trawling again a week later he discovers what replaces it in the schedule of the river's migrations. On occasion, he commits sections of the shoreline to memory. He believes that it is important for someone to have the entire picture of it in his head. John's title is riverkeeper. He is the only person in America who lists "riverkeeper" as his occupation on his tax forms.

The idea of having a riverkeeper was suggested by Robert H. Boyle, the president of the Fishermen's Association. Boyle is in his late fifties. He is small and ardent and tenacious. I once asked him where the shad that spawn in the Hudson spend the rest of the year, and by the end of the explanation he had pulled from his bookshelves and spread out on a desk and read aloud from nautical charts of the river, road maps of Maine and Nova Scotia, three books on crustaceans, a volume of the *Canadian Journal of Fisheries and Aquatic Sciences*, a copy of "Keys to Marine Invertebrates of the Woods Hole Region," manila folders containing newspaper and magazine articles on shad (several of which he had written), a copy of the book "Anglers' Guide to the United States Atlantic Coast," a pamphlet entitled "Guide to Angling for Hudson River Shad," a copy of "A Historical Review of the Shad Fisheries of North America," a copy of *The Angler's Guide Book and Tourists' Gazetteer of the Fishing Waters of the United States and Canada* for the year 1885, several university studies on shad spawning and migration, and a copy of "McClane's New Standard Fishing Encyclopedia." There are people who know more than Boyle does about specific parts of the river or specific things having to do with its life—he is not a naturalist, and he is not a scientist—but I don't think there is anyone whose knowledge of the Hudson is more comprehensive. Much of what he knows he has published in a book called "The Hudson River," which appeared in 1969 and is still in print.

The idea for the job came to him when he read "River Keeper," by J. W. Hills. "River Keeper," published in 1934, is a portrait of William Lunn, who for almost fifty years was keeper of a private stretch of trout water on the Test, in England. Lunn's duties were to prevent poaching, to hatch and raise trout, to remove mud, to preserve an unimpeded flow of water, to destroy "vermin and pike and other coarse fish," to encourage the breeding of fly, and especially to see that the weeds along the banks in which fly naturally breed were cared for properly. On an inner leaf of his copy of the book Boyle has written, "A Riverkeeper must be put on the Hudson—and other American rivers—in the public interest." The money to equip a riverkeeper and support him at an adequate salary came in 1980, from a suit the Fishermen's Association brought against Con Edison and other utilities over fish kills at power plants. In addition, the association applied money received from the settlement of a suit it had brought with others against Con Edison to prevent the utility from building a power plant on the river at Storm King Mountain. John Cronin is not the first riverkeeper on the Hudson. The first was Tom Whyatt. He held the job for two and a half years, beginning in the summer of 1973. He used his own canoe to patrol the river, and the Fishermen's Association paid him a hundred dollars a week, from which he was able to save, after expenses, thirty-five dollars a week. He left because he could no longer afford to stay, and now works for an environmental organization in New York City.



The boat that John pilots is twenty-five feet long and is also called Riverkeeper. The name is written on both sides of the hull and is as visible from a distance as the writing on a billboard. The boat's hull is painted white, and its details are red and blue. It has a small cabin, where a person can stand crouching, and it has two bunks. It was built in a yard at Kingston. It is beamy and shallow-drafted, so there is almost nowhere on the river it cannot go; its hull is light, which makes it easy to beach; and its engine sits in a well several feet forward of the stern, so that it can haul nets without having them catch in the propeller. John is extremely careful with the boat. Many events of significance can be overlooked or forgotten by John if they took place aboard the boat on a day it received a dent.

John lives beside the river, at Garrison. His house is on a strip of land separated from the marsh behind it by the bed of the railroad. The marsh is a cattail marsh, called Manitou Marsh, and it is artificial, in the sense that it did not exist until the railroad cut it off from the rest of the river. It is full of songbirds—song sparrows, swamp sparrows, marsh wrens, and blackbirds. Beyond it are hills. The tracks of the railroad are slightly elevated; the passing trains loom above a person standing in John's driveway. They appear to ride at an angle, leaning out, and look as if they could easily tip over. John's dog chases them. The trains blow their whistles as they round the curve just south of his house, and the dog howls. The people who live on this strip of land call the southern half, which is uninhabited, the island. On the northern half there are sixteen houses, all of them built close together, all of them frame, none of them especially old, and all of them different in design. John's house has two small bedrooms and a living room with a picture window overlooking a back yard that runs about thirty-five feet to the river. The yard has a nautical theme; in it are a couple of fishing nets, some buoys, and a flat-bottomed Hudson River shad boat that John built with a friend and used on the river. From the edge of John's yard to the opposite bank is approximately half a mile. On the far bank are hills with houses on top of them. At night, the river reflects their lights.

When the former owner of John's house decided to sell the place, he put up a "For Sale" sign on the lawn facing the water, and John saw it from the river. From the river the houses look like toy houses beside a model-railroad track. The throb of the engines of the freight trains on the opposite bank and of the freighters and tankers passing on the river resonates against the hills and the water and makes the

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8

"I've had it up to here with him and his lilt of Irish laughter!"

windows in John's house vibrate. His tap draws water from the river, but he does not drink it. He buys his drinking water at the supermarket. Sometimes he moors the boat at Cold Spring and sometimes at his house. Off the lawn is a mooring for the boat. He is able to park the boat as close to his house as most suburban people are able to park their cars. He says that one of his favorite things about his job is driving home in a boat.

John is thirty-six years old. He has blue eyes and blond hair. He is about six feet tall. His head is large and his face is full, which makes him seem heavier than he is. He is lanky and loose-jointed. His shoulders are narrow. He has a habit of thrusting his chin forward when he speaks, so that he looks like a man trying to free his neck of a tight collar, or like a man tossing in his sleep. In conversation, he has a tendency to withdraw his interest, sometimes abruptly, which makes him appear to be restless and impatient. He is occasionally remote. A person talking to him often feels that his attention is somewhere else. If you ask him a question, you sometimes have to repeat it. His eyes move around a lot when he talks. He is often staring into the distance. He is very comfortable by himself and spends a lot of time alone. He does not always keep regular hours. He is persistent and unself-conscious in pursuing a piece of information he feels is being withheld from him. He will stand in front of a person who does not give him the answer he wants and stare off and not say a word, until the person grows uncomfortable enough to give in. Newspaper articles about him like to mention that he did not learn how to operate a boat until he was thirty.

His form at the wheel of the Riverkeeper, racing across the river with the wind blowing his hair, is attractive to newspapers and magazines and television crews and filmmakers. When he has to spend the day with a television crew, he usually busies himself with small errands around the boat until one of them comes up to him and says, "I have a great idea for a shot. We'll get you racing across the river, as if you'd just been called to an emergency." If he feels that they are taking too long to come up with it, he will sometimes suggest the idea himself.

A man from Hollywood has approached him with the idea of making a movie for television about his life on the river. In a nightmare he sometimes has, he is a character in the movie. So is the boat. The boat can talk.

John has his office in a shingle-sided two-story farmhouse on the grounds of an estate in Garrison. The house stands at the foot of high hills, about half a mile from the river. All around it are fields. From its porch you can see the hills on the opposite bank. Tall trees edge the winding gravel drive. In summer, from the fields, there is a constant sound of crickets. In addition to John, the Fishermen's Association employs a fund-raiser, a secretary, a researcher, and a lawyer, who has an office upstairs in the farmhouse. The lawyer likes to dive in the river with aqualungs. For a while, whenever he found an exotic fish or one of unusual size he would capture it and bring it back to the farmhouse and put it in the freezer compartment of the refrigerator in the kitchen. The lawyer went diving a lot. Pretty soon the freezer was full. The door had to be opened carefully. Otherwise, the fish would come sliding out, and it would sound as if someone had dropped blocks of wood on the floor. After a while, John felt there were a sufficient number of samples in the freezer and asked him not to collect any more.

On the walls of John's office are maps of the river, some framed illustrations of fish, some books, and a picture of John on the boat racing across the river with the wind blowing his hair, as if he were on his way to an emergency. The most prominent object in the office is an immense fish tank filled with creatures from the river and its tributaries. Some of the things in the tank were caught by the lawyer, and some of them came up in trawls that John made for one reason or another from the boat. There is a small blue crab, there are freshwater mussels from the Wallkill, there is a pickerel and a largemouth bass, there are a number of hogchokers, and there are catfish and sunnies and suckers and eels. For a while, there was a crayfish, but it molted and something ate it before it found cover. John keeps its shell on his desk. In warm weather, the fish in the tank are fed minnows seined from the river. In cold, they get goldfish from a pet store. The tank is

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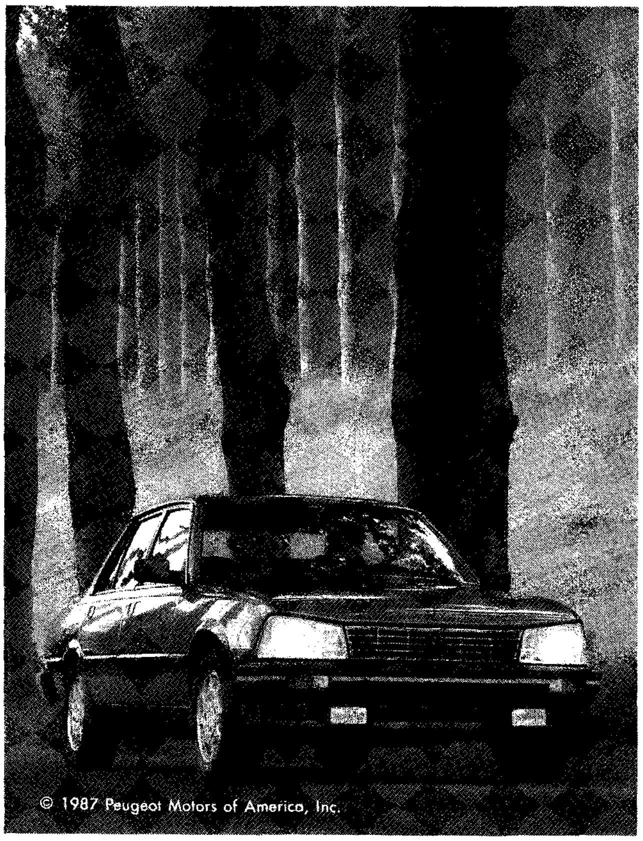

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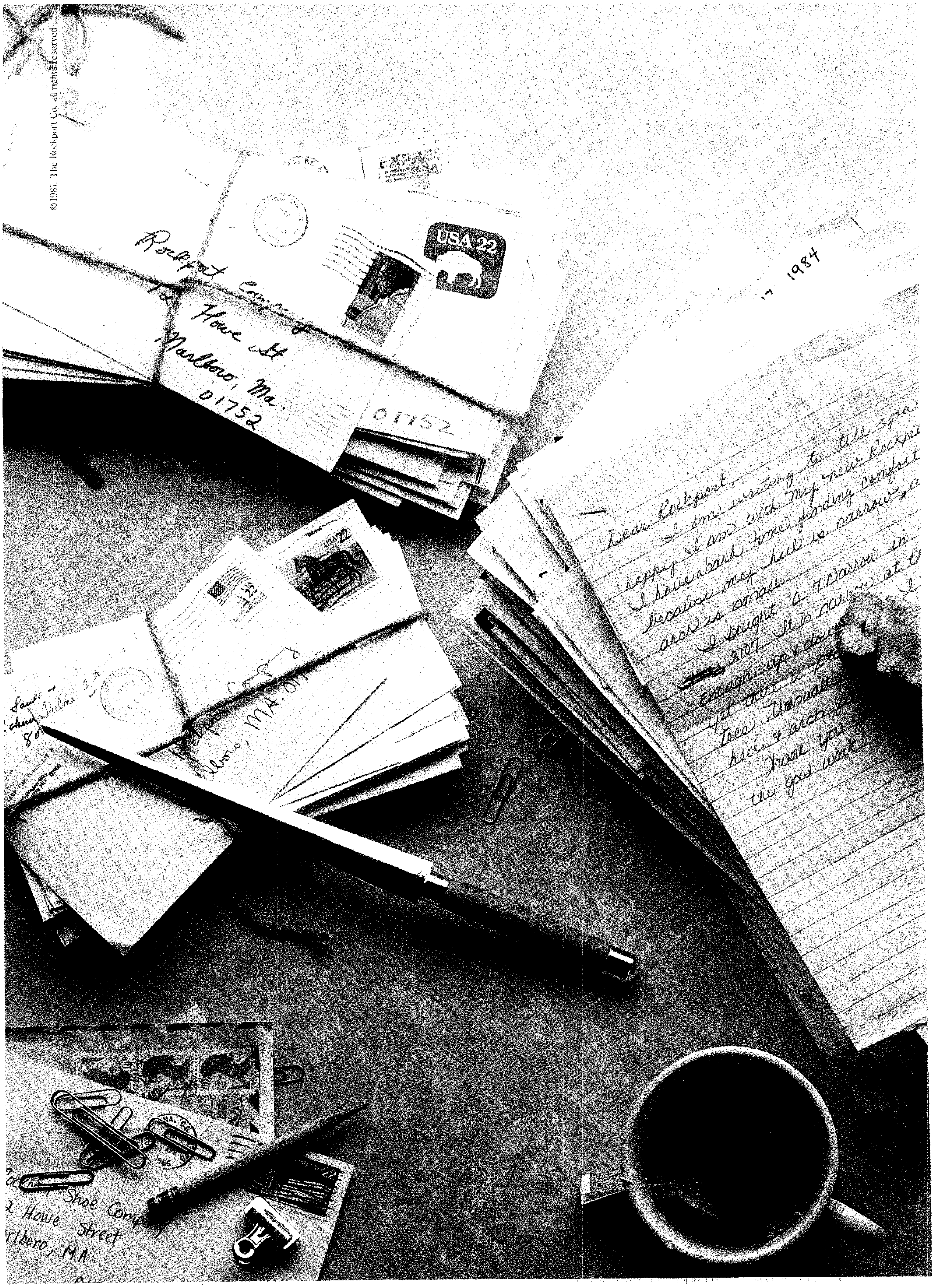
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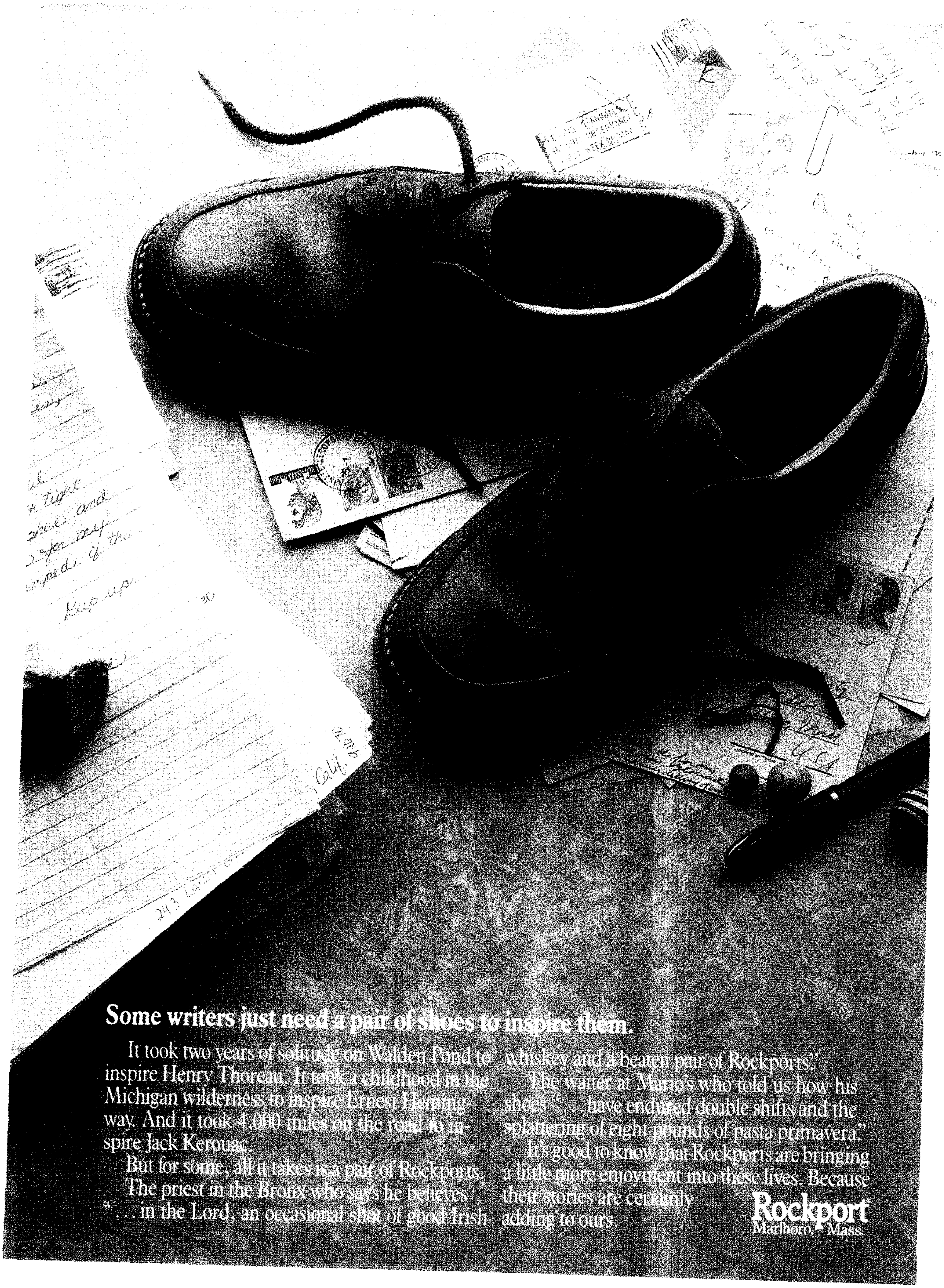

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suffused with anxiety. Everything in it is permanently on guard against everything else—mainly the bass and the pickerel. The pickerel bit the lawyer's finger once and drew blood. The rest of the inhabitants are either hiding, or ambushing one another, or burying themselves and killing time until dark, when it is safer to come out. Sometimes the larger fish follow movement in the room with their eyes. When they get hungry, they line up at the glass and stare out without moving.

On top of a filing cabinet beside John's desk is a postcard from the Caribbean. It shows three dories, painted red-white-and-blue, and a powerboat, painted yellow, moored in a cove. The water is acutely blue. Beyond is a white beach, and in the distance several dozen smokestacks poke up like stubble in a cornfield. On the back of the card the stacks are identified: "Lago Oil Refinery: one of the world's largest, most modern, and cleanest refinery and desulphurization plants. Aruba–Neth. Antilles." The plant ran for many years using Hudson River water. John has never seen the refinery, but he knows a lot about it. The card, from a friend, is a kind of souvenir of his biggest case so far. When John had been on the water about a month, he learned that the Exxon Corporation was taking fresh water from the Hudson without permission and transporting it by tanker to Aruba. In settling the suit, Exxon paid the Fishermen's Association half a million dollars. John would love to find another deep pocket like that for the river.

USUALLY, when I visit John I take the train to Garrison Landing, fifty miles from the city. The tracks of the railroad follow the river almost all the way. I have made the trip often enough that I know where to look for his house. Sometimes, through the branches of the trees I can see the boat moored off his yard. Sometimes I see his dog running alongside the tracks. I have made the trip at all times of year, but I prefer it during the winter, when the river is carrying ice. There is hardly any traffic on it then, and you can look at it in a way you can't when there are sailboats all over it. Once, from the window of a train I saw a dog drifting downriver on a sheet of ice. Another time, I saw a deer on an ice floe. It was out near the middle of the channel, and it was facing the opposite shore, and it turned and watched the train over its shoulder. It looked like an animal on a broad, empty plain. I like especially to be passing in the evening between North Tarrytown and Scarborough. The river there is about two miles wide. On the far bank are hills, behind which the sun sets, turning the sky the colors of a simple household fire.

I have been aboard the Riverkeeper on a day in October when John was taking Bob Boyle out fishing off Con Hook Reef, south of Cold Spring, and then off Fish Island, a small prominence of rock just south of the reef, to see what was there on the change of the tide. I have been out with him on a day in the spring when there were rows of cormorants along the bank stretching their wings to dry in the sun. Some of them took to the air when they saw us. Cormorants are black and have long necks and small heads. They are related to pelicans, and they can swim underwater. In flight, making their gradual, almost horizontal rise into the air, they look like bowling pins with wings. I have been with him on a windy day in October when we could follow the progress of clouds across the sky by their shadows on the surface of the river. I have been with him also on a cool day in October when, hoping to find butterfish for the American Museum of Natural History, he and Tom Lake, an officer of the Fishermen's Association, made five trawls in Haverstraw Bay and collected about a thousand fish—mainly striped bass and bluefish and white perch and bay anchovies and hogchokers—but struck out on butterfish. I have been with him on a day in November when the sky was so clear that we could see the outline of buildings in New York City from the Tappan Zee. I went out with him one evening in December to look at a cove that is so choked in the summer with water chestnuts that he can't get the boat into it, and we came home in the dark, and it was really cold, and the water was so smooth that the sensation of crossing it was almost like flying. I have been with him on hot, hazy days when the river is gray and the sky is white and the hills in the distance are blue. I made a trip with him one spring day from Cold Spring to Catskill Creek—sixty miles. In Poughkeepsie, we stopped and watched police divers haul the body of a drowned man from the river. We spent the night in a slip at Hop-O-Nose Marine, on Catskill Creek. Herring jumped all night in the creek. It

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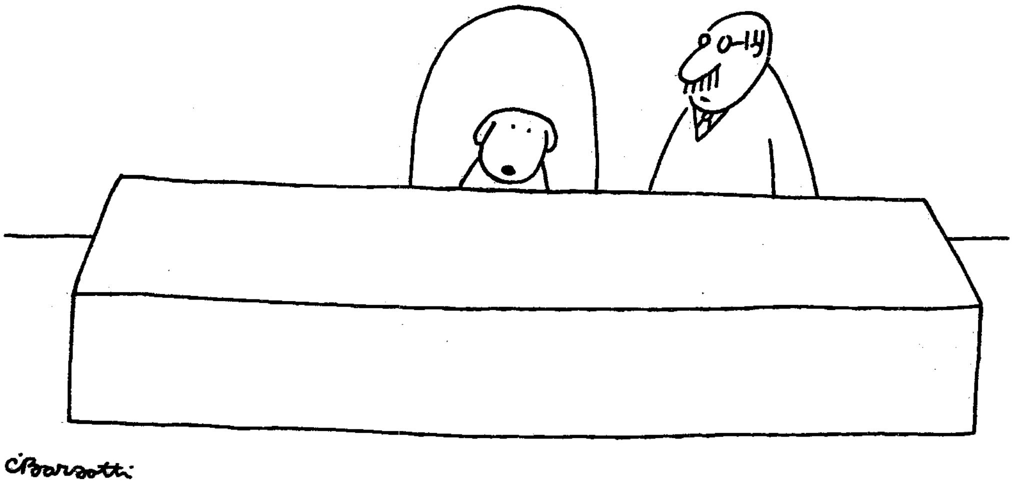

"I'm back. Move."

sounded like someone spooning water from a basin with his hands. In the morning, tree swallows hunted the river. Two fishermen set drift nets. They wore yellow slickers and stood in their boat facing each other with their heads bent, paying out net across the channel. Theirs was the only other boat on the river. On the far bank, a deer came out of the woods, crossed the railroad tracks, dived into the water, swam toward the channel, saw the fishermen in the boat, turned around, swam back, trotted out of the water, shook itself like a dog, then loped across the tracks and disappeared into the woods. An osprey dived between two ducks, hitting the water hard and scaring up the ducks. Five men stood watching a sixth work a scap net for herring, off an oil-storage yard. The fisherman had a string in his hand, and at its other end was a live herring, tied through its mouth and its gills. The man was leading the herring back and forth in the water above the net. When a sufficient number of herring had joined the decoy, he raised the net quickly. A herring used this way is called a Judas herring.

That day, from the river, we watched fishermen haul-seining shad off Greendale Dock, a landing opposite Catskill. The men and women working the seines were collecting fish for two clients: a scientist from Canada tagging shad as a means of determining how many pass through the Bay of Fundy on migrations, and a group from Pennsylvania collecting shad by permission of New York State in the hope of restoring the run in the Susquehanna River. The Susquehanna-bound fish were to be loaded aboard tank trucks; through the branches of trees on the shore we could see the trucks parked beside the railroad tracks. The Pennsylvania people had hoped for six thousand fish, but had appeared late in the season and were not certain to get them. It had been determined by computer that the shad would arrive around the beginning of May; instead, they were in the river by the fifteenth of April. The fishermen hired to collect the fish thought it was hilarious that scientists had tried to predict the arrival of fish by computer.

The setting and retrieval of the net took about thirty minutes. In the first haul, there were plenty of herring but only six shad. For the benefit of a photographer, one of the seiners pulled a catfish from the net and held it high above his head with both hands, then flipped it up and behind him. It hung for a moment in the air like a game fish, then fell back to the river, leaving an almost visible tracing of an arc in the air above the water.

JOHN speaking: "The explanation of how I got to where I am is circuitous. I will try to tell it as briefly as possible. I was born in Yonkers, New York, the next town upriver from the Bronx, in July of 1950. I have a younger sister, who lives with her husband and son and daughter in Yonkers next door to my parents, and a younger brother, who lives in England and has started his own zoo. My father, who must have been about twenty-six when I arrived, worked for the Otis Elevator Company. Within a few years, he packed up my mother and my brother and me and moved us to Baltimore. The grass was greener. He was restless, and I have always had a feeling that I carry with me his idea of constantly moving to something better—even just something else. In Baltimore, he worked selling ice-cream franchises. Two years of watching people put their life savings into ice-cream stores and watching them fail. I remember clearly the school I went to, but I have no special feelings for Baltimore. It was hard to make friends. They weren't big on Northerners—and anyway we moved three times. My father had a strategy for getting the kids to play with me and my brother. He held little events. Warm evenings, he would show movies outdoors in the yard against the wall of our apartment building. Got popcorn, and all the kids would come and throw things and spill drinks and have a great time, and the next day in school they wouldn't talk to us.

"When we returned to Yonkers, my father resumed work at the Otis Elevator Company, but without his seniority. I don't think he went back to his old job. I think he went back to the job before that. He had begun as a time-study man. Time-study man is the one whose job it is to determine how long it should take to complete a given task. It was not a laborer's job, and it had a kind of title, but he made less than the machinists. Over the years, he worked his way up slowly through the company. What he wanted, of course, was an executive's position. What he arrived at eventually was personnel manager. Otis was pretty much a turn-of-the-century industry—huge machines, and numbing amounts of noise, and sunlight filtering through a constant veil of dust. At times, in certain parts of the factory, you could barely see your hand in front of your face.

"By the time my parents got their present home, when I was fourteen, I had lived in seven different places with them. Always renting. We were endlessly looking for a home. A family outing on a Sunday would be for my father to drive my brother and my sister and my mother and me to these neighborhoods where people owned their homes. Then we would walk through the rooms and attics of the houses that were for sale, opening the doors of the closets and staring out the windows. My recollection is that we did this for years—the reason being no money, I guess. I think that my parents were always looking for a

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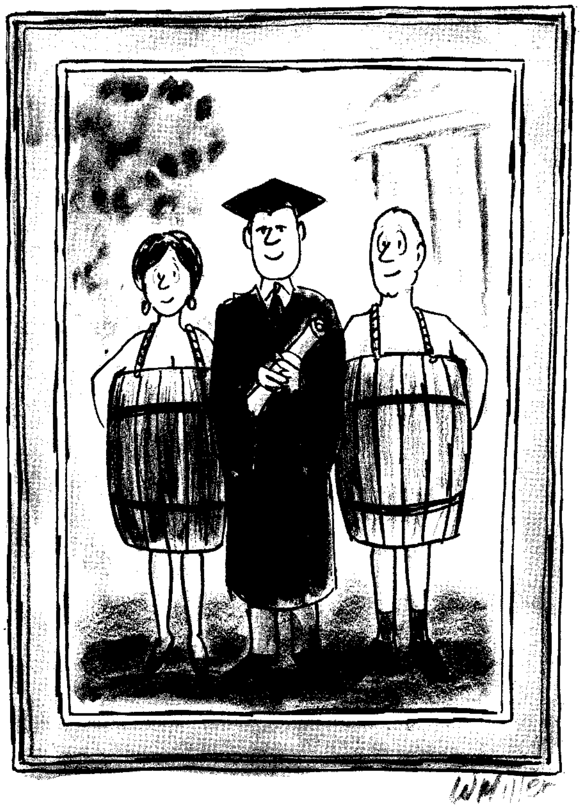

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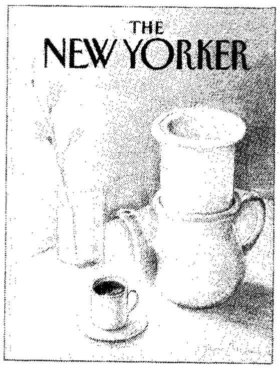

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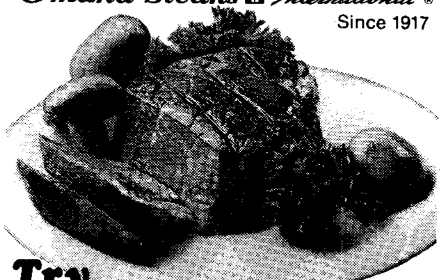

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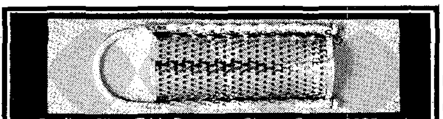

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house that would make them do something irresponsible. Like buy it.

"The house they finally bought was not grand. It did not, for example, include a bedroom for me. My father double-jobbed evenings. He worked at a Thom McAn shoe store for a while, he sold sporting goods, he worked behind the counter of a deli. Borrowed from Peter to pay Paul. 'How'd you pay for the house, Dad?' 'Borrowed from Peter to pay Paul.' Every evening, I fell asleep in my parents' bed, and sometime during the night my father would return and, without disturbing me, move me to the bed in the living room, where in the morning I would wake up. That I did not have a room of my own did not seem unusual to me.

"In addition to a home's being special, an idea that is important in my family is work. My parents took it for granted that I would work as soon as I could. Salesboy, soda jerk, paperboy—something. I began working summers at Otis when I was fourteen; we lied about my age. I worked one summer sweeping floors, another counting nuts and bolts. A third I spent in the stifling heat of the foundry. My father expected all of us to believe in the importance of a college education, which neither my brother nor I ever got. The irony is that throughout our childhood it never occurred to us that our father was not a powerful figure at the Otis Elevator Company. We saw what he had accomplished in the world without the benefit of a college education, and had no thought or ambition to surpass him. We thought it was enough.

"After high school, I moved to Hartford, Connecticut, and went—I should say tried to go—to the University of Hartford, but the attempt lasted only two semesters. At some point during my freshman year, I decided I wanted to be a dancer. I don't know where that came from, really. It's a mystery to me. All I can think of is that I remember home movies of my mother and father in a minstrel show and that I used to love watching them. At the university, I began taking modern-dance classes in the fall, out of interest, and then I came to New York over Christmas and took part for a week in a seminar given by Martha Graham. When I went back to Connecticut, I tried out for a scholarship to the Hartford Ballet School, and I got it. So, instead of college, for the rest of the winter and most of the spring I went to ballet school. I showed up at the college for classes once in a while, but mostly I was dancing. Not with devotion, especially—with mixed feelings. But I was doing it.

"One day that spring, I was driving home in a car with some friends. The top was down, and we were on a road I didn't know, and the sky was very clear, and I was laying my head back, watching it, as we drove, and all of a sudden my ambivalence disappeared. My thoughts went like this: I'm in a car, it's a beautiful day, I have to quit school. A moment of clarity.

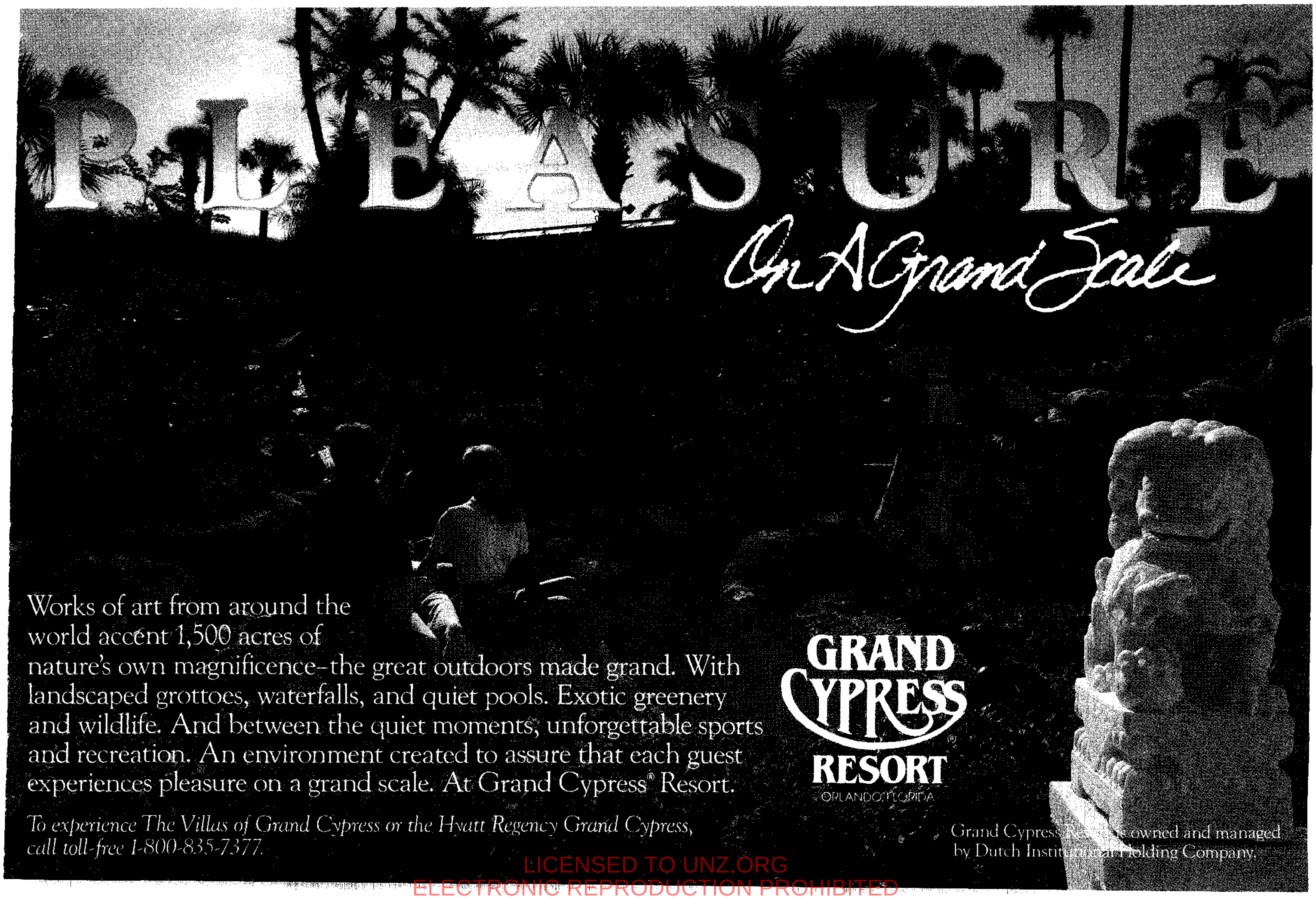
"I decided to see the country. I quit dancing. To raise money for my trip, I took a job in the Catskills leading people on trail rides. I didn't know anything about horses, and I couldn't believe how big they were. My girlfriend and I left New York in February, travelling with three other people, three cats, and a dog in a Plymouth Valiant sedan. Destination Phoenix. Two of the people had been to Arizona, and it was winter, and we just wanted to be someplace warm.

"We went first to New Mexico, and arrived during a blizzard. Santa Fe. The place was shut down from the cold. No electricity. No gas in people's houses. No power. We crept through the country in this cold, cold time. Driving through a pass outside of town, I watched the temperature gauge on my car dropping as we climbed higher and higher, and I thought, Is it possible that my car can freeze while I am driving it?

"In Arizona, I washed dishes at a Howard Johnson's. We stayed several months and felt the heat coming on and moved to Boulder, Colorado. The first night there, we slept in the car with the cats and all our possessions and got arrested. Afterward, we drove in to town to buy groceries and had an accident in the supermarket parking lot—a guy crippled my radiator. Which means he's just put a dent in my house. Which means he's just wrecked my house. I called a tow truck, and a man arrived and loaded up my car and told me I could come and work on it next day at his junk yard, he wouldn't charge me. I tell him, Well, fine, but it's where I live, and he looks up at the sky a moment and then back down at us and says all right, we can sleep in it there, too. We decided first to go into Boulder and see if we couldn't find a place from talking to someone on the street—which is what every second person was doing anyway. No luck, and eventually it grew dark. We gave the cats away and set out for the junk yard, which was three or four miles across town, and on the way it rained, and then a carload of townies passed by and pelted us with eggs. When we reached the junk yard, we saw the car on the hook. The guy hadn't taken it off the hook. Can't sleep there. So we poked around the junk yard, and there was a dog howling somewhere, and it was pitch black and rainy, and we found an old Volkswagen bus with the sunroof off, which hadn't been crushed so badly that it had lost its shape, and we found a wooden door and stretched it between the seats for a mattress, and lay down and drew a sheet of plastic over us. It was a low point, but self-imposed. All from a moment of clarity. I live now, at thirty-six, somewhat in fear of another moment of clarity.

"I sacked groceries in Boulder. Washing dishes was better. Then I became a salesman of books door to door in South Bend, Indiana. I signed up with a recruiter in Boulder and went to sales school in Nashville, Tennessee. School lasted five days. Selling is a religion down South—something they do with real fervor. They preached to us about it. They gave us little books and pamphlets to study: 'The Greatest Salesman in the World,' by Og Mandino. They created an imaginary prospect and called her Mrs. Jones and equipped us with a sales talk for her. Her children are at school, her husband is away at his job, and she is going to be delighted to see us. 'And what are you going to say to Mrs. Jones?' That kind of thing. Call and response. You go up the steps and you knock on the door—never ring the bell, knocking is more personal, it makes them curious, especially if they have a bell—then turn your back, and when Mrs. Jones comes to the door she has to say something first. What I represented was an enormous book, like ten textbooks rolled into one, called 'The Volume Library.' I had a bicycle to sell with. Everyone in South Bend is Catholic, and every street is Knute Rockne Boulevard, or Knute Rockne Avenue, or Knute Rockne Drive. Every home I managed to get into had a child in the corner with jelly on its diaper. One of my partners made a fortune taking deposits from people he knew wouldn't be able to make payment on delivery—it was a nonrefundable deposit. I had no particular success, and didn't feel comfortable in the Midwest anyway, and when it was over I moved back to Boulder. The guy subletting my apartment had talked the landlord into giving it to him. I stayed with friends for a while.

"When I moved back to New York, it was to the Hudson Valley. I worked, successively, as a carpenter, a roofer, a roofing salesman, and a bouncer. Then there was a period of working around the river—working nearby and on things to do with the river—and then I fell into working on the river itself, and when I did, it was complete, like quitting school. I was first a volunteer for the sloop Clearwater. Then I joined its staff for a project called Clearwater Pipewatch. This was the first investigative work I did. The project was organized by Tom Whyatt, the original riverkeeper. We used to go right out to the company premises and find the discharges into the river and its tributaries and sample them. It produced information that led to the investigation of several companies, one of which was the Tuck tape



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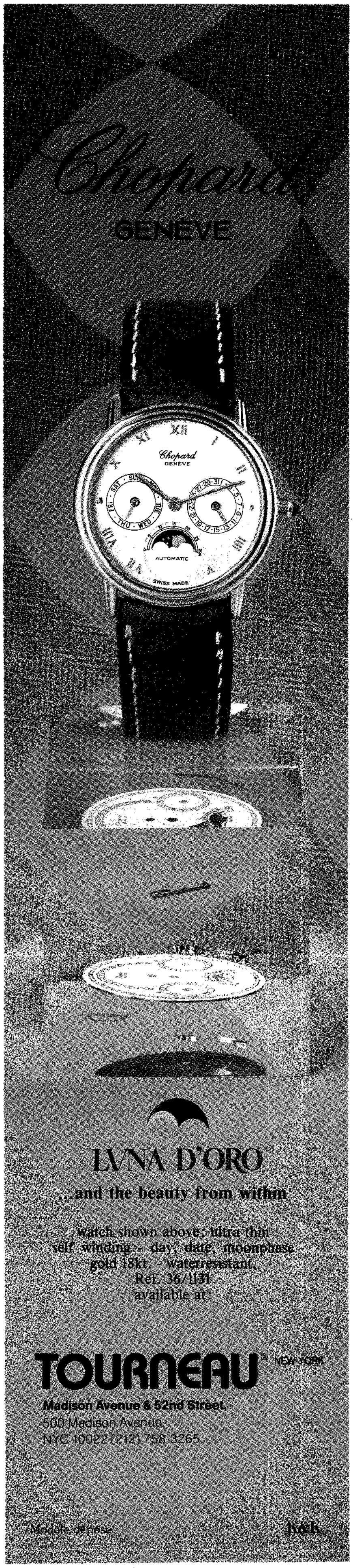

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company, in Beacon. It had a permit for two discharges but really made twenty-nine. The guy from the company called me a Boy Scout with binoculars. I worked on Pipewatch for three years, and then I took a job with an organization called the Center for the Hudson River Valley. I was a lobbyist and environmental director, and I worked on three pretty important pieces of state legislation: the Hudson River Fishery Management Program, which was intended to develop a strategy for reviving Hudson River fishing; the Hudson River Shorelands Preservation Act; and the New York Coastal Erosion Hazard Areas Act. From working with them I decided I wanted to learn more about government, so I took a job with Congressman Hamilton Fish. For Congressman Fish I was a district coördinator, which meant that it was my job to be a liaison to businesses, local governments, public groups, and labor unions for the purpose of explaining federal projects and federal issues. Following that, I worked for the chairman of the New York State Assembly Committee on Environmental Conservation. There I helped draft environmental legislation and also did work on the Love Canal and on the toxic-waste-dumping practices of the Army in New York state.

"In a little while, I fell under the influence of a man named Bob Gabrielson, a commercial fisherman in Nyack. It was extremely important for me that I met him when I did. I stole time here and there to work with him for two seasons. Then, in the third, which was 1981, I gave up my apartment and moved into my truck and lived in the back of it, parked on his dock."

Bob Gabrielson has the use of a point of land on the river off Burd Street in Nyack, just above the Tappan Zee Bridge. He has been there for many years. There is a boat club next door. He sets nets for shad in the spring and then traps for crabs through the summer, just north of the bridge. He has a road-paving business, mostly driveways, on which he spends the rest of the year, and he also works a sideline in tax preparation. Beside the river he has a flat-roofed, plank-floored plywood shanty, about seven feet by twelve. Facing the river is a window covered with plastic. There are dried fish scales all over the floor, like little chips of mica; there are two bunks, with blankets but no mattresses; there is a locker for staples and nails and cleats and spare parts; there are kerosene lanterns hanging on nails in the wall, beside life preservers and fishing rods; there is an old, battered, threadbare armchair, a plank bench, and the kind of market scale that has a basket, for weighing fish; there is a coffeemaker; there is a clothesline, for drying coats and gloves, stretched between two chairs above a small gas heater; and there are layers and layers of sweatshirts and foul-weather gear heaped on hooks and piled up all over the floor. During shad season, there are usually a number of fishermen in the shanty, sorting through the clothes and talking about which nets the fish are hitting, whether inside or out, and planning so that the men who work fastest take the nets that have the most fish. While they talk, they struggle into foul-weather gear, because early in the shad season it can get pretty cold.

A day shad fishing is really two days, because the fishermen work the flood tides, which occur every twelve hours. They fish and eat and sleep, and rise and fish and eat and sleep. The tides advance an hour each day, so that one day they fish at six and six and the next at seven and seven. Occasionally, the fish show up in such numbers that the fishermen have to keep on the nets, which means working both flood and ebb tides. There are six weeks of fishing to the season, and by the time it plays out and the weather turns warm many of the fishermen are glad to see it go.

Gabrielson uses nets of two hundred feet. The nets are strung about eighteen inches below the surface, so that the driftwood and the trash of the river can clear them. They have a mesh of five and a half inches, which allows small fish like herring to pass; they are made of monofilament; and they are cheaper to replace than to mend. The monofilament is of a gauge as fine as possible, because fish can sense a net if the twine is too heavy, and a whole school will detour around one. The nets are set in a line perpendicular to the shore, and traditionally, on the river, the stakes they are strung between are of shagbark hickory, but Gabrielson uses ash, which he gathers from the hills around Nyack. When he hears that a developer is clearing ground, he asks if he can take the ash from it, and guarantees the developer shad in return. The nets are from ten feet to twelve feet deep. The channel falls off gradually on the Nyack side of the river, which is the western side, and dramatically on the other. Gabrielson's nets reach from the middle of the river to the channel. Shad are a channel-run fish, so more of them escape than are caught. Upriver, the fishermen drift-net for shad in the channel, but their nets are much smaller. A fisherman's nets must come out of the water at six Friday morning and can go back at six on Saturday night. This is called the lift period, and it is enforced by the D.E.C.

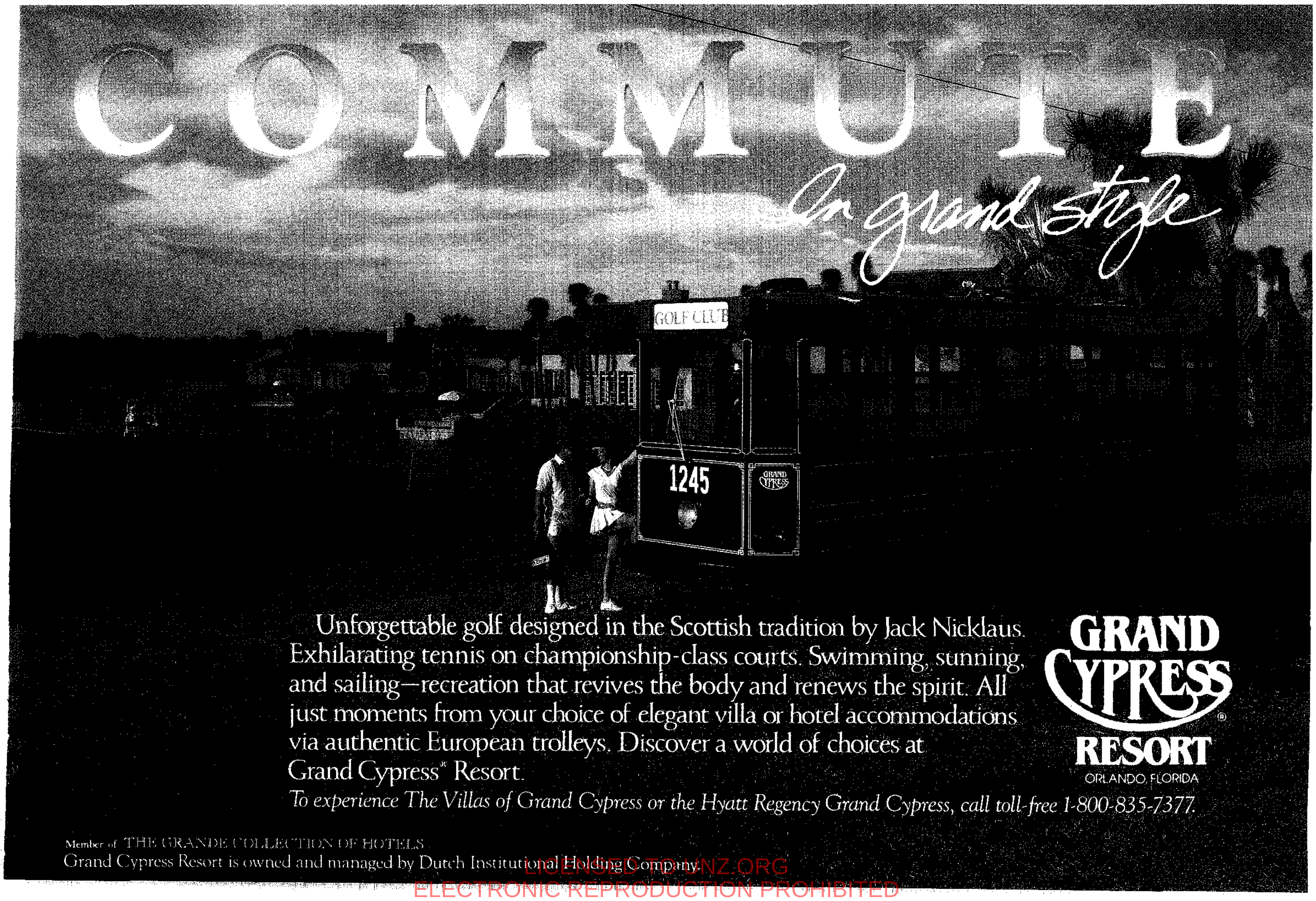
Each boat is worked by two men. Once the nets have been set, one man operates the boat, and the other sits at the point of the bow, facing the stern, and pulls the net across the bow and over his lap. The fish come aboard with the net and are untangled from it and tossed into boxes. The net goes immediately back into the river. The boat works its way across the two hundred feet, from one pole to the next, and how long it takes depends on how many fish are in the net and how skilled the fishermen happen to be at their trade. Gabrielson's nets are right next to the bridge, and a person hauling them can hear the traffic and see the faces of the drivers of the cars on the bridge.

The fish are sorted and iced on the dock. Gabrielson has a truck bed beside the shanty which he uses as a cooler if he is keeping them overnight before sending them to the market. There are three major runs of shad—forsythia, lilac, and dogwood, which correspond to the appearance of those blooms on the shore. The bloom of the forsythia announces the arrival of shad in the river. Some time ago, Gabrielson went to a tree nursery and bought a forsythia bush and planted it in his yard, to let him know about the shad. Lilac shad are the climax of the run and are bigger. The forsythia run generally includes more buck shad, and the dogwood run more roe. The flesh of the buck is firmer and tastes better but is worth next to nothing. The roe—that is, the eggs—are what makes the fish valuable. Buck shad are sold mainly to lobstermen on the Connecticut shore, who use them as bait.

Gabrielson is close to six feet, but portly, so he doesn't look as tall as he is. He has fished almost every year on the river since he was twelve years old, and he is now fifty-seven. He has gray hair and a wide, round face and practically always wears a billed cap, and glasses, and on the water he smokes a cigar. He is extremely happy whenever he is out on the river—it doesn't even have to be an especially nice day—and, sitting at the wheel of his boat with his cigar and looking out at his nets, he will suddenly turn to you and say, "Where the hell would you rather be in your life than out on this river?"

Following shad season, Gabrielson crabs. He strings a trap every fifty feet along four hundred and fifty feet of line. He generally sets ten lines. He baits the traps with menhaden or white perch seined from the river, and weights the traps so that they sit bottom down. He doesn't mark their placement with a float, because that would be an advertisement to poachers. The line suspends itself out of sight beneath the surface of the river. He locates the general area by coördinates on the shore—a dock, a building, a flagpole, a sailboat at anchor—and then finds the line with a grapnel.

Some crabbers stake territory they feel to be reliable year after year. Gabrielson forages; that means following the crabs around the river in their wanderings after warmer water and food and in response to the arrival of spring tides and the movement of



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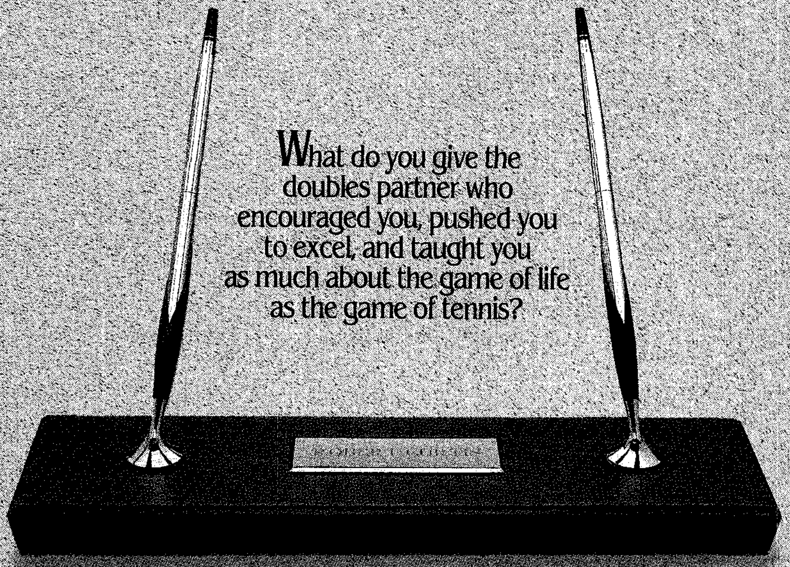
the salt front. He sells his crabs—what John calls "big, pretty, blue-clawed Hudson River crabs, the females with that touch of bright red at the tips of their claws like nail polish"—to people who meet his boat when it returns to the dock. What he doesn't sell then, he sells later from his house.

John again: "The spring I worked with Gabrielson, I ate what came up in the nets. It was a very dry season; the salt advanced far up the river, and what I had mostly was saltwater fish. Flounder, mainly, and blackfish. I learned how to run a boat, how to get fish out of the net without ruining the net, and how to get fish out of the net without ruining the fish; shad are a very delicate fish, and you can easily destroy them if you're clumsy. I learned about calling the change of the tide by watching the river, so that you know when to pull the nets, and I began learning to pay attention to the shape of the bottom of the river, particularly the fasts—that is, the snags. Working with Bob, you begin to develop a picture of what the river is like under its surface—at least, the way you think it is—and the way it changes at different times of the year, for whatever reasons. Fasts arriving. You pull the net, and if it's cut or tangled from rocks you have one piece of information, or if the weights have mud on them then you immediately have an image of the color and consistency of the bottom. You of course already have a picture of what's swimming around on the bottom, from what's in the net.

"I began paying attention to all the changes in the life of the river—the seasonal movement of fish from one part of the river to another, the rise and decline of their runs, their migrations and arrivals, and the appearance of their fry. Toward the end of crabbing season, there are little shrimp everywhere—all over your arms when you pull the traps, all over the boat. From being with Gabrielson, you also learn some sort of sea sense, or river sense. You learn how to run the river when the water is confused by currents or wind. It's not rolling or showing whitecaps, it's simply moving at cross-purposes—it has no proper plan to it. You learn to judge distances on the water and to develop a kind of night vision. You also learn what a big place the Hudson is. Even in its narrowest parts, the river is a big place. The first time I fished on my own, I had a couple of miles' run downriver to my



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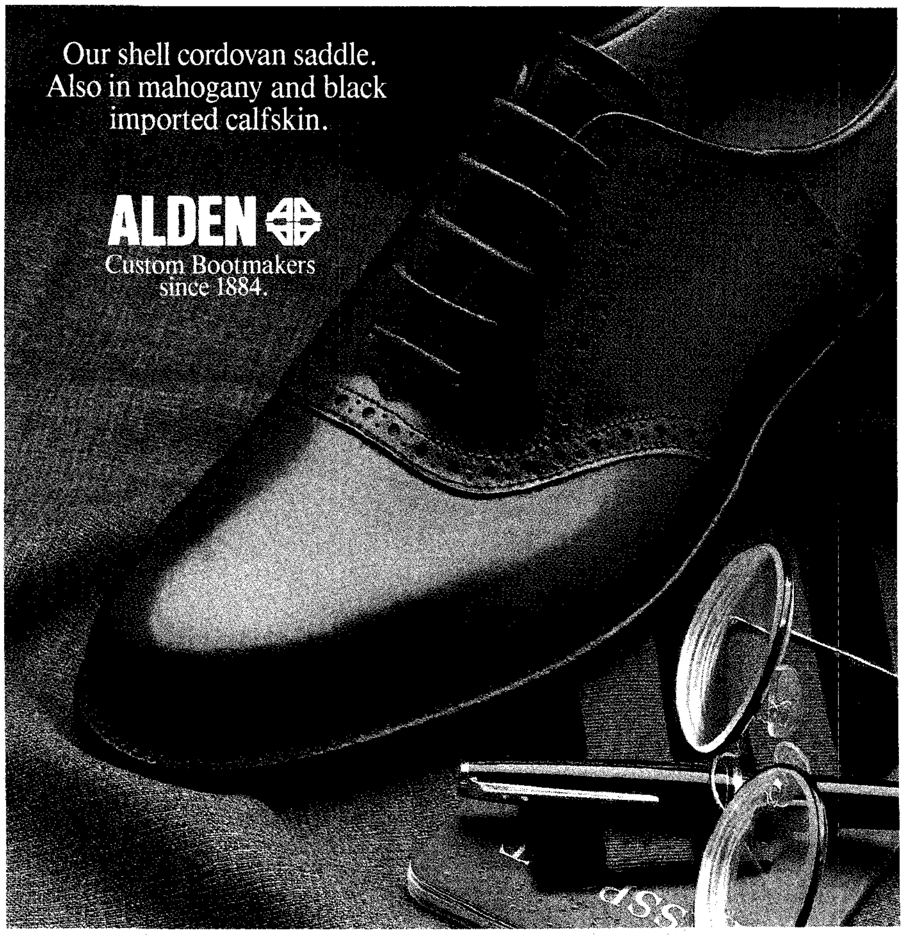

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nets, and it was night, and I just jumped into the boat and went out and looked for them. It then dawned on me that what I was after was a half-inch line in a three-mile strip of river.

"When that shad season was over, I moved to Garrison Landing, where I took up with a fisherman named Dave White, who taught me to drift-net for sturgeon. You cross the river in a rowboat during the last couple of hours before the tide. One person rows, and one pays out net over the stern. We had twelve hundred feet of net. You try to drift in the deepest part of the river, because sturgeon like deep water. Off Garrison is almost all deep water. While you sit beside the net, it drifts downstream on the final hour and a half of the tide. At slack water, it stops, pauses, then reverses itself on the flood tide, and you begin hauling as it returns upriver. The man retrieving the net removes the fish as he does it, and a really good drift-net fisherman will have the net and the fish in the boat by the time he returns to where he launched it. There are floats on the net's top line, and it lies beneath enough water so that a big boat can pass above the net without harming it. We caught catfish now and then, and the occasional striped bass. The sturgeon we pickled in brine—enough salt to float an egg—and then we smoked it, using cherry for the fire. What didn't go to our friends we sold locally. The season for sturgeon ends in July, and when it was over I built some crab pots and crabbed the rest of the summer, off Garrison. The next season, I decided to have a shad-fishing business with a friend. We built a boat in my garage and put all our nets together ourselves and had a great time and lost our shirts.

"Then, one day, Bob Boyle called me up. He was bringing a group of scientists to the Hudson to study striped bass, and since I had a boat and nets he wanted to know if I would catch fish for them. They stayed several days and set up a lab at West Point, and I caught fish, and they studied them, and then, after they left, Bob and I began talking. The Fishermen's Association had just got twenty-five thousand dollars from the power-plant settlements. Bob thought it would be a great idea if the association had a boat of its own, and even better if someone could be on it to help catch fish and patrol the river. The next spring, they resurrected the river-keeper project. They asked me to do it, because during these last ten years I

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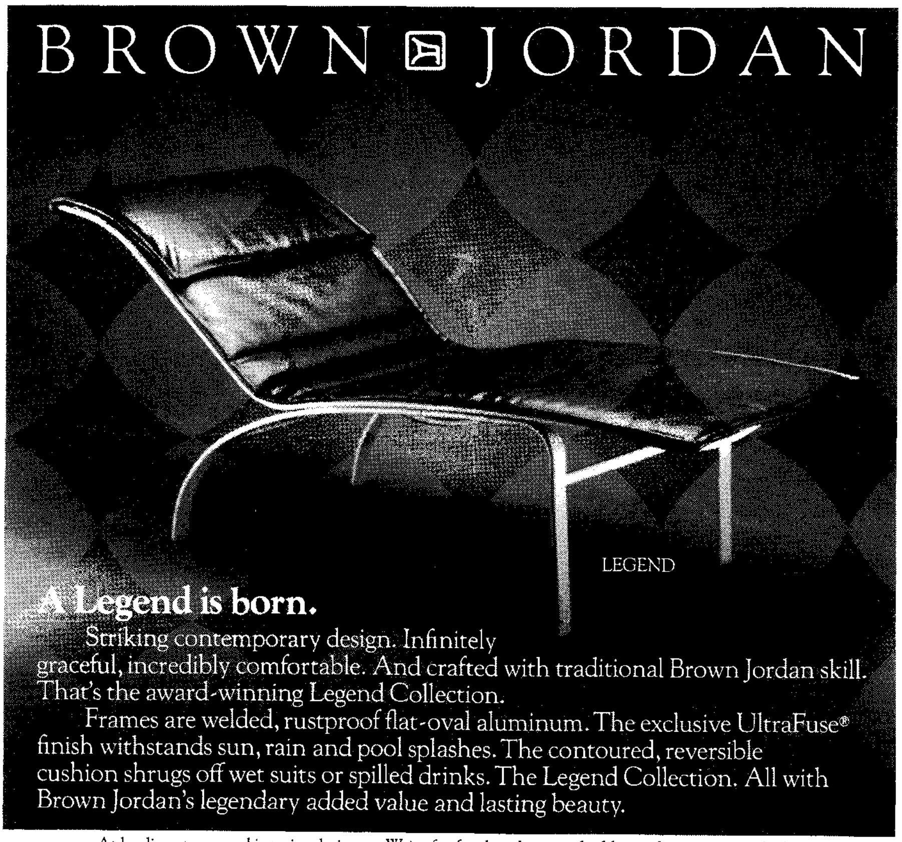

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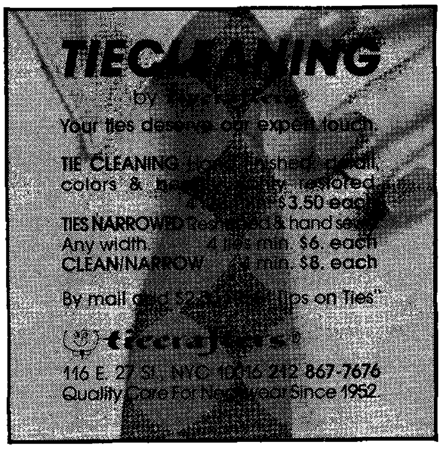

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had had experience as an activist, a lobbyist, a legislative aide, and I had had investigative experience, time on the water—I had even sat for my Coast Guard license. I knew how to set nets, and I had worked with commercial fishermen. In the Exxon case, I used a little bit of all these things."

JOHN: "What happened is, there used to be a piece of Hudson River lore about tankers occasionally visiting the river and taking water for use in the Caribbean. The word was that they would anchor near Hyde Park and draw from deep springs that welled up from the bottom. You would hear it mentioned now and then, and people were more pleased by it than anything else. They felt that the taking of river water for use somewhere else was an encouraging sign. It meant that our water must be getting cleaner: 'Isn't it nice that the Hudson is clean enough so that people would take water from it down to the Caribbean?' Once the riverkeeper project got under way, though, I began getting calls from people saying that there were an awful lot of tankers out there. 'Every time I turn around, there's a tanker,' they'd say. One of the first callers was a state trooper, who told me he had heard that they weren't just anchoring, they were cleaning out their tanks. So we decided to watch tankers for a while. I had by now been on the water about a month.

"We began noting the tankers' arrivals. We had spies in New York City and Yonkers and Tarrytown and Hyde Park and Port Ewen, and every time a tanker passed New York Harbor I knew it, and I knew of its progress up the river. The first time I went out to look at one, in July of 1983, I had with me Andra Sramek, one of the people who work for the Fishermen's Association. Accompanying us was an NBC camera crew that was taping something about the riverkeeper project. We drove right up to the tanker, which was the Esso Palm Beach, moored off Hyde Park, and I raised the captain on the radio. 'Esso Palm Beach,' I said. 'This is the Riverkeeper. What are you discharging into the river?' He said, 'Fourteen thousand tons of seawater.' Now, hold the phone. From our point of view, this is already not right. This man is seventy-five miles up the river, discharging salt water in the freshwater part of the estuary, and the whole basis of the estuary is that the salt reaches only so far. So I asked him who he had permission from to discharge salt water into the Hudson River. 'With the permission of Exxon International,' he said. So I asked him if he planned on replacing that salt water with fresh water, and there was silence for what seems to me now, when I think about it, like several seconds, and then he came back on the radio and said, 'If you have any more questions, call Exxon International. They have many answers for many questions.' End of transmission. We had the NBC crew film the boat and the discharge, and we left.

"Around this time, I called up Exxon in New Jersey to inquire about these secret springs; I knew that someone there would find the idea of them amusing. I said that I was a historian doing research on the uses of Hudson River water, and I was looking for some information about the secret springs at Hyde Park, so they passed me from one public-information officer to another till I got one who was familiar with the story. I said I had heard that for decades tankers had been drawing pure water from springs at the bottom of the river and transporting it to the Caribbean. The guy had a big laugh over it—we both laughed—and he said, 'No, no, no, the reason they moor there is that it's a good anchorage, out of the channel.' I said, 'Oh, it's just an anchorage. I thought they were taking water,' and he said, 'Oh, I didn't say they weren't taking water. I just said there weren't these springs. They're drawing water, all right. And they're taking it to the Caribbean.'

" 'Oh, yeah?'

" 'Yeah, Aruba.'

" 'Oh, yeah?'

" 'Very dry island. Basically, we use the water for our refinery, but the island also uses it.'

"I said 'More so now than before?' and he said 'Who are you?' and I said 'I'm a Hudson River buff, doing some research.' I said 'Aren't there places closer to Aruba than the Hudson?' and he said 'We used to get water from the Río Orinoco, in Venezuela, but there were economic and political problems—they wanted to charge money for it.' He said there was no place else on the East Coast where there was good navigation, fresh water, plus an anchorage. I think it was when I asked him how long this had been going on that he fell silent. He said, 'I think you want to know more than you are asking about.'

"At this point, we didn't really know anything about the scope of the operation—how many ships there

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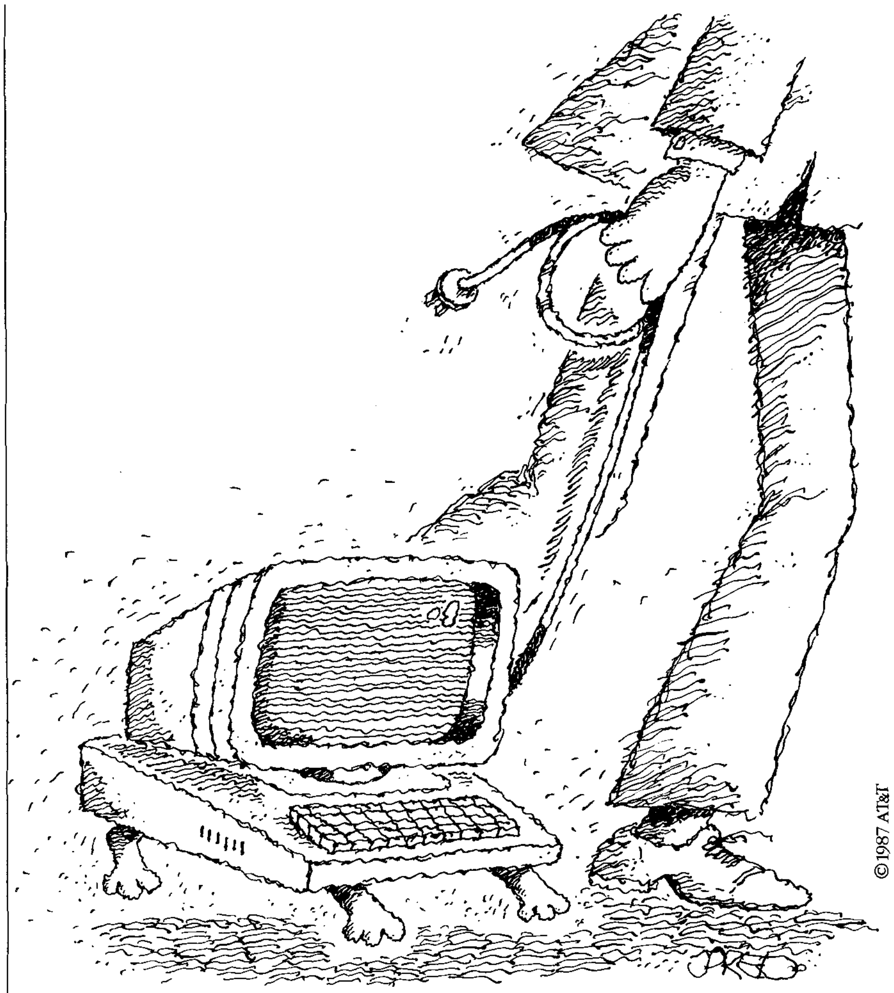

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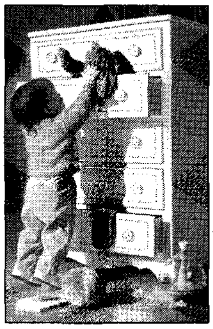

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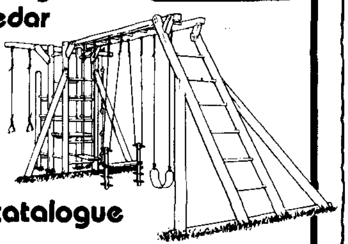

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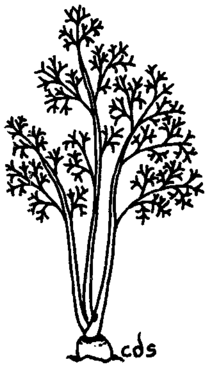
were, and how often they were using the river. The next thing we discovered was that there could be more than one Exxon tanker on the river at one time. This was by accident. It was a day when a video crew was taping a documentary on the Hudson and wanted a shot of our boat racing across the river and another of it hauling a trawl. They planned to meet us at Hyde Park, in their own boat. Andra and I drove over to the Dutchess Community College field station and picked up some sample jars, and while we were on our way back we heard from the video crew. We told them there was a tanker on the river at Hyde Park and we wanted to get some samples from its discharges and if they wanted to meet us at it they could. They said fine. While we waited in the Riverkeeper, Andra and I discussed the best way to collect a sample. It's not easy. These are five-hundred-and-fifty-, six-hundred-foot tankers, big as whole towns. Some of the discharges come off the deck, high above the water, and some come from the hull, about twelve feet up. The discharges are like waterfalls. We wanted the video crew to film the tanker and the discharges. While we were studying the situation, the crew came on the radio and said, 'We're at the tanker, where are you?' We told them we were there, too, and said we would meet them at the bow, but when we got to the bow there was no one around. It took a little figuring and circling of the ship, but we realized we were at separate tankers. They were at a tanker several miles north, at Port Ewen. One was the Esso Shimizu, and one was the Esso Hong Kong. We got samples from both and packed them in ice, because these are volatile substances and keeping them cool keeps them less active and prevents their evaporating—plus if there are bacteria present it helps preserve an accurate count. The samples really stank. Very definite petrochemical smell—you could run your car on it. We later learned that these tankers had been carrying jet fuel. The analysis showed that the worst of the samples contained benzene, ethylbenzene, and toluene. There were eight hundred and fifty-five parts per billion of toluene in that one. Studies show that a hundred parts per billion will affect spawning in female striped bass. The tanker at Port Ewen couldn't have been more than fifteen hundred feet from the intake valve of the Port Ewen drinking-water supply.



"After that, I would follow tankers. I became obsessed. I would put up in the shallows between them in the dark and listen to the conversations of their captains on the radio. Once, I heard the one upriver warn the other that he was about to flush his tanks, so that the one downstream would know not to withdraw what the other had discharged. I heard a lot of their talk back and forth, but I never heard any of them say they were going to call Port Ewen and warn them.

"I began now doing legal research. I went to Albany and sat in an office where they had a set of McKinney's Consolidated Laws of New York, and then I went to the Natural Resources Defense Council, in Manhattan, and started checking federal laws and the navigation laws and the Clean Water Act and the Safe Drinking Water Act to see what might apply. It was apparent that there was no way those tankers could do what they were doing without permission, so I went to see if permission had been given. It hadn't. I also began looking into the water trade—the buying and selling of water—with special emphasis on the Caribbean. I discovered that in addition to being a very arid island Aruba has no dependable water supply of its own. It has a desalinization plant, but I think it was broken. I learned that most of the Hudson water was going to the Lago Refinery but some was being diverted to the island's domestic water supply. We didn't begrudge them the water, really—just the way in which it was being taken.

"The reading and the phone calling lasted two months, just following leads from one thing to another. I got so I went to bed at night and couldn't wait to get up in the morning and learn more about the Caribbean water trade—what islands need water, why they need it, how they use it, and where they get it. At the United Nations I found a man who was an expert on water prices. In Barbados I discovered a man who was useful because people had come to him wanting to know where they could sell Hudson River water. In Norway, there was a man at the International Association of Independent Tanker Owners who had in-

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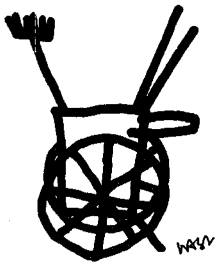
formation: many tankers were idle at that time, and an idea for what to do with them was to have them carry water. In a *Christian Science Monitor* from 1947 I found an article that discussed the Lago Refinery and its dependence on water from the Hudson. We discovered that every once in a while the need for water in Aruba was so great that tankers would leave there empty for Hudson River water. I called the Aruba water works and asked if they were getting water from the Hudson, and they said yes. I asked if they were paying for it, and the man I spoke to said yes, and his attitude was 'You don't think water's free, do you?' All this was done before the case ever became public. When it came time to make the settlement, there was nothing Exxon could say that I didn't already know.



"By the time we had pieced together the story, we knew that what would happen with these tankers was this: Somewhere in the Northeast, they would unload their cargo of jet fuel or gasoline from the Lago Refinery. Then they'd return to the ocean to rinse out their tanks. There they would take on saltwater ballast, and then they'd go up the Hudson to Hyde Park. If there was already a tanker at Hyde Park, the second would continue to Port Ewen. If a third tanker arrived, there was room at Hyde Park for it to anchor. On at least one occasion, there were three tankers at Hyde Park. Once moored, the tankers would flush their salt water into the river. Then they would take aboard river water and rinse out the cargo tanks and the ballast tanks and discharge once again, then fill up with Hudson water. The process would take about thirty-six hours. When the boat was empty on one side and full on the other, it would list so hard that it would look grounded. It would look as if it were up on a shelf.

"During this time, I had lots of information about the activities of the tankers from people who live along the river. I got a letter in the mail—a greeting card, actually—from a man named Frank Parslow, in Port Ewen. He is a fisherman and lives on a steep slope several hundred feet above the river, and he has rigged a kind of small railroad—a tramway—to haul his fish up the slope from his dock. It's really a remarkable thing, and I know, because he told me, that it took three months to build—to find the right materials so that he didn't pay top dollar, and lying in bed at night trying to figure out how to do it. It chug-chug-chugs up the slope, and he meets it at the top and unloads it and smokes his fish in a small smokehouse. It looks like a wooden outhouse, and it has stainless-steel shelves, and he lines it with aluminum foil, and he makes about the best smoked shad on the river. All of it is spoken for immediately. He had kept track of the arrivals and departures and apparent business of many of these tankers over a period of time, and he sent it along, and when we were sitting down with the Exxon people I asked them 'How many tankers went up to Port Ewen and how many to Hyde Park over such-and-such a period?' and they said 'Well, we don't really keep track of that kind of thing, but not many,' and I was able to pull out Frank Parslow's greeting card and talk turkey. From here and there we were able to learn that over two years a hundred and seventy-seven tanker trips had been made up the river, at who knows what cost to the estuary.

"We notified Exxon of our intent to sue under the federal Clean Water Act. Sent a letter to the chairman of the board. Looked up the address in the phone book. When we finally went public, the reaction was mainly outrage. The facts were that the largest corporation in the world was bringing its tankers up the river and flushing their holds and stealing water. The water thievery was what got attention, but what bothered me most was that they were rinsing out their holds. As far as I was concerned, the thievery was just icing on the cake, but I was willing to stress whatever issue motivated people.

"Exxon's reaction, essentially, was denial. Getting them to talk was a slow process. There was a lot of posturing on both sides. Early in our negotiations toward a settlement, Exxon told us that they were perfectly willing to wage a campaign to win public sympathy, and I told them, 'Wait a minute. You're an oil company. You *can't* win public sympathy. Who's going to believe you?' We met before Christmas and signed agreements around Easter. We settled out of court for half a million dollars and the commitment to discontinue the practice until the state legislature addressed the issue of tanker discharges, which they decided to regulate in 1985. Of that figure, the Fishermen's Association got half. The rest went to the Open Space Institute, an environmental organization. The state then settled separately for a million and a half. As much as I would like to say it was our tough negotiating style that made them give in, I think what made them give in is that the story would not go away. We made a great effort to keep it in the papers. We sent out information as it seemed necessary. Piece by piece. We knew the whole story to begin with, but if we had given it all out at once it might have died. Really, we battered at them in the press, but why we did is we were trying to send a message: We are watching the Hudson; we are keeping our eyes on the river. It wasn't the first time anyone had said it, but it's always important that it be heard, because the river, for all its apparent immensity, is fragile.

"What I think of as an example is Diamond Reef. It's off New Hamburg, by Wappinger's Creek, below Poughkeepsie. It's in the middle of the river, and it's about a hundred yards long, and at low tide it's perhaps five feet under the surface. It's very well marked on the charts. A person consulting the charts couldn't miss it; it says 'Diamond Reef,' with the added information that it's rocky, and the depth noted. There's also a light there. But we get these cowboys from the South running barges up the river. They've brought these things up here and are trying to reach a tank farm in Poughkeepsie, and they're tugboat operators who may have been on the Hudson once in their lives, if at all—it's anybody's guess—or they don't have the proper charts, or they think they can save some time by squeezing between the buoys, which means leaving the channel, and they run the river like a racetrack and plow right into the reef and break up the barges and spill gasoline and oil and coal and gravel on it and shave a few feet off the reef every time. The tankers that come up the river are plenty larger than the tugboats and the barges, and they don't come near the reef—don't even scratch it.

"It's very rich in fish life, Diamond Reef. A lot of food for fish congregates there, and to have barges running up on it and dumping gasoline and heating oil and coal doesn't help. It also makes the Army Corps of Engineers want to blow up Diamond Reef. What they would destroy I'm not exactly sure, but if you go out and drift over it at the right time of year you catch many striped bass. It's not hit or miss. It's constant year after year. They are there one moment or they are not, but over time they are there. All along the river are people who from patience and through observation know the quarter of a mile where they live with great accuracy and detail—the comings and goings of fish and wildlife, and the seasons, and the changes along the riverbank. There is probably someone like that for every quarter mile of river. It's not because of a textbook or a pamphlet or the work of some researcher that we know about the life of Diamond Reef; we know about it because of a man who fishes it obsessively and keeps records.

"With estuaries, there is the idea of microhabitats. Which is to say that with a place like the Hudson, over a certain period of time—say, a week, or several days—there could be an area the size of a football field, or maybe a city block, that just for that moment could be the most important part of the

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river, because it's a place where fish gather, or spawning takes place. A place where certain fish and other life forms congregate, perhaps because of food or protection or some reason we don't know about yet. The Hudson is still largely unresearched. Unstudied. We know, for example, that the Hudson is the home of the blue crab, but we don't know where they spawn; we may already have lost it. Out of a hundred and fifty-four miles of estuary, how many reefs, holes, bays, shallows, inlets, marshes, coves, and flats can there be like that? Where might they be at any one time? In what order do they shift around the river? Is there a sequence or is it chance? Do the same places remain important year after year? Do new ones replace them? What ones are more important than others? How many are active at one time? How many are threatened and need protection? How many have been destroyed and need to be restored? How do you revive them? As attractive as issues like the Exxon tankers can be, I get more pleasure from working on the small spots. A place here, a place there. An important part of being involved with the Hudson is the mystery of where those places are."

—ALEC WILKINSON

•

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[*Jeffery S. Ingram in the Newport* (*Ore.*) *News-Times*]

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The first movement held the crispness of a clear winter's day, with the east wind sharpening the contrast of colors in the play between the woodwinds and strings, punctuated by a harp as if played by the fingers of a stiff breeze. The second movement changed the tempo abruptly to a deeply ponderous one, the end sad and questioning. As if a storm had suddenly whipped up out of the southeast, the third movement sped along with driving force, a ricochet of tone and rhythm that was closed by the summation of the fourth and final movement.

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Headline in the Burlington* (*Vt.*) *Free Press*]

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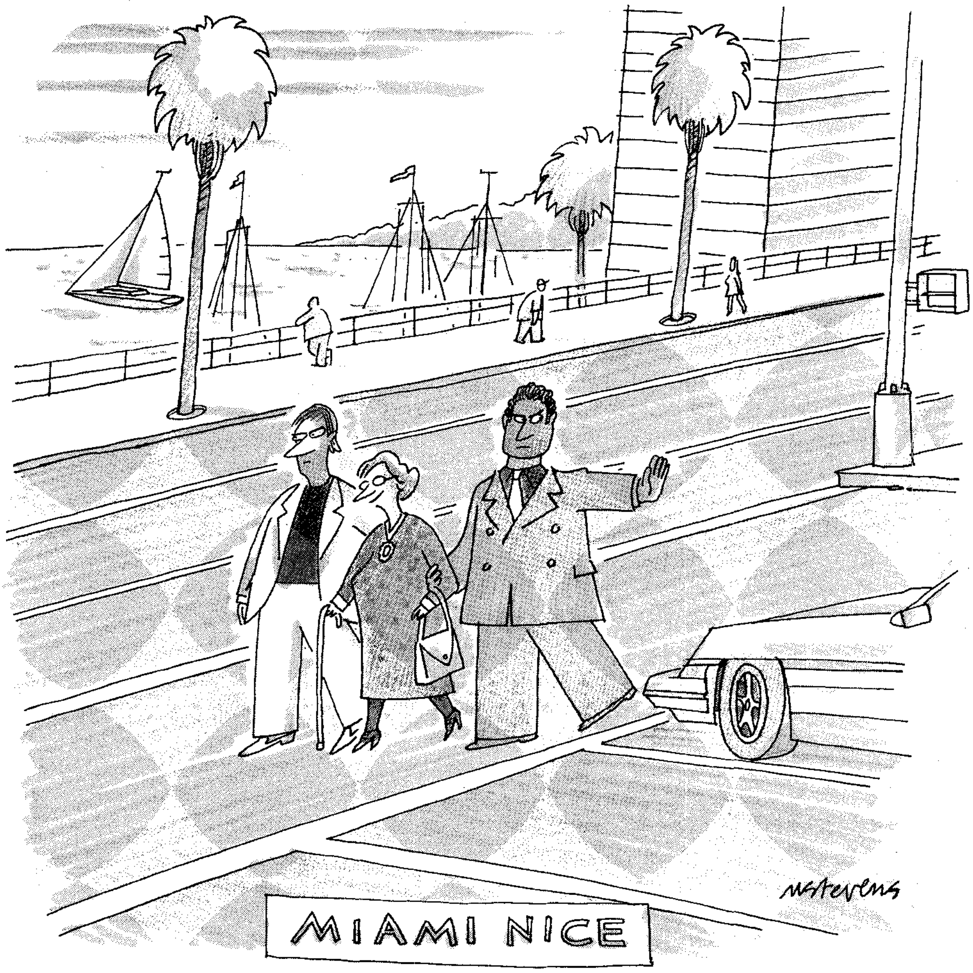
THE THEATRE

L'Amour Français

"Les Liaisons Dangereuses," which the Royal Shakespeare Company has brought, in an exquisite production, to the Music Box, is an adaptation by Christopher Hampton of the epistolary novel written in 1782 by Choderlos de Laclos. The book takes a clear-eyed, not to say frosty, look at the sexual mores of the French aristocracy on the eve of the Revolution; it was for many years a furtive *succès de scandale* and has now become an open *succès* and a classic. It tells the story of the wicked, duplicitous Vicomte de Valmont and his mistress, the wicked, duplicitous Marquise de Merteuil, who conspire to corrupt a young girl just out of the convent and a virtuous wife. The action is a sequence of tête-à-têtes, reflecting the letters of the original—witty and cynical, never lacking in those observations and disquisitions on love and virtue so irresistible to the French. The Vicomte, in a strong performance by Alan Rickman, is the cynical seducer, a subtle, intellectual quick-change artist. The wife, as portrayed by the gifted Suzanne Burden, is moving in her struggles to resist her attraction to him and in her defeat. Then he falls disastrously in love with her, and the game is over. In scene after scene, sharp and glittering, there is an undercurrent of danger and evil. As the Marquise, the steely mistress of the revels, the lovely Lindsay Duncan is in every way Mr. Rickman's match. The acting throughout is exemplary, notably that of Beatie Edney, as the girl; Kristin Milward, as her mother; Hilton McRae, as a young nobleman; and Lucy Aston, as a humorous trollop.

The elegant setting, designed by Bob Crowley, serves as all the luxurious boudoirs and hotel rooms of the play. Two chaise longues, small chairs and tables—some in alcoves, some mid-stage—are dominated by an exaggerated highboy, out of whose open drawers pour foamy underthings and loops of pearls. Although this is a play devised of artifice, there is little artificial or fussy about the production. The actresses have one beautiful costume apiece, in white or cream or off-white, to match the color of the set, and a couple of them don't even wear wigs—just their own hair, beautifully arranged. The lighting, by Chris Parry, is eloquent and unobtrusive. All credit for most of the above to Howard Davies, the deft director.



Peter O'Toole makes a very funny, satisfying Professor Higgins in the revival of "Pygmalion," at the Plymouth. Tall and thin, deliberately unromantic and all the more attractive for that, he is every inch the bachelor that Shaw imagined. Examining Eliza's jaw and chin as she speaks, during her first visit to his flat, he is as impersonal as a doctor; when he is impatient or bored with the social amenities—at his mother's tea party, for example—his eyes glaze over and he is off on a private intellectual journey of his own. All his passion is in the work, and all his attention is on it—a reading of the role that I'm sure the dramatist would approve of. No love scene at the end for G.B.S., though there was little he could do, in most productions, to prevent it. Amanda Plummer, capable actress though she is, is unsuited to Eliza (but no more so, come to think of it, than the winsome Julie Andrews of "My Fair Lady"). Miss Plummer is interesting as the defiant "squashed cabbage leaf" at the beginning, but she lacks the stature and fire and magnificence of Eliza after her transformation. Mr. O'Toole receives adequate support, and sometimes better than that, from the rest of the company. Lionel Jeffries is Colonel Pickering, John Mills makes a rather subdued, though amusing, Alfred Doolittle, Joyce Redman is the Professor's mother, and Dora Bryan is his landlady. The play, needless to say, is as good as ever, a permanent delight, and, as ever, Bernard Shaw is the star. This production was directed by Val May, with scenery by Douglas Heap, costumes by Terence Emery, and lighting by Martin Aronstein. No amplification, and none is needed.

THE action of "The Lucky Spot," at the Manhattan Theatre Club through May 17th, takes place in a dance hall in Pigeon, Louisiana, in 1934—the depths of the Depression. More precisely, it takes place in the world of the dramatist Beth Henley—erratic, eruptive, and always surprising. It's Christmas Eve, and at the beginning we see a handyman named Turnip dragging in a Christmas tree to decorate the dance hall, which is supposed to open that night. Also present is a fifteen-year-old girl named Cassidy, well along in pregnancy. When the proprietor, Reed Hooker, enters, his sleeve is covered with blood, from a gunfight. He is furious, but not nearly as angry as he becomes when he discovers that Cassidy has secured the release from prison of his wife, Sue Jack. Cassidy is determined that Reed divorce Sue Jack and marry her, to legitimatize the baby. Sue Jack, a hell-cat by reputation but one noted for her talent and beauty, was a dance-hall hostess; then, on a drunken binge after the death of her child, she went mad, gambled away their money, and shot up every place around. The Lucky Spot represents the last chance for Reed to recoup some of his losses, and he wants no shenanigans on the premises. He thinks he hates Sue Jack anyway. There is a lot of action, but underneath is the contest between the two women for Reed, and the passion of Reed and Sue Jack. There is also, as Miss Henley's admirers needn't be reminded, a lot of humor and a lot of talk, which I enjoyed, and everyone lives happily ever after.

The acting, under the direction of Stephen Tobolowsky, is good in almost every instance; in the case of Mary Stuart Masterson, as childish, ignorant, stubborn Cassidy, and of Amy Madigan, as Sue Jack, her beauty drained after her stint in prison, but with some fire and feeling left in her, the acting is remarkable. Alan Ruck is the handyman, Ray Baker is Reed, Belita Moreno is a funny dancer, Lanny Flaherty is a greedy businessman who tries to grab the Lucky Spot, and John Wylie is a pathetic, bereaved, but cheerful farmer—the only customer in the place. The scenery, by John Lee Beatty, is lighted by Dennis Parichy, and the costumes were designed by Jennifer von Mayrhauser. —EDITH OLIVER

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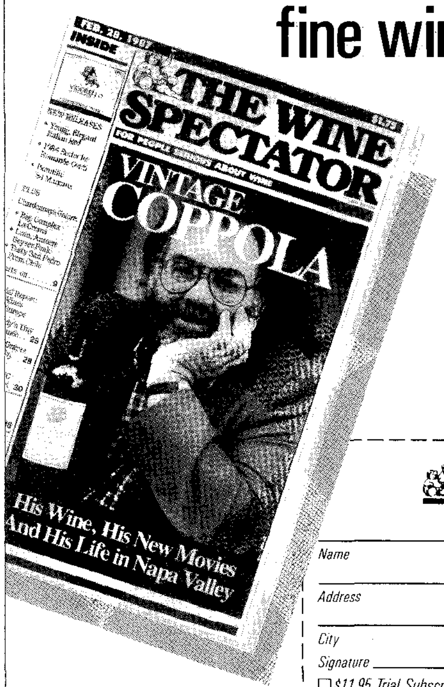
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PERSONAL HISTORY

AT THE GATES OF CALIFORNIA

"WELL done!" my father said to me. All around, airplanes seemed to be accelerating or refuelling, taking off or landing. The air was so thick with rumble and thunder, fumes and heat that I thought I had arrived in a place on fire. It was 10:20 A.M., and I had been standing on the tarmac beside the airplane, not knowing which way to turn my face.

This was the summer after my last year of high school, and I was at Los Angeles International Airport. It was 1952, and I was eighteen years old. I'm meeting Daddyji, I thought, and then felt a little embarrassed. "Daddyji" was what I'd called my father all my life, but somehow the word now made me uncomfortable, as if I had outgrown it. I wondered what changes he would notice in me. Since the day he had walked me to another plane, in New Delhi, three years before, when I was bound for America, I had been living more than ten thousand miles away from my family, in Little Rock, at the Arkansas School for the Blind. (I have been blind since the age of four, as a result of meningitis.) Though my father had been in America for the past three months, I had not seen him. Would he think that my three years in an enclave of the blind in an American backwater had made me unfit for his normal world, I wondered. The idea pained me, and I pushed it to one side and thought instead about home. I recalled the religious violence that had accompanied the Partition of India and had forced our family to flee from the newly created Pakistan with little more than the clothes on our backs and take shelter in independent India, with millions of Hindu and Sikh fellow-refugees. We were all scarred for life by the memories of that violence, but no one in Arkansas, it seemed, had even heard of the Partition. When I left home, the country had been independent only two years, and was unsteady on its feet, like my little brother Ashok, I thought. Now the family was boasting that he could ride a bicycle, getting on and off it himself. What strides might India have taken?

I switched a flight bag I was carrying from my right hand to my left as it struck me that I needed my right hand for a handshake. Handshake? Well, my father and I were in America, after all, and not in our native Punjab, where we would have embraced, like two good Punjabis. My heart began to beat faster, not from excitement but from apprehension, as if I were going to meet a stranger to whom I had to prove myself as a well-adjusted blind person. My own father might as well have been the principal of a residential school. Being away at school makes you independent, just as they say, I thought, but it also makes you wary.

In a moment, I'll be speaking Punjabi with my father, I thought. Will I stumble? Can I have forgotten any of it? But the prospect of speaking Punjabi was also pleasant. I looked forward to speaking like an Indian again. Then, too, I was relieved to think that I wouldn't have to reveal to my father right away that I now spoke English perhaps like an Arkansan; the aspiration of us colonials had been to speak English like Englishmen.

I felt my father's large hand on my shoulder through the cloth of my shirt, his arm around me in a half embrace. My concern over how we would greet each other dissolved, and I put my arm around him.

"Well done!"—those were my father's very first words, and they were in English. I wasn't sure if he was referring to how I had stepped off the airplane or to how I had got myself from Little Rock to California or to the completion of my high-school education after three years of determined study, which had involved fighting off loneliness and depression. Whatever he had in mind, his praise, in the voice as well known to me as my own childhood, filled me with shy pleasure.

He dropped his arm, and we set off, the backs of our hands touching lightly. Since leaving India, I had grown to almost his height. As we walked, we exchanged some Punjabi small talk about the flight and the weather. Just hearing Punjabi made me throw off my adolescent reserve. I found myself babbling on and laughing as I hadn't—or felt I hadn't—since I left home.

"You will be meeting Vivian Thind soon," my father was saying. "She has a wonderful, sweet nature, and when it comes to doing things for people the word 'no' is not in her vocabulary. She is an American married to a Sikh gentleman who has been in this country since 1912—he must have been one of the first Indians to settle here. It's her second marriage, but she is much younger than he. They are members of an Indo-American community, which is quite strong here in Los Angeles. They live a little in the Indian style. Almost since the time of their marriage, her parents have lived with them, and the children—Rosalind and David—honor and respect their

The Right Chemistry

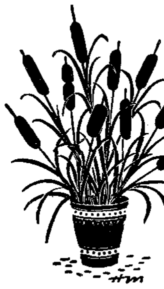
grandparents exactly as you children respect Bhabiji." Bhabiji was our paternal grandmother.

We were now in the baggage-claim area, and my father switched to English and introduced me to Mrs. Thind. The last thing I wanted was to have a third party there, but Mrs. Thind greeted me with such a gentle, kind manner that I could return her greeting with a smiling face.

We three walked to a parking lot. I noticed that Mrs. Thind called my father Dr. Mehta and he called her Vivian. There is a touch of the Indian about their friendship, I thought—the man in the saddle and the woman walking behind. But the car we got into in the parking lot was Mrs. Thind's, and it was she who got behind the steering wheel, with my father on the passenger's side, where my mother generally sat. I sat in the back. In all my life, I had never ridden with my father without his being in the driver's seat. Even when he was given an official car with a driver, he would have the driver take the back seat, and drive the car himself. He had brought us up to think that he was the best driver in the world—that with him behind the wheel we were as safe as if we were at home in bed.

My father, as if reading my thoughts, was saying that a lifetime of driving on the left had made him fear driving on the right. There was always that one-per-cent chance of turning into the wrong lane. Moreover, this was California, where people called roads "freeways," as if drivers could do anything they pleased on them. I don't like to know that he's afraid of anything, I thought. Now, in the speeding car, I concluded that there was something American about my father's friendship with Mrs. Thind, for the woman seemed to be in the saddle.

How I wish that my father and I were alone, I thought. But then I recalled that without Mrs. Thind's car we would have had to pay limousine and taxi fares, and we were poor. My father had written me a memorable letter soon after he arrived in America. In the letter, he said that he had only one change of shirt and had to wash the other by hand every night. (I myself had only a couple of changes of clothes.) Every week or two, he had to carry the rest of his laundry—sheets, towels, and the like—to a laundromat. "And this is California, which they used to say was a land 'rich in gold and precious stones,' " he had written. Although he was a visiting Fulbright professor at the medical school of the University of California at Los Angeles, it was only for a term, and the position was essentially an honorary one. (The Fulbright paid little more than the cost of his transportation to California and back.) Even if we hadn't been impoverished refugees, the exchange rate for the rupee was so low that thinking in Indian money here was little better than playing with Monopoly money. "Five hundred rupees at home goes almost as far as five hundred dollars here," he had concluded. "But when rupees are converted to dollars they lose four-fifths of their value. When I go out and spend dollars, I try to forget that I'm earning in rupees and spending in dollars, or I wouldn't be able to buy anything at all." I recalled that when I was at home he had never given a thought to money. Even after the Partition, if I asked him for five rupees for something he would give me ten. But then he had a monthly salary, and in Indian terms was as rich as a king. Now he was retired. I sat back in the car, feeling sad.



"Vivian has very kindly asked us to lunch at her charming house in Hollywood," my father said, from the front seat.

"Dr. Mehta says he can't even cook an egg," Mrs. Thind said, with a girlish laugh.

"You know the famous story about Newton," my father said. "It is said that he tried to boil an egg, but he boiled his watch and looked at the egg."

We all laughed, my father most of all. Daddyji never tires of laughing at his own stories, I thought. He has told this one ever since I can remember. I suddenly felt quite at home in Mrs. Thind's car.

AFTER lunch, Mrs. Thind was kind enough to drive us to 683½ Levering Avenue, in Westwood Village, where my father lived.

Once we were in the apartment, he put his hands on my shoulders. I could feel him looking at me. "How you've grown in three years!" He ran his hands slowly down my upper arms, pressing them and sizing them up. "You must weigh a hundred and ten pounds now."

"A hundred and five," I said, shrugging his hands off my arms. I felt guilty, but told myself that part of growing up was not liking to be examined and petted like a child.

"You still look very thin, but you're at least an inch taller," he said warmly, as if he understood why I'd needed to rebuff him. "But it is not just that. It is the confident way you walk, and the way you hold your head. I wish your mother could see you. But then if she were here she'd be after you to eat butter." He laughed.

When I was small, I was sick a good part of the time, and my mother used to force-feed me gobs of butter in a spoon, thinking that it would build up my health. I had come to loathe butter, and had fought off her attempts whenever I could. But now I found myself saying, "What do children know? Parents know best." I realized with a shock that I was expressing views in Punjabi that I no longer held when I was speaking English. Still, in the warm flow of Punjabi the awkwardness I had been feeling with him was being washed away. I didn't realize how lonely I was in Little Rock, I thought. Punjabi words linger in the ear, like the sweet notes of the violin after the bow has been drawn across the strings. How I long to go back home and fill my soul with the music of Punjabi!

"I was talking to Surinder on the telephone the other day," my father was saying. Surinder, my first cousin, was a year older than I was. He had come to America for his education a year before I had. "I spoke to him in Punjabi, and he replied in English. Surinder seems to have forgotten his mother tongue. But you are talking Punjabi as if you had never been away."

In a surge of emotion, I felt like a grateful, small child praised by an all-loving parent.

My father sat down in the only chair and started untying his shoes. "Would you like the mattress or the box spring?" he asked. He had taken the mattress off the box spring of the daybed and made two beds out of one.

I offered to take the box spring. Books, papers, and clothes were everywhere. The hundreds of slides and files he had brought along to help him give talks were spread out on a small table and on the beds and on the floor. The apartment had the disorderly feeling of a student's quarters. At home, Mamaji would pick up after

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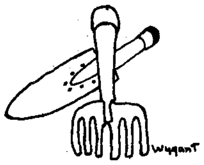
him, I thought. There would be a servant to make things fall magically into place. But here there seems to be no place to put anything away, not even a dressing gown. I thought of our three-story house in pre-Partition days in Lahore. Now here we were in a depressing little one-room apartment in a section of a vast, anonymous city with, as far as I had been able to tell, neither a center nor a discernible boundary. I felt a pang for my father—a pang for myself. Yet while I was having these feelings my father was pointing to the apartment's comforts, like hot running water and a refrigerator. (In our house in Lahore, we had only a small *hammam* for heating water and an ice chest to keep food fresh.) He seemed genuinely proud to have his own place where we could both stay.



"Would you like a cup of tea?" he asked. At home, we were not allowed to go near tea or coffee—drinking either was considered a bad habit. Chachi Subhadran, Surinder's mother and my aunt, drank sixteen cups of tea a day to my mother's two or three, and people in the family spoke of her as if she were an opium addict. I had never tasted hot tea (iced tea, which I had tried for the first time in Little Rock, didn't seem to count, because it was served to us in the summer with meals, like cold milk).

"Yes, please," I said. He put the kettle on to boil.

There was no kitchen, just a hot plate on top of a waist-high refrigerator. My father made me some weak tea with lemon, and we sat down and had tea together.

I asked him how his teaching was going.

"There's not much teaching as such," he said. "Just occasional lectures." He tried out on me an idea for a lecture, "Longer Lives in India Through Modern Medicine," that he was planning to give at the medical school. We started talking about all the changes that had taken place in India since I left. It all made me feel very grown up.

I was amused when after tea, to save his hands, my father, whom I had never known to wash dishes before, stuck a cake of soap on a fork and applied it to the cups and saucers. I tried to take over the job, but discovered that his method didn't work for me: I had difficulty knowing whether I had got the soap off the dishes without feeling them, and that defeated the whole idea of the fork.

After the chore was finished, my hands felt wet and empty. I sat down on the box spring. I stood up. I walked back and forth between the front door and the bathroom door, along the foot of the beds. I tried out the mattress and sat down again on the box spring.

My father picked up a pamphlet and started reading to me a passage about the new Five-Year Plan for India.

"You know, I applied for admission to Columbia," I blurted out, interrupting him. "Well, they've rejected me." I had trouble getting the word "rejected" out, but I knew that the longer I waited the harder it would be to own up to my failure. I've been getting rejections from schools in England and America since I was seven, I thought. Why does this rejection rankle so much? It must be because it puts in doubt the quality of my Arkansas education and its value, after all the money my father has spent on it. Counting transportation from India, he must have already spent more money than he ever earned in a year—more money than he spent on my three big sisters' education from kindergarten through college. "The school has appealed to the admissions authorities to reconsider, and they said they would," I added, trying to take the edge off the bad news.

"I took your Columbia admission for granted—I was hoping for a scholarship for you," my father said. "What happened?"

"I think it was mainly my scores on the College Board tests," I said. "I wasn't prepared for them, and the testing people didn't send me a Braille copy. But now they say there's no point in my retaking them."

"Oh," he said, sounding like my discouraged heart. But, as always, he was quick to rally. "When the Columbia people meet you and talk to you in person, they'll admit you right away, and give you a scholarship, too," he said. "You can take it from me. I went off to London without an admission, against all advice, and got myself admitted to University College just by going around and calling on a couple of people. We Mehtas make an excellent personal impression."

He doesn't know what it's like here, I thought. He's still thinking in terms of the British Raj, where it was a matter of getting in touch with this person, pulling that string. I had always looked up to him, felt inferior to him, but I now savored—if fleetingly—a sense of superiority. Still, I recalled that I was in America on a student visa. I had to attend college or leave the country. I calculated that the cost of a year in college for me would be three thousand dollars—two thousand for tuition, room, and board and a thousand to pay readers, since most of the books would have to be read aloud to me. The B.A. degree, therefore, was at least twelve thousand dollars away, and that didn't take into account board and lodging for summer vacations. A year or so earlier, after he passed the age of fifty-five—the age of mandatory retirement in the government service—my father had been forced to retire from his post of deputy director-general of health services in India. He now had no foreseeable prospect of work, and I wondered whether I might not have to go back home.

"How can I possibly stay in this country? Even if I got admitted to some college, we don't have the wherewithal."

"Of course, it sometimes looks discouraging," he said. "But things have a way of working themselves out."

MY father was about the only person from home who had written to me regularly in America, but over the last year or so his letters to me in Arkansas had grown sketchy. He was used to dictating letters to a shorthand typist in his office, but on his retirement he had lost the use of office and staff, and had to write everything by hand. Instead of long, typed letters, I had lately received brief aerograms, containing only tantalizing morsels of information. Then, suddenly, he was writing from Geneva on his way to Los Angeles, and giving me a date when he would visit me in Little Rock. And then, just as suddenly, he was in Washington, D.C., but was completely tied up, and soon he headed off to Ceylon, leaving me more curious and frustrated than ever. His changes of plan, his saying one thing and doing another, his lack of explanations were all very uncharacteristic.

"Every time I got one of those brief, wretched aerograms from you in Little Rock, I wondered what, exactly, was going on," I said later that first afternoon, as I was stuffing our dirty laundry into a pillowcase. "I thought I would never get to see you. I thought there would be a third world war, and you would be stuck somewhere on the other side of the world and I would be stranded in America."

My father's laugh came through the open door of the bathroom, where he was changing into street clothes from pajamas, which he had put on for an afternoon nap. "You're just like me—being carried away by your own imaginings."

"I suppose I've never got over how Pearl Harbor ruined your original plans to send me to America for my schooling when I was seven."

"Man proposes, but God disposes," he said, emerging from the bathroom. He picked up his felt hat, I picked up the laundry, and we set out.

WE reached the neighborhood laundromat my father frequented. It was a stuffy little hole of a place, with three or four machines whirring and spinning and giving off infernal heat. Its lone attendant was a Chinese woman, who took the laundry from me and put it on the scale.

"As always, no folding, Madame," my father said, with a twinkle in his voice.

"Only a quarter extra for folding, Doctor," she said mechanically.

"But, Madame, as you know, we are refugees."

"Customer always right, Doctor."

The good-natured exchange was carried on like a movie routine, my father speaking loud and clear, as if he were lecturing, and the Chinese woman speaking so softly that she could hardly be heard over the din.

Back on the street, my father said to me, "Every time I think of spending money here, in my mind I translate it into rupees. The good lady wanted only a quarter for folding our clothes. Yet for that—a little more than a rupee—our washerman would hand-wash and hand-iron, pick up and deliver the clothes, and salaam in thanks. One really has to earn here in order to spend here. Otherwise, America seems like a country for kings or robbers."

We laughed, and continued walking, this time to another Chinese establishment to pick up some take-out food.

"Where exactly is the family living now?" I asked. At retirement, my father had had to surrender his official residence.

"Luckily, none of you children are with us at the moment. Your mother and I are carrying on as best we can at Dwarka's."

Uncle Dwarka was my mother's brother. He, Auntie Santosh, and their

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three daughters lived in Old Delhi, in a dilapidated rented house, which had been put up as a temporary structure for the festivities of the Durbar of 1911 but had escaped demolition because of the housing shortage created by the First World War and its aftermath. My father's letters had often mentioned the deficiencies of the house. Its roof was in such disrepair that during the monsoon buckets were placed on the floor to catch the rainwater, and shards of lime dropped as a matter of course off the walls and ceilings. But Uncle Dwarka was one of our few relations who had settled outside West Punjab. He had therefore escaped the ravages of the Partition; he and his family were lucky to have a roof over their heads at all. My maternal grandparents, and my other maternal uncle, Lakshman, and his wife and their two sons—all refugees, like my family—had already taken permanent shelter with them. No matter how crowded the house got, Uncle Dwarka and Auntie Santosh seemed always to be able to welcome one more person. Their generosity seemed to have no limit.

"Where does everybody sleep at Uncle Dwarka's?" I asked. "If I remember, the whole house has only three or four bedrooms."

"We Indians somehow always manage," my father said. "That's the beauty of it all. Here we are at my Chinese-food haunt."

We walked into a small, crowded, smoke-filled kitchenlike place. I had all but forgotten that we'd come out to get some food. Now that I remembered it, I was ravenous. But I couldn't help coughing—choking with the smoke.

"It's wretched here," my father said in Punjabi, "but I come here because it's about the only place in the whole of Westwood Village where no tip is expected." At home, he leaves double the tip of anyone else, I thought.

Like the laundromat, the kitchen had only one attendant—a Chinese man, who seemed to be taking food orders, cooking behind a counter, packing the food for take-out, and ringing it up at the cash register, all at the same time.

My father read me the short menu on the wall, and when our turn came we asked for one egg roll, one order of vegetable fried rice, and one order of chicken with cashew nuts and bean sprouts.

"Two fortune cookies," the Chinese attendant said, throwing them into the bag, ringing up the order on the cash register, and turning back to the stove in one quick motion.

My father counted out nickels, dimes, and pennies, and laid the exact change on the counter.

"O.K.?" he asked the Chinese attendant.

"O.K., you leave there," the man called over his shoulder.

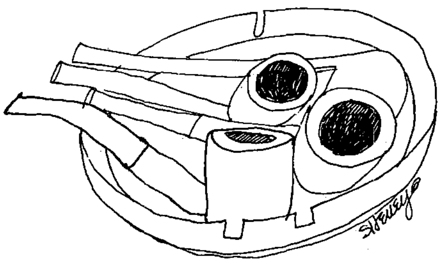
"Please count the money for yourself," my father said.

He wants to make sure he won't be taken for a thief, I thought, suddenly feeling ashamed. In my heightened sensitivity, I felt that our whole way of life was now diminished. My father and I had to hole up in one cramped room, carry our laundry through the streets, save a quarter by folding it ourselves, eat take-out meals on the cheap—count nickels and dimes. Even the life at the state school in backward Arkansas seemed luxurious in comparison. At least there, after the tuition, room, and board had been paid, I didn't have to think about how the laundry got done, how much the food cost. Since the money came in the form of bank drafts, I had been shielded from knowledge of how it had been got together, at what sacrifice. But now there would be daily reminders that my father had become a pensioner at an early age, with four children still to support, and that we belonged to the world's population of impoverished refugees.

"Just leave there," the Chinese attendant repeated. I picked up the bag of food, and we left. On the street, walking with my father, touching and not touching his hand, being close but independent revived my spirits a little.

In the apartment, my father sat on the chair, I sat on the box springs, and we ate our dinner, mostly in silence. At the end, I broke open one of the fortune cookies and gave my father the little slip of paper to read. "Like you, I'm not at all superstitious," I said, "but before you go on with the story of your retirement I want to hear my fortune."

"Of course. I'm eager to know my fortune, too. You might say we are two professed atheists in a foxhole under fire, saying our prayers just in case." He read, "It is foolish to be poor and wise to be rich." The fortune was so uncannily on target that we both broke into uncontrollable laughter. He barely managed to take a breath to read out his own fortune: "One hand can't clap."



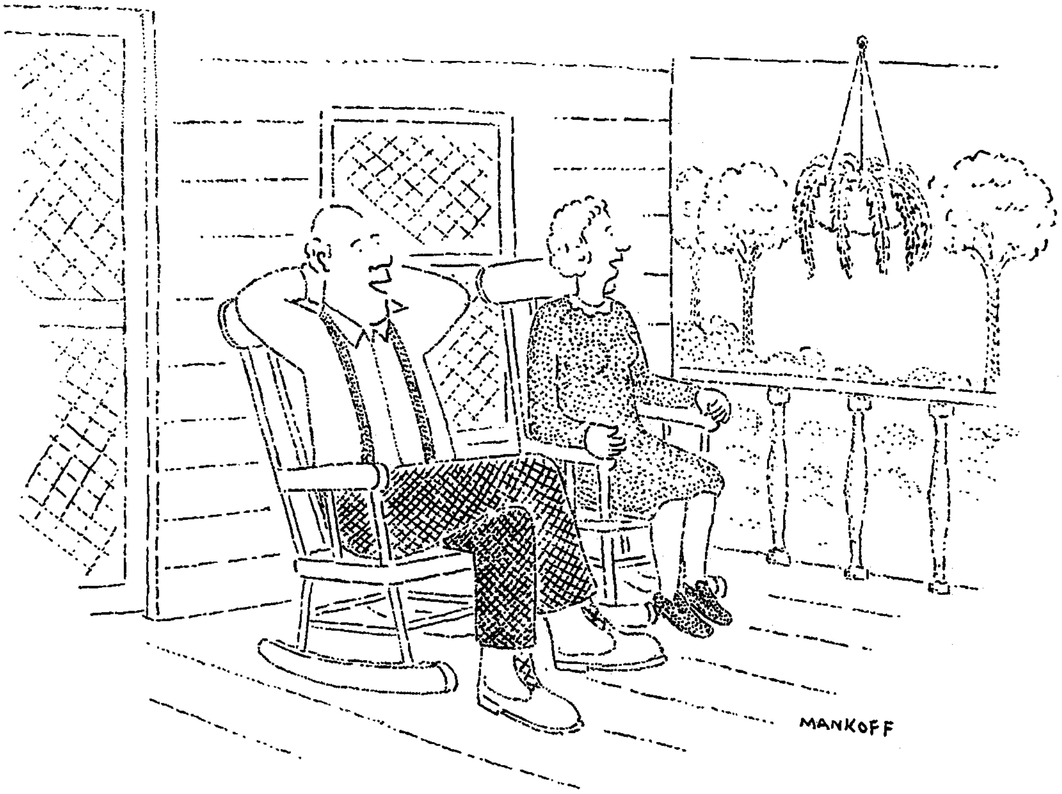
"I HAVE approached many Indian government officials and foundation officials, pleading with them to give you financial aid on humanitarian grounds, but the pity is that our country is so poor, with so many needy people, that nobody has time for the problems of any one person," my father said one evening. "Our best hope is right here in America."

"But there is no time to get me a scholarship before the colleges open in September. How will we manage?"

"You leave it to me—I've always managed," he said, as cheerfully as if he were anticipating a big win at the card table. "After all, people who come to America do extremely well. Maybe I'll make some money lecturing to Americans. Maybe I'll get a medical job in America, and even build up some capital. Maybe I will meet a rich American. Maybe I'll do something in India. Maybe I will start a practice in England."

I had heard him talk like this for years. His letters to me in America had been full of such talk. As a child, I had unquestioningly believed him, but now, to my grownup ears, the talk sounded like just dreams, pure dreams. I wanted to point out that it would take some years for him to build himself up as a lecturer, if he could do it at all; that to get a job in America he would have to immigrate, and only a handful of Indian immigrants were allowed in any one year; that in India he was considered an old man; that he had never done private practice, and, anyway, would need money to establish a practice anywhere. But something in me stopped me from saying anything.

That night, I stayed awake on my box spring worrying. I heard my father toss and turn on his mattress. I pretended to be asleep, breathing deeply and listening for his loud, regular snoring, for which he was famous among us children. I recalled what a rare treat it had been to sleep in the room with him, because his snoring always had the effect of lulling me to sleep. I waited, but there was no sound from his mattress. He's awake, I



"This is the life, eh?"

thought. He's pretending, like me.

We had gone to bed at ten, and some four hours later he said abruptly, as if we had been talking the whole time, "Three years ago, who would have thought that we two would be in the States together, sleeping in our own apartment? In India, the average life expectancy of people is little more than thirty. Here I am, almost twice that age, planning a new career. How fortunate we are!"

I was struck yet again by his optimistic nature. He has always had a way of carrying us along with him, I thought. I felt reassured in spite of myself.

"Your daddy has always been solvent," he was saying. "Besides, as Bhabiji used to say, 'Money is dirt of the hands.' The sooner it's got rid of the better."

I thought of all of us children who were still dependent on him, and would be for many years to come. I could have wept for my father. I turned my face to the wall.

"One must have faith in the future, and not think too much about money," he said, turning to the wall on his side. "It's only dirt of the hands." Soon he was snoring, and I, too, was fast asleep.

Years later, I asked my father if he had ever felt despondent in those days about not having money. "Not for very long," he said. "Whenever I did, something would happen that would give me a lift." He said he remembered once writing a letter that ended on a despondent note to an old college friend famous for irrepressible high spirits. He read me his friend's reply, in Urdu, which had made him feel his lighthearted self again.

> My Beloved Friend,
>
> Thanks immensely for your kind letter. My excitement at perusing it, however, turned into pain at the close, when you hinted at the ebb of your happiness. No, my friend, life is not as good as the poets sing it to be, but then it isn't as sordid as the cynics say it to be, either. You and I had superb training in the school of poverty, and our penurious background ought to make us smile in derision at fools who attach value to goods of this world. Lakshmi, goddess of wealth, is a faithless hussy, constant only in inconstancy, now jilting this one and now making up to that one. I tell you, the aids to our living are all within us. We should hitch our lives to a star and have nothing to do with the filth at our feet. Cheer up, my friend, and acquire your old resilience of youth. In 1911, 1912, and 1913, you were one of the most buoyant of lads up north, and a little bit of that tensility and springiness ought to see you through the remaining years of your worldly existence.
>
> So, my friend, let me not hear any more doleful notes from your lips, always known for their enchanting smiles.

MUCH of the first month I was with my father in Los Angeles was spent trying to obtain scholarship money from local foundations, state agencies, or individual philanthropists. This involved filling out endless forms picked up from the offices or homes of various people we met or were introduced to. The forms wanted my father to list the year and make of each of his automobiles, his stocks and bonds, his real-estate holdings, his insurance policies, the addresses of his banks and brokers and his account numbers with them, and the sources of his spouse's income. They wanted to know the amounts of his first-mortgage payments, second-mortgage payments, alimony payments, the taxes he owed, his Social Security number. They wanted him to set out his assets against his liabilities, his total income against his total expenditures, in order to determine our exact financial need. He and I would struggle over the answers, fearing that if we filled up all the columns of cramped blanks following dollar signs with "Not applicable," or "Nil," or "These questions are meant for Americans, and we are Indians," we would jeopardize my chances of obtaining financial help. And yet the questions seemed as appropriate to our circumstances as vulgar jokes in a tragic play. Still, they did make us laugh, providing us with some comic relief from our plight.

Fortunately, many of the forms invited the applicant to "attach letter if necessary," and my father took full advantage of the opportunity. "So long as I remained in service and an earning hand, I continued to pay for the education of my blind son," he read out to me when he had finished a draft of one of the first letters. "His educational expenses from 1949 to 1952, taking into account the devaluation of the Indian rupee which occurred soon after he came to the U.S.A., have amounted to no less than Rs. 35,000, an equivalent of about seven thousand U.S.A. dollars. It has been a joy to pay for his education. He made the best of his opportunity and

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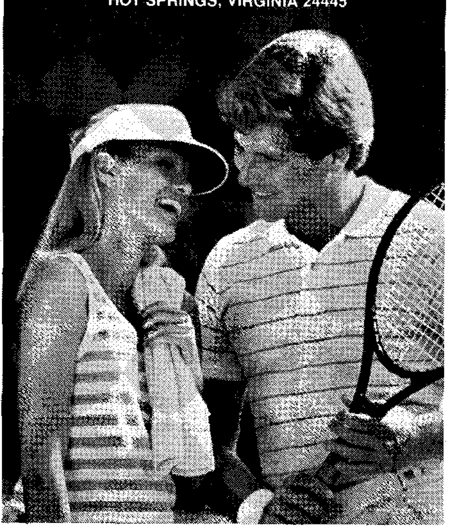

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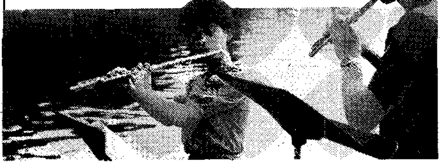


finished four years of high school in three years. But now I find myself unable to give him any support. I pity myself for that. I do hope and pray that you, sir, will recognize his merit and give him the opportunity of higher education which he so well deserves."

He sat in the chair, at the small table, while I sat on the box spring, listening with the ears of the hypercritical teen-ager that I was, squirming at practically every sentence. "I don't want you to harp on my handicap, and things like that," I said. "It's never been in our character to play on people's pity." Worrying that there might be a note of disrespect in my voice, I added, "It all sounds too fatherly, when they probably want cold facts."

"As a father, I'm only taking pride in your achievement. And we have to get them to take a personal interest in you."

I sat there burning with embarrassment but not knowing how to write a better letter.

He went on reading from the draft: "It may not be out of place here to give you a background picture of Ved's family—the rest of my children. I have seven children (four daughters and three sons), ranging from the age of twenty-five to eight years. The eldest and the third (both girls) are now married; the second, also a girl, has just taken an M.A. degree in social work and has found a job as a medical social worker in the steel town of Jamshedpur, in Bihar, with a salary equivalent to fifty U.S.A. dollars per mensem. I am glad she will be self-supporting at least for the time being, but I still have the responsibility of providing her with a dowry and marrying her off. My oldest son, nineteen, is in Bombay studying marine engineering, my youngest daughter, fifteen, and youngest son, eight, are at boarding schools up in the hills, and they and my wife are entirely dependent upon me."

The entire paragraph seemed to me somehow wrong, but I fastened on the point that seemed most obviously wrong, out of place, and asked my father why he had to tell them so much about Sister Nimi and her degree and her job in Jamshedpur.

"It's a feather in the cap of our family."

"But *she's* not applying."

"Take it from me, Nimi is a good advertisement for the kind of stock we come from. They have to know what a good, progressive family we are—that you're a chip off the old block, that you're a good investment."

Feeling that perhaps I was in the wrong and he knew best, I tried to make a joke. "It looks as if I were applying for a loan from the International Bank." He had been a public-health adviser to the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development.

He laughed. "But philanthropists are no different from the International Bank. They want to know that the person they might give money to is deserving, that he will be productive, make a contribution to society—reflect well on them."

I held my tongue, and he read on: "As a result of the painful Partition of India, my family and I became refugees, also known as 'displaced persons.' If I had ever envisaged the Partition of India, I would certainly have taken good care not to raise such a big family. Nor would I have put all my eggs in the same basket in the shape of a very valuable house—now in Pakistan—which we had to leave with very little compensation. However, one has to submit to such historic events in the life of nations and to gracefully accept God's will. But the truth is, we find it really hard to make the two ends meet." He paused, and said, "Perhaps I should mention my first prize in the population essay contest here."

"Oh, no, not that," I burst out. "I don't think you should apologize for the number of your children, either."

"In a way, I agree, but in countries with a higher standard of living people go in for smaller families, and the question of why I have so many dependents is bound to come up, especially if the philanthropist should get to know about my interest in population control. They have to be reminded that you children were all born in a different time, when conditions of life were very different."

I thought maybe he was right, and said so.

He read on: "I had a distinguished academic career as a medical student. I was awarded honors, certificates, and medals for standing first in surgery, forensic medicine, and toxicology. I took the degree of M.B., B.S. from Punjab University in 1920. It is registrable in the United Kingdom. I followed this up with postgraduate studies in England. There I received a Diploma in Tropical Medicine and

Hygiene from the School of Tropical Medicine at University College, London, and a Diploma in Public Health from the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons. In 1921, I returned to India to join the newly created public-health department of the Punjab, my home province. Early in my service, I was selected as one of the first fellows of the International Health Board of the Rockefeller Foundation, and that gave me an opportunity to visit the U.S.A. and various European countries and study public-health problems. I served the government for some thirty years, during which I was selected for various other honors and posts of responsibility. My most recent assignment was a short-term paid appointment with a mission of the International Bank. Our study and report on Ceylon will be published in the form of a book, 'Economic Development of Ceylon,' and will be available from the Johns Hopkins Press in this country and from Oxford in England, at the price of seven dollars and fifty cents."

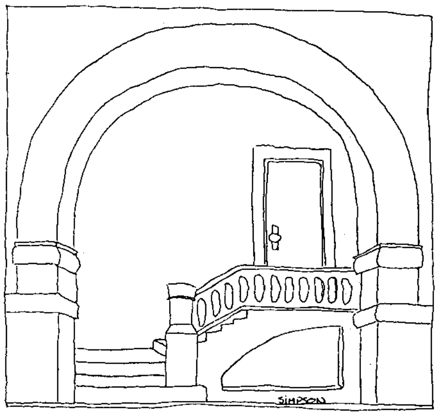
"It sounds as if *you* were applying for something."

"But they have to know what kind of people we are—what kind of stock you come from," he said, repeating the familiar theme.

Thereafter, every application we sent out was accompanied by some version of that letter.

MANY of the people who played host to us were Indian men with American wives, and many of these Indians spoke English so badly and had such rustic manners that it was hard to imagine that they could have done well in an Indian city. Yet in Los Angeles they all seemed to be rich and prominent. They all had two or three cars. I couldn't get over the fact that one had only to touch a button in a car like theirs and the window would automatically glide up or down. Their houses were on many levels. They had special, built-in rooms for bars. I couldn't imagine how there could be so many kinds of drinks that people needed a whole room for them. The rugs were so thick that one practically sank into them. And they had vacuum cleaners, something I had never heard of before. (At the Arkansas school, there were no rugs, and we had used brooms and mops.) Many of them seemed to have American social secretaries and live-in European servants. The idea of Europeans waiting on Indians seemed odd.

We had been brought up to think that dignity and respectability and reputation were worth more than all the money in the world. Whenever we children admired a friend who lived in a bigger house, was better clothed, came to school in a chauffeur-driven car, our father would say, "No amount of money can buy the respect that goes with government service." We felt almost sorry for children whose parents were not in government service—whose parents were building contractors or cloth merchants. Now, in Los Angeles, my father paid no attention to the trappings of money all around us, but I was intimidated by them and felt like an unwanted poor relation. I couldn't forget that their pin money would be enough to see me through college. Some of them had family foundations, and I always imagined they were scrutinizing me for a grant, especially since my father never failed to bring up the subjects of my financial need for college and my various achievements. I felt a little like a Hollywood child being paraded by his parent in front of talent scouts. On such occasions, I would feel first humiliated, then angry, then hopeless—loving my father for putting himself through what I considered to be demeaning situations for my sake, and, at the same time, hating the fact that such situations were part of our lot. I was continually amazed by the fact that my father didn't share any of my feelings, and conducted himself in the richest of rich houses as if he were a maharaja and I a prince. As far as I was concerned, the only thing to be said for these outings was that we were fed the most sumptuous meals, whereas when we were left to find our own meals we generally picked up Chinese take-out food or hamburgers and ate them sitting on our makeshift beds, with the problem of disposing of the smelly wrappings and leftover condiments looming large in my head. Wherever we put the bag of garbage, it was in the way.



I remember that on one of my first days in Los Angeles I happened to mention to a neighbor of my father's that I very much missed listening to music; my radio-phonograph combination, along with a few records and some other things I owned, was being kept for me back at the school until I knew where I would be living. The neighbor immediately lent me his old phonograph and presented me with a recording of Offenbach's "La Vie Parisienne." I played it again and again—I had no other record, and we couldn't afford to buy one. I think that at first I waited for my father to tell me to switch off the machine. But he said nothing. He read and I daydreamed, or we talked, but the record played on, automatically repeating itself, the lively melodies pouring out into the little apartment all day long, like the cascading bells of some supernatural clock telling me that I was marking time, that, as so often before, I was being left behind like a pair of discarded party slippers while the world danced merrily on.

DR. JACOBUS TENBROEK, who lived in Berkeley, was one of the best-known blind people in the country in the nineteen-fifties. He had made it possible for dozens of blind students in California to go to college. There was no person I could think of who could better help me get a scholarship. When my father and I got an offer of a ride to Berkeley, we called Dr. tenBroek, were given an appointment, and, one cool, rainy afternoon, arrived at his doorstep.

I had often come across facts about Dr. tenBroek's life in Braille publications, and I had been inspired by them. When Jacobus was seven years old, he and a friend were playing with a bow and arrow, there was an accident, and he eventually lost the sight in one eye. Good medical attention was apparently not available in rural Alberta, where he grew up, and by the time he was fourteen he had lost the sight in the other eye through sympathetic ophthalmia. His parents moved to California, so that Jacobus could attend the California School for the Blind. He graduated from there and went on to receive a bachelor's degree and a couple of law degrees, from the University of California at Berkeley. Later, he earned an S.J.D. from Harvard. The most successful blind people were known to be lawyers, and

I myself had often thought of studying for a law degree. But tenBroek had never practiced law. Instead—disappointingly, I thought—he had devoted his energies to rhetoric (he was now a professor in the Speech Department of Cal, as the state university at Berkeley was called) and to work for the National Federation of the Blind, an organization he had helped to found, in 1940. By the time I came to know of him, he had been president of the federation for some years, and he was a frequent contributor to its literature. He wrote as if he were at war with all other organizations for the blind, contending that they raised money in the name of the blind and did welfare work for the blind but carried on their activities only in the spirit of "custodial care," while his organization was "of the blind, by the blind, and for the blind," in the American democratic tradition. He no doubt had a point, but I thought that if I were in his place I would have aspired to be King of the Mountain rather than King of the Valley of the Blind. After all, Roosevelt had not passed up the chance to be President in order to dedicate his life to polio victims. But when I mentioned my reservations about Dr. tenBroek my father pointed out, "He's only human."

Now my father was gazing up incredulously at the tenBroek house. Standing boldly on a hillside, it loomed four stories high, and looked like a fortress. It was hard for me to imagine that a blind person could be so prosperous in the first place, and then flaunt his prosperity in such an unapologetic, almost aggressive way.

The door was opened by a sighted woman of about forty—Mrs. tenBroek. She led us up some flights of stairs.

My father remarked on how impregnable the house seemed.

"Our foundation walls are thick because they used to house a rock-crushing machine," she said. "We live near a quarry."

"How did you come to live in this house?" I asked.

"We lived in an apartment for ten years, but Chick, my husband, got tired of it," she said. "He wanted elbow room, and he discovered this house." The idea that Dr. tenBroek was nicknamed Chick and that he had picked out a four-story house for "elbow room" made me want to laugh out loud.

A blast of heat from a huge fire hit us when we entered the living room, as if this were the dead of winter instead of just a wet summer day. It was a long walk to the fireplace, where the big fire snapped and crackled, and which seemed to be as tall as I was, and I almost stumbled, because I hadn't realized that the room was on two levels.

"Here is Chick," Mrs. tenBroek said, having led us to a chair at the side of the fireplace.

"You say your father has money problems, so Cal is the place for you," he said, without hesitation. "It's a state university, and tuition here is free. For you, since you're not a resident of California, there will be a small tuition charge. But I can fix that. And, given your record, you don't have to worry about getting in. Admission for you will be automatic. I'll see to it."

My father mentioned the problem of my vacations—where would I stay, what would I do with myself with no classes to go to and with no money to go home to India? Additional money would have to be found to cover my living expenses during the summers. "That's one area in which I can't help you—I don't think anyone can," Dr. tenBroek said, and he went on, "But did anybody tell you that California has the best state educational system and the best state education for the blind in the country? It's about the only state with a special law permitting any resident blind student in any college to receive state aid of seven hundred and fifty dollars a year for readers. Readers generally get seventy-five cents an hour. That means that each blind student in California gets a thousand free hours of reading per academic year. How can you be so foolish as to think about going East—going to Columbia?"

He had a big voice, and as he talked I had what in retrospect I can only call an attack of envy—envy of his house, of his fireplace, of his voice—and a feeling that I couldn't have any of these things, even when I grew older, because I wasn't born in the West, and because I would never have a wife to raise my children (the tenBroeks had three) and to look after the house. I had met married blind people before, but never a blind family man. And Dr. tenBroek radiated power and successful social adjustment—the ultimate goal of education for the blind.

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But he was talking on, the words tumbling out of his mouth; he seemed a born rhetorician. "Here at Cal, you could do some important work for our National Federation of the Blind," he was saying.

I had another attack, this time of fear—fear of being in somebody's shadow. I didn't want to be anybody's acolyte, and certainly not a blind man's, however brilliant and generous the blind man might be. I wanted to be free of blind people, free of their organizations and schools, free of their special cares and special-interest groups—indeed, free of the very word "blind," of my own blindness. Getting involved with the blind in any way seemed like a backward, almost degrading step. In retrospect, this reaction strikes me as childish, adolescent, perverse—how could I ever have hoped to be free of my own blindness? But at the time I was in the grip of a fantasy that I would be done with blindness if I could only join an ordinary college in the ordinary, sighted world. I longed to compete with sighted students as if I were one of them, without any special dispensation, and prove that I could beat them on their own terms.

"Cal is too big for me," I said, fastening on one of many objections that rose within me. "I'd rather go to a smaller, private, residential college, like Stanford or Pomona." I had heard that these were two of the best private colleges in California.

"I have no patience with private education," Dr. tenBroek said. "Public education is the backbone of democracy. If you go to a private college, you'll have to go it alone."

To my horror, I found myself saying, "Then I'll go it alone." My father reached over and pressed my hand, as if to say that I should hold my tongue.

The fire was so hot that I pushed my chair back a few inches. Mrs. tenBroek came back into the room. "I've just made a fresh pitcher of iced tea," she said. "Would you care for some?"

She had the baby in her arms, and was trailed by a seven-year-old boy and a four-year-old girl.

We all accepted her offer, and when she returned with the tea my father asked her the question that had been at the top of my mind from the beginning of our visit—how she and Dr. tenBroek had met.

"It will sound strange to you, but we met on a blind date," she said, with a laugh. "We were both about twenty-five. We were married six months later to the day."

"It was love at first sight," Dr. tenBroek said, with a chuckle. The jokes about a "blind date" and "love at first sight" irked me. I felt I was back at the school for the blind, where people often cracked such inside jokes, as if jokes could mitigate the pain of blindness.

"Hazel has been my right arm ever since," Dr. tenBroek was saying. "I don't know what I would do without her. She reads to me every morning before the children wake up."

"As the children came along and we had more and more to do, we've had to get up earlier every day to get all the reading done that Chick needs."

As we were leaving, Dr. tenBroek repeated, "If you come to Cal, I'll do everything I can for you."

"I'll think it over," I said.

On the street, I felt oddly light-headed, as a man might who had been inside a lion's cage and come out unmauled.

"He should be a great example to you," my father said. "He's a remarkable man."

"He is," I said. "But I'm different."

To my relief, my father dropped the subject of Dr. tenBroek, and said, "I agree with you that you would be lost in a big, anonymous university. We should now make personal visits to Pomona and Stanford and see if they'll take you there. That is aiming higher than our advisers wish us to. But then aiming high is in our character."

MRS. THIND drove my father and me to Claremont, a small town some twenty-eight miles due east of Los Angeles, to visit Pomona College. The town couldn't have had more than a few thousand residents, and I remember that we were both much impressed by the feel of the place—by its quiet atmosphere, by its eucalyptus and pepper trees, by the inscriptions on the college gates, which we felt might have been written with us in mind: "Let only the eager, thoughtful, and reverent enter here" and "They only are loyal to this college who, departing, bear their added riches in trust for mankind."

While my father and Mrs. Thind waited in the outer office, I went in to see the dean of admissions, J. Edward Sanders.

"What are your interests? What do you plan to do after college?" Dean Sanders asked, rather mechanically.

"I don't know. I'm interested in journalism, but maybe I will have to become a lawyer to earn my living. All successful blind people seem to end up as lawyers. But that requires a lot of study and money. Without a scholarship or a loan, I could never acquire that profession."

"I should tell you right away that the formal deadline for filing admission applications was in March," Dean Sanders said. "All the freshman places have already been filled up. I wish we'd heard from you earlier. The competition is keen. We have to turn away three applicants for every one we admit." I'd never seriously entertained the idea of ending up at Pomona, but now that Dean Sanders seemed to be telling me I couldn't I wanted to go there more than anything. I had only to sense hurdles and I became determined to jump them.

"What school did you go to—Arkansas School for the Blind?" he asked now. "Wasn't your superintendent a Mr. Woolly? I think I taught his brother, John, when I was in the Education Department of Hendrix, in Arkansas. The Woollys seemed like decent, intelligent people."

I told him that Mr. J. M. Woolly was indeed the superintendent of the Arkansas School for the Blind, and asked him if he himself was from Arkansas.

"I'm from Arkansas as sure as I'm sitting here."

Dean Sanders picked up the telephone and asked a Mrs. Morrison to place a long-distance call to Mr. Woolly for him. A moment or so later, he was saying, "Hello, Max, this is Sandy Sanders, out at Pomona. How are you? . . . Good to hear your voice, too. I have Ved Mehta here, who wants to come to Pomona. What can you tell me about the young man, Max?"

I don't know what I'd expected from the interview, but I certainly hadn't imagined that Dean Sanders and Mr. Woolly would be talking to each other with me in the room. I was at once fascinated and frightened, and

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I was so overwrought that I didn't take in much of the conversation.

Dean Sanders hung up and turned to me. "Mr. Woolly tells me you have good habits, you get along with everybody, and you're diligent. He can't say enough good things about you. He says when you came to his school you were raw material, but when you left you were a finished product, guaranteed to do well in college. You sound like just the kind of young man we want to have at Pomona. Besides, we've never had an Indian student, and it would be educational for our students to have you around. Of course, you'll have to put in a formal application. You'll need to write an essay on why you want to come to Pomona, and get Mr. Woolly to send us your transcript and two letters of reference. Then I'll have to put your application before our admissions committee. But I've never known them to turn me down if I really want someone. And, boy, I'd like you to come here. Do you think you'll be able to pay your way here? Pomona is a pretty expensive place. We can't possibly give you any financial aid, at least in the first year."

"I think my father will be able to manage it," I said boldly. I was now counting on my father's being able to make some provision somehow, and, anyway, I didn't want to jeopardize my chances for admission by dwelling on our financial need.

Back in the car with my father and Mrs. Thind, I began to have doubts about going to Pomona. Dean Sanders' eagerness to have me made me feel that perhaps I didn't want to go there after all. As always, I was challenged by a steeplechase but balked at the bridle path. Mrs. Thind and my father, however, dwelt on the advantages of Pomona and Claremont. Claremont seemed small, friendly, and self-contained, free of the industry and heavy smog that burdened Los Angeles, and yet it could call on the cultural riches not only of Los Angeles, with its Hollywood Bowl, but also of Pasadena.

"I'm all for your going to Pomona," my father said. "There's a lot of pioneering spirit in Southern California. Look at how well all our Indian friends here are doing. People tell me that it may be America's last frontier, where people like us can still make good."

"But to me Pomona seems small and provincial, like the Arkansas school," I said. "I think I would be happier in a somewhat bigger, more cosmopolitan place. I really want to go to Stanford."

"I HAVE found a cure for cancer, Dr. Mehta," said Mr. Vidya (that's not his real name) as he was driving us to meet Rixford Snyder, the director of admissions at Stanford. Mr. Vidya, who was a graduate of Stanford and a teacher there, was a fellow-Punjabi to whom we had had an introduction. He had helped me get an interview with Mr. Snyder.

"Then you are bound to get the Nobel Prize—it will be a feather in our country's cap," my father said.

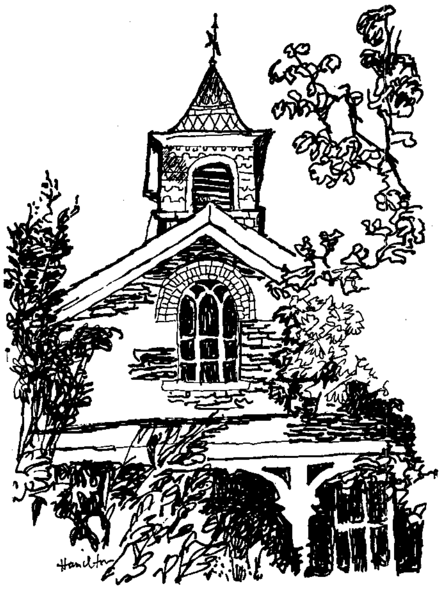
"No, it will be a feather in Stanford's cap," Mr. Vidya said. "Everything I have in my coconut I learned at Stanford. You will see—when my cure for cancer gets to be well known, this will be the most famous university in the world. Harvard and Oxford will bow to it, as our disciples of old bowed to their gurus."

As we were driving around the campus, my father observed that Stanford reminded him partly of a Western-movie set and partly of a little Mediterranean town. "It's very different from Pomona, but it has a charm all its own," he said.

"It's the charm of brainpower," Mr. Vidya said.

As soon as we had been shown into the director's office and had shaken his hand, my father withdrew, saying, with a wide smile in his voice, "Mr. Snyder, he's all yours." My father tried to get Mr. Vidya to follow him out, but Mr. Vidya sat down and made himself at home.

"Stanford is a private university, and since we're able to pick and choose our students the competition here is very tough," Mr. Snyder said. He talked about Stanford much as Dean Sanders had talked about Pomona. "Even the top students from the best schools often just scrape by with a C average here."



"And *they* can see," Mr. Vidya put in.

"I think I will be able to average better than a C," I said. "I can work very hard, and can put in long hours."

Like Dean Sanders, Mr. Snyder told me that although applications had formally closed months earlier he would consider an application from me, and asked me to apply. The requirements were more or less the same as those for Pomona.

WHILE we waited to see at which college I might be accepted, we followed up on leads for financial aid which friends and acquaintances gave us, visiting a number of small private foundations and civic clubs. My father would do most of the talking, and then I would perform—tell how I'd got myself admitted to the Arkansas school, how I'd come to America alone, and how well I'd done at the school. Nothing came of our efforts. Sometimes I was disqualified from receiving aid on technicalities—the local Rotary Club sponsored only foreign students who were not already in the United States. Sometimes I was reprimanded for wanting too much—why did I have to go to a private college, which cost a lot of money, when I could have gone to U.C.L.A., like ordinary people, for much less? And then there was the question of how I would spend my vacations, and who would pay for those. It was hard for me to justify asking for so much money purely in terms of basic needs. One afternoon, my father and I went, by appointment, to see a well-known elderly philanthropist who had made his money in cattle feed. When we arrived at his house, we were horrified to discover that a party was going on, and people were toasting him on his eightieth birthday. We tried to slip away, but he wouldn't let us go until we told him why we had wanted to meet him. We managed to half stammer and half whisper the purpose of our visit, trying to somehow keep the guests from overhearing us.

"That's a lot of money you want," he said. "I don't think it's worth it. I don't think you need a college education to make good in life. Look at me—I never finished high school."

Unlike us, he had spoken out vigorously, and the guests gathered around had heard him. A few of them joined in.

"It's initiative you need."

"With enough spunk, you can do anything."

"Everyone can see that you're not lacking in spunk. You've both got plenty of that."

As the old man showed us to the door, he reached into his pocket and rattled some change, as if he were considering something. I stuck out my hand for him to shake. Before I knew what was happening, I felt something cold and hard in my palm, and realized that he had pressed a fifty-cent piece into it. "Here is a little contribution for your taxi," he said. The sheer surprise of the gesture—the shock of it—left me speechless. The coin scarcely touched my palm—it fell out of my hand and rang and rolled down the front steps—but my hand burned with humiliation.

"He's an old man who probably didn't know what he was doing." It was my father's voice of reason speaking to me out on the street.

"HERE is a letter from Mr. and Mrs. Watumull inviting us to dinner tomorrow evening," my father said, bringing in the mail. "The Watumull family foundation gives some scholarships to postgraduate students from India who they think will go back to India and contribute something to the country. You are only a high-school graduate, but they might make an exception."

Oh, not again, I thought. Not another humiliating interview to be gone through. But then I considered that the Watumulls might be genuinely interested in helping others. I asked my father how they had become so rich that they could have their own foundation.

"Mr. Goma Watumull is not only rich but famous—he's been written up in the *Reader's Digest*," my father said. "His father was a very humble brick contractor in Sind. When Mr. Watumull was eight years old—he is now sixty-one—his father was thrown from a camel and crippled for life. He had a large family to support, and one of his sons, Jhamandas, went to Manila and opened up a shop selling handmade Oriental knickknacks. Then he did some business in other Asian cities, and he finally started a shop in Honolulu. He sent for Mr. Goma Watumull, who began managing the Honolulu shop. At the time, I think Mr. Watumull was twenty-five

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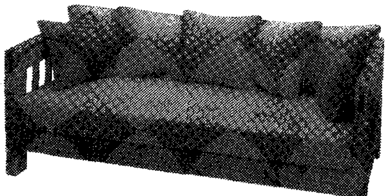

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or twenty-six years old. He's never had to look back."

"And Mrs. Watumull?"

"She is an American, of equally humble origins. But they are the good sort of philanthropist. When I met them here in Los Angeles and told them a little about you, Mrs. Watumull, especially, was impressed by your independence, by the way you have overcome your handicap. She herself lost an index finger when she was fifteen or sixteen, and wasn't able to pursue her career as a pianist. They may be our best hope. But a lot will depend on their meeting you. By the way, I should mention that the decision about your scholarship will probably be made by Mrs. Watumull, because Mr. Watumull is a typical Sindi small-time shopkeeper type." Some of the shrewdest Indian businessmen came from the province of Sind. "He takes his orders from Mrs. Watumull—she is 'His Master's Voice' you might say. One thing I must warn you about—under no circumstances are you to get into an argument with her over teeth or toothpaste or drinking water."

I laughed, in spite of myself. "Teeth, toothpaste, and drinking water would never have occurred to me as fit subjects of conversation with anyone. But why not?"

"There is a big controversy going on here about putting fluoride in the water supply. Dentists want to put it into the drinking water, to protect the teeth of children, but Mrs. Watumull thinks it's a Communist plot. I can assure you that she will tackle you on the question of fluoridation, but you must duck it, change the subject—do whatever you think best. Do not express any opinion on it. It's like a red rag to a bull."

When we arrived the next evening at the Watumulls' house, which was also in Westwood Village, it was full of people drinking and munching canapés and talking boisterously, their voices rising like the crescendo of a brassy march. Why is it that these philanthropists are always having a party when they call me for an interview, I wondered. I had assumed that we were going to be the only guests.

My father walked ahead of me, introducing me, and introducing himself to the few people he didn't know. I was impressed all over again by his amazing capacity for making friends with all kinds of people. In the short time he had been in Los Angeles, he had got to know almost as many people as he knew in Delhi, it seemed. How I wished I had his gift.

"This is my blind son. . . . He came here for his education because he had learned all that the Indian schools for the blind could teach him. . . . He came alone to this country at age fifteen. . . . He has just graduated with flying colors from the Arkansas School for the Blind. . . . He's brilliant, you know."

Why is he doing this to me, I thought. These guests are not interviewing me for a grant. Why can't he just introduce me as his son? Why does he have to boast about me?

At the back of the room were Mr. and Mrs. Watumull. Mr. Watumull had a retiring voice and an almost furtive manner, while Mrs. Watumull had a commanding voice and a no-nonsense, businesslike manner. Mrs. Watumull seated my father and me between her and Mr. Watumull on a sofa and started interviewing me.

"What are your goals?" she asked.

"Education," I said tentatively, realizing that it was a weak answer.

"Uh-huh."

"I think Mrs. Watumull wants to know what you plan to do after finishing your education," my father said.

"Uh-huh," Mrs. Watumull said.

"I don't know, but I'd like to get as much education as I possibly can first," I finally said.

"Uh-huh." She seemed to use "Uh-huh" alternately as a period and a question mark, but it was hard to know which she meant this time.

"Doctor Sahib," Mr. Watumull said, speaking as quietly as a discreet salesclerk in a good haberdasher's, "let him go back and be a teacher in a blind school in India. He's already had three years of American education. He already has so much to offer to our blind people. Our country is crying for boys like him. Our country needs her sons."

By now, much of the company was listening to us, and men from various parts of the room clinked the ice in their glasses, slapped the arms of their chairs in satisfaction, and made approving remarks.

"Watumullji has hit the nail on the head."

"Watumullji has spoken like a true patriot."

"Watumullji has expressed our thoughts exactly."

"I'm not going back until I have received all the education I need," I said truculently. "I don't think I ever want to go in for work for the blind, either."

"Uh-huh." I couldn't tell from Mrs. Watumull's "Uh-huh" whether she was pleased or displeased—whether I sounded to her determined, as I thought myself, or selfish, as I feared that Mr. Watumull must think me. My hands were trembling, and my father put one of his large, reassuring hands over one of mine.

Mrs. Watumull asked me whether I knew what I wanted to do with my education if I didn't go into work for the blind, and whether I could tell the friends gathered there how I managed to travel alone and get around everywhere by myself, as she had heard. Her questions were pointed and crisp, and with everyone listening, eyes fixed on me, I couldn't explain as readily as I had to Dean Sanders and Mr. Snyder exactly what I wanted to do or could do—become a lawyer or a journalist, teach in a college, go into foreign service. After all, I didn't even know where I would live—in India or America. As for getting around, it was hard to put into words the various techniques and knacks that blind people develop—that I had developed. An explanation of facial vision as a sort of "sound-shadows" sounded especially murky to my ears as I gave it. But the guests around the room didn't seem to mind.

The attention mercifully shifted from me to my father. Someone asked him if he thought India would go Communist. Someone else mentioned the "Communist campaign" for fluoridation, and everybody started talking at once. Soon I was talking about the Communist threat in India, along with everyone else, and was being listened to. I started having a good time, feeling that I was an adult at a party with lively people who were interested in my opinions.

We went in to dinner. Mrs. Watumull put my father on her right and me on her left. Dinner went on and on.

"I went from Hawaii all the way to Portland, Oregon, my home town, to get married," Mrs. Watumull was saying to the table at large. "But my parents wouldn't hear of my getting married to an Indian. So Goma and I went to San Francisco, and we couldn't get anyone to marry us there. We had to go to Redwood City to find somebody who would marry us. Then in 1923 the Supreme Court handed down a decision that in effect took

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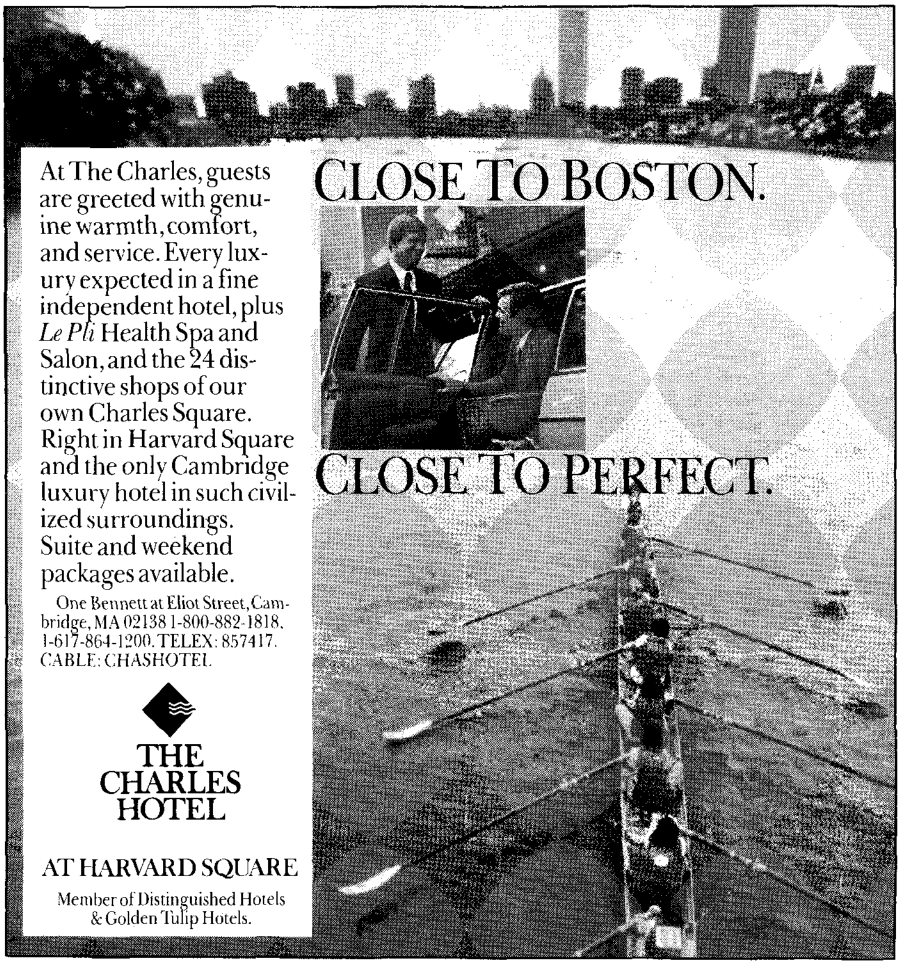

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away the citizenship of those of us American women who had married Indians, and it was eight years before the law was amended, and then I had to be renaturalized. Goma didn't get his citizenship until 1946, almost twenty-five years after we got married."

"Let bygones be bygones," an Indian man with a Muslim name said. "We are all a hundred per cent American now."

"Do you think you'll marry an American?" Mrs. Watumull asked, turning to me.

I could feel myself flushing. It almost seemed as if she had the power to read my secret thoughts and divine my hopes for the future.

There was general laughter.

At last, my father and I were in Mrs. Thind's car, being driven home. "Things couldn't have gone better," my father said, in Punjabi. "You can take it from me that the Watumull scholarship will come through."

WITHIN a few days, I had letters of acceptance from both Stanford and Pomona; a letter from Dr. tenBroek saying that even though I wasn't yet officially a California resident, he had spoken to the officials in charge, and I could draw on the readers' fund of seven hundred and fifty dollars a year wherever I went to college in the state; and a letter from the Watumull Foundation granting me an annual scholarship of fifteen hundred dollars for two years, to cover room, board, and tuition during the academic year. That left an annual shortfall of perhaps seven hundred and fifty dollars, not counting expenses for summer and other vacations. My father was sure that we would somehow be able to make up the difference, especially since both Stanford and Pomona intimated that if I did well there my first year they would consider my application for financial aid. My father thought that I owed my good fortune to personal meetings. "We Mehtas always make a good personal impression." I thought, however, that my good fortune was due to the American spirit of generosity—that I must be a beneficiary of it, as my father was of the Fulbright program, and India of American foreign aid.

Both Stanford and Pomona wanted to know almost immediately whether I would "accept" their offer of admission, and I was worried about making the wrong choice.

"Climate—you must think about climate," my father said, harping on his old theme. "You are so thin for your age, and there is nothing like the Southern California climate for putting skin on the bones. People from all over the world come to live here—Aldous Huxley and Christopher Isherwood are settled here. Mrs. Watumull is certainly of the opinion that you should accept Pomona. She says it will give you a well-rounded liberal-arts education. Everyone says it's small and friendly, and the professors will take a keen personal interest in you."

"I don't think I'd like to go to Pomona," I said. "It sounds too provincial. I think I'd rather accept Stanford." I had never heard of Pomona before coming to California, and I imagined that it was as little known to the world at large as the Arkansas School for the Blind. I felt that the world was more likely to think well of me if I went to a well-known university, like Stanford—it would add lustre to me.

"But people say that Stanford has a country-club atmosphere, which may not suit someone of your serious temperament," my father said. "It may have a lot of rich students, and you might not be able to keep up with their social life. Here people seem to attach a lot of importance to money—just money."

The whole idea of my "accepting" Pomona or Stanford, when I stopped to think about it, was funny. I had got twenty-nine rejections from English and American schools before the Arkansas school accepted me. That was the only school in the English-speaking world that would have me. It seemed I had never had a choice about anything before, and the two admissions would have felt like a great luxury had I not been besieged by so many contradictory feelings. I wondered how anyone reached a decision.

"Why don't you sleep on it?" my father said. "There will be plenty of time in the morning to let Stanford and Pomona know."

But that evening my father was looking over the literature on Stanford and Pomona, and he observed aloud, almost to himself, "Here is an interesting fact: there are three men students at Stanford for every woman student, while at Pomona it's almost one to one. The proportions of coeducation even in California seem to vary from place to place."

This chance remark settled everything for me. At Pomona, I'll be three times as likely to find a lifelong companion as I would be at Stanford, I thought. Perhaps walking with a sighted companion through life is a better way of winning acceptance than going to a well-known university. For some reason, I thought of that companion as some beautiful, universally desirable creature, whom everybody would want, and whom I would have to win in a competition that pitted me against the sighted. Until I proved myself in such a competition, I felt I was unworthy of any sighted girl. Yet I also felt that in any real race with the sighted I was bound to lose, like a donkey running against horses. The fact that the odds at Pomona favored me more than the odds at Stanford made the competition there seem less threatening.

I wouldn't announce it to my father until the next morning, but I had already decided that I would be a Pomona man—that I would go there for at least two years, and then maybe get a girl and transfer to a well-known university. In the years to come, I would give many lofty reasons for choosing Pomona, such as its ideal size, its favorable student-teacher ratio, and its intellectual excellence, but the real, base reason was girls, sighted girls, my bursting wish to storm their citadel—a reason I was as scared to voice as I was to admit to the throbbing, ugly desire that kept me awake at night with lascivious, silky imaginings, all the more urgent and excruciating because I did not have one, not one, real experience to set them against.

The next day, I sent off a letter to Mr. Snyder declining his offer of admission to Stanford and a letter to Dean Sanders accepting his offer of admission to Pomona. Just the idea of my having the power to reject and accept made me feel that I was on my way to being in control of my destiny, like any ordinary, sighted person.

—VED MEHTA

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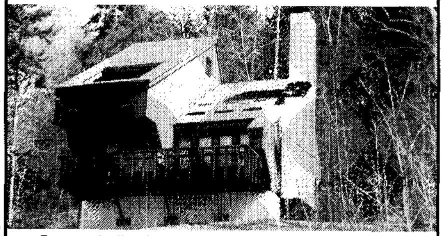

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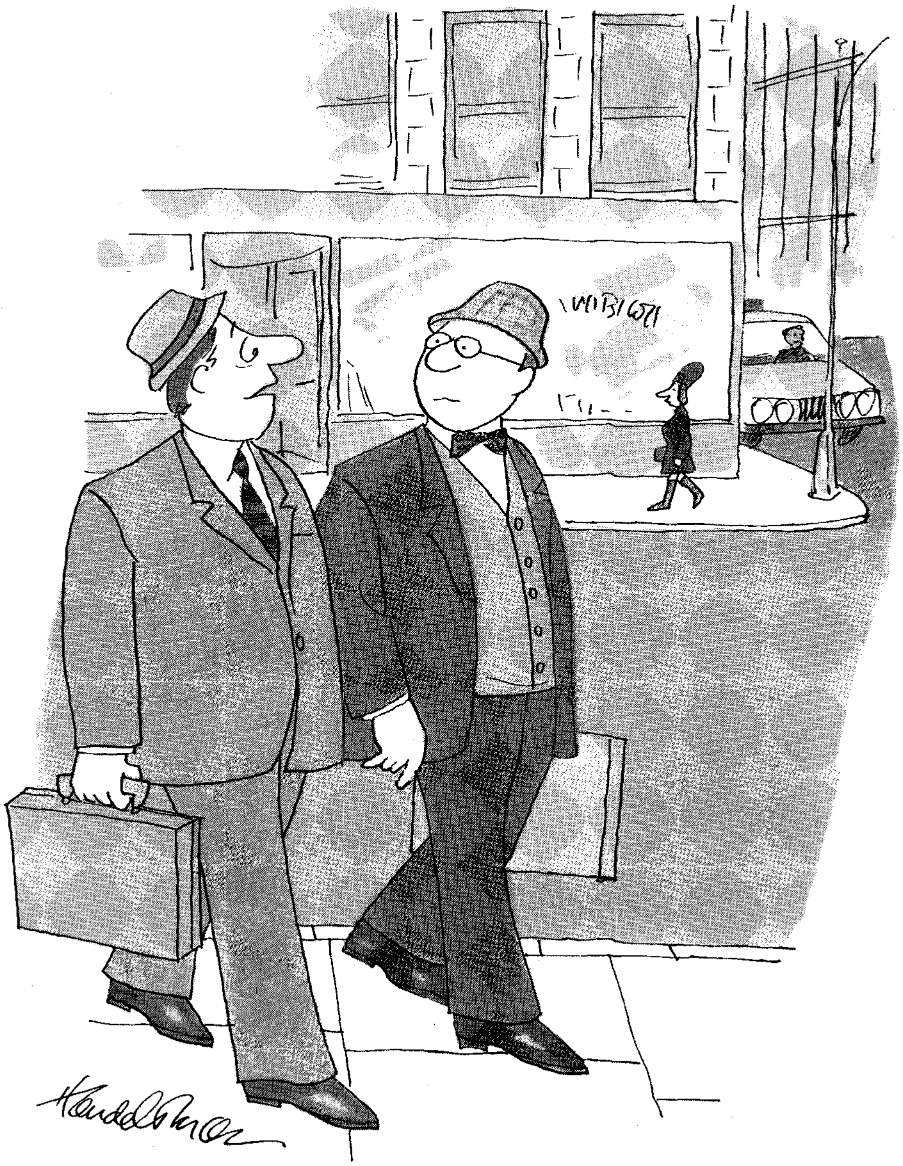
Delicious Numbers

A FESTIVAL built around Donald Martino's music is overdue: no need to wait until 1991, when he will be sixty. There is enough of it to provide several varied concerts: four concertos (for piano, for cello, for three clarinets, for alto saxophone); other orchestra pieces; an abundance of chamber music for ensembles, duos, and soloists of all kinds; three substantial choral works; songs. Also—one learns from American Grove—two film scores and many unpublished popular songs and jazz arrangements. Martino is not unplayed: his "Notturno," which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1974, has become something like a standard for contemporary-music ensembles; his "Parisonatina Al'Dodecafonia," for solo cello, has had at least two New York performances this season. A fair amount of the music is recorded, and most of it is in print. The scattered performances make one eager to hear a coherent presentation of an arresting and satisfying composer. On one day last month, however, Martino performances were not scattered but too tightly clustered: coincident. On April 8th, in Boston's Symphony Hall, Martino's new Herrick cantata, "The White Island," had its first performance, preceded by a short chamber recital of his music given by the ensemble Collage; at the same time, in the New England Conservatory, Hae-Sun Paik gave the first performance of Martino's Suite in Old Form, for piano; meanwhile in New York, at a League-ISCM concert in Merkin Hall, Eliza Garth played his big piano sonata "Pianississimo."



"It's hard to strike just the right balance. I didn't have enough fire in the belly for politics, but I seem to have too much for market research."

"The White Island" is the last to appear of the twelve works commissioned to mark the hundredth anniversary of the Boston Symphony. A setting for mixed chorus and chamber orchestra of five sacred poems by Herrick, it takes its title from the last of them, "The White Island: or Place of the Blest." The other poems are "The Bell-man," "Upon Time," "His Letanie, to the Holy Spirit," and "The Goodnesse of his God." The whole forms a twenty-minute meditation, not gloomy but confident, on transitoriness in this world—

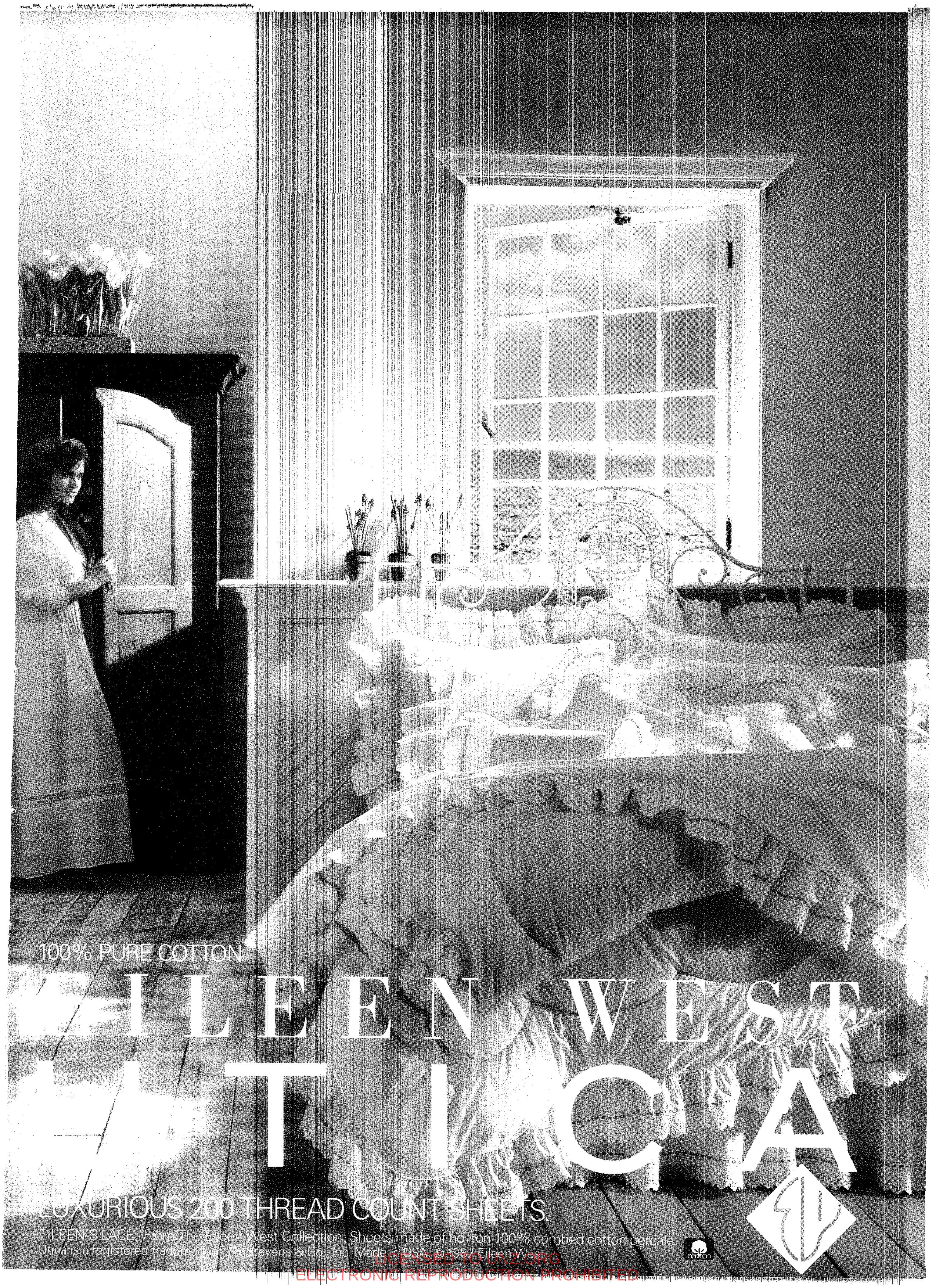
> In this worlde (the *Isle of Dreames*)
> While we sit by sorrowes streames,
> Teares and terrors are our theames
> Reciting—

and on eternal bliss

> In that *whiter Island,* where
> Things are evermore sincere;
> Candor here, and lustre there
> Delighting.

The sound of the bellman's tinkling along the dark and silent night opens the piece, and at the close a tiny, transfigured echo of it steals through a soft, shining chord of E major.

Martino first set Herrick in his "Seven Pious Pieces," of 1971 (recorded on New World). This was an unexpected work from the Princeton-trained serialist. The gentle dissonances of the part-writing seem hardly more than Elgarian; "To Death" sounds like a paraphrase of the Neapolitan song "Santa Lucia." Martino's next choral composition, three years later, was "Paradiso Choruses," a Dante setting. (It is recorded on Golden Crest.) Tonal working is again much in evidence; E, A-flat, and C harmonies are associated with Paradise, Purgatory, and Hell. In fact, the "Pious Pieces" and the "Paradiso Choruses" are both serial works whose note rows embody segments of diatonic scale. The first Herrick setting was undertaken, the composer says in a program note, "for pedagogical reasons, to illustrate how a twelve-pitch-



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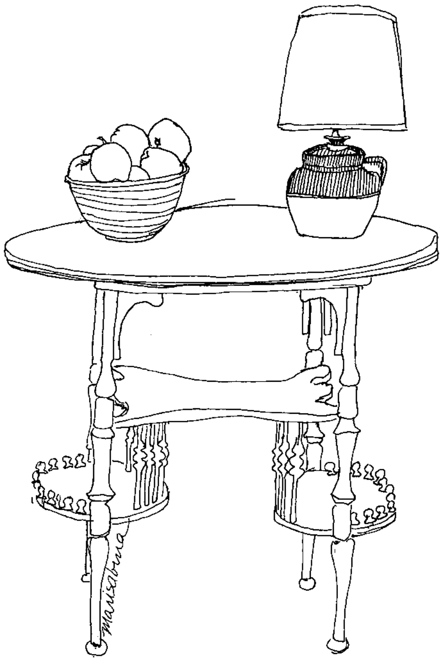
class piece could be made to seem tonal," and the cycle was completed to provide music singable by a nonprofessional church choir. Experiment, practicality, and, the composer avows, a purpose "overtly commercial" played a part; the very title seems to hold a touch of sarcasm, as does the composer's reference to "emulation of E. C. Schirmer's most accomplished and successful house composer, Randall Thompson." But in the "Seven Pious Pieces" there is no compromise with artistic integrity. Back in 1961, Martino wrote an important study, "The Source Set and Its Aggregate Formations" (in the *Journal of Music Theory*), in which, after calling the twelve-note system and the tonal system "the most procedurally sound of all possible pitch collections"—each capable of "normative, thus predictable, as well as non-normative, thus dramatic procedures"—he went on to examine in detail some particular properties of the former system. The "Parisonatina" (1964) shows this thinking turned into exciting virtuoso music. In "Pianississimo" (1970) a synthesis begins. The piece does not sound in the least tonal (though it does have melodies), but—as William Rothstein claimed and demonstrated in a 1980 *Journal of Music Theory* article—"the basis of Martino's technique clearly lies in the conscious transfer of structural principles observable in one musical system (the tonal system as defined by Schenker) to another, very different system." The tonality of "Seven Pious Pieces," "Paradiso Choruses," and now "The White Island" represents no abandonment of belief or easy capitulation to the big public's taste for familiar harmonies. It was the next, adventurous move of a musician believing "a knowledge of one's materials and an awareness of their implications . . . to be a basic condition for the intelligent composing of music."

"The White Island" uses the same serial-harmonic materials as "Paradiso Choruses": E major for Paradise, C for Hell, and A-flat, now, for "this world," since an independent Purgatory played no part in Herrick's Anglican universe. (The Twenty-second Article declares roundly that "the Romish Doctrine concerning Purgatory . . . is a fond thing, vainly invented.") Elaborate analysis provides no certain help to musical understanding. Slogging through the *Journal of Music Theory* articles mentioned above will enhance the ordinary music lover's enjoyment of Martino about as much as contemplating the circuit diagrams of hi-fi equipment will enhance his enjoyment of music proceeding from the loudspeakers. But technical knowledge in some degree is always helpful. At the least, a music lover should know how to adjust the controls of his machine so as to yield the best result. And if, on the keyboard or in the mind's ear, he plays with six notes (C, E-flat, E, G, G-sharp, B) from which, in equal temperament, six triads—C, E, and A-flat, major and minor—can be drawn, he will be attuned to hear "The White Island" more keenly. Likewise if he contemplates shapes made by sounding the first, second, fourth, and fifth degrees (omitting the third, major or minor) of diatonic scales on C, E, and A-flat. Together, they make up a twelve-note row with tonal implications. They are molded into the shapes to which the refrain of the central movement—"Sweet Spirit comfort me!"—is sung.

Herrick is an uneven poet. Edmund Gosse likened his abundant lyrics to "jewels of various value, heaped together in a casket. Some are of the purest water, radiant with light and colour, some were originally set in false metal that has tarnished, some were rude and repulsive from the first." Many composers have set him (Elliott Carter's "To Music," a movement of Britten's "Spring Symphony," attractive songs by Roger Quilter come to mind), but few have turned to him often. The short lines and insistent rhyme schemes are tricky to handle. The five poems Martino chose provide an excellent sequence. Time marches with a relentless, Mahlerian tread in "The Bell-man," flies swiftly in "Upon Time." The urgent clauses of the "Letanie" are speech-chanted by the men's voices; women sing the "Sweet spirit" refrain, until all are drawn into a serene E-major close. In the next song, roles are reversed: the sopranos and altos cry tempest ("When Winds and Seas do rage") to a wild, jagged line; tenors and basses give the reassurance that brings a final calm. In the last movement, soft chords and melting harmonies—vocal sonorities recalling Parry's "My soul, there is a country," instrumental figures shimmering and circling—suggest a journey through luminous mists that grow ever brighter toward a still, eternal radiance.



In Martino's music, even at its sternest, there is a quality that can be called Italianate: a lyricism of lines which—as in the twelve-note music of Luigi Dallapiccola, with whom Martino studied for two years—creates singing melody; sensuous warmth in the sounds. It is not surprising that he has been drawn to Dante, whose great poem is a masterpiece of intellectually coherent, systematic construction while being built with individual lines that are sweet to recite and savor—sharp in their imagery, lovely as sounds. In "The White Island"—which Martino has called his "little 'Paradiso' "—there is vivid word-painting all along the way, from voices and instruments, contributing to the large, visionary design of the whole. The performance, conducted by John Oliver, sung by the Tanglewood Festival Chorus, and played by members of the Boston Symphony assisted by some of the city's admirable free-lancers, was essentially accurate and certainly good enough to reveal the work. It was done at an isolated, non-subscription concert. Three more performances are due in the fall, and they will no doubt attain a freer expressiveness and more intimate exchanges between chorus and orchestra. Did Martino intend the lines of the "Letanie"—marked in the score "spoken, the words well dramatized"—to be recited on a near-monotone? The lack of pitch inflections seemed to contradict the composer's dy-

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namic shaping of the lines and made the sense of the lines hard to follow.

The Collage recital before the concert consisted of the "Notturno" preceded by the clarinet solo "B,A,B,B,IT,T" (1966) and the Canzone e Tarantella (1984), for clarinet and cello. They are two cheerful pieces, written to celebrate Milton Babbitt's fiftieth birthday and Goffredo Petrassi's eightieth, and are both based on musical mottoes obtained by enciphering the composers' names into notes. In the first the player reaches down into some low, buzzy regions by extending his instrument with paper tubes tucked into its bell. The second includes passing moments of "La Traviata" and "Don Carlos," and, by reversing a part of the motto, pays tribute to Petrassi's *arte*. Martino at play is an engaging creator. Robert Annis was a polished clarinettist.

THE "Parisonatina Al'Dodecafonia" also has a motto theme, drawn from musical letters in the name of the cellist for whom it was written, Aldo Parisot. It's a work that treats the solo instrument like a small ensemble—the polyphony defined by different ways of sounding the strings. It's difficult to play and exciting to hear. I missed Karl Parens' performance at a Barnard College recital last month. Rhonda Rider's account of it at a Composers in Red Sneakers concert in Symphony Space earlier this season was both beautiful and stirring. The sonatina combines lyricism, drama, apparent improvisation, taut structure, and challenging demands on its interpreter. So does the sonata "Pianississimo." The title evidently refers not to softness of dynamics (the range is from *ppppp* to *fffff*) but to the instrument—a modern piano taken to the limits of its possibilities. The work was commissioned in 1966, completed in 1970, but not essayed in performance (and then not by its dedicatee) until four years after that. Performances are still rare. I have heard only two, both on tape: one by William Heiles and the one that Eliza Garth gave in New York while "The White Island" was being sung in Boston. In Mr. Heiles's, the details are perhaps more sharply realized and the dynamic contours more precisely rendered. But Miss Garth's is a splendid achievement, too, notable for the command of form and progress, and loving in the lyrical episodes. When two climbers have scaled some lofty summit, one admires both.

"Pianississimo" is indeed a peak of twentieth-century piano music—a work in the company of Roger Sessions' Third Sonata, Pierre Boulez's Second, and Jean Barraqué's. It lasts about twenty-five minutes. Four movements are set within an introduction and a coda, the whole played without break. Mr. Rothstein's analytical essay explored the facture. Listening to the tapes, I have been exploring meshed melodies; long, eloquent paragraphs; timbres attainable when a piano's strings are played upon by not only felt hammers but also fingertips, fingernails, and the stroke of the dampers, while three pedals are in constant, subtle employment. This piano is also a cimbalom, a harp, a lyre, a lute. The sonata is ruthless in its executive demands but refined, not splashy, in the uses to which it puts technical agility. The composer called it "a journey through a twelve-tone universe," in the course of which he encountered "angels and demons." He also wrote of "a sense of improvisation" as he composed. For the listener, it's an enchanted journey, through circles where transfigured shades of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Ravel sometimes glimmer, in a realm at once welcoming and strange.

IF Martino lived in Europe, he would be a more famous composer. He would probably not have renounced his dream of preceding the "Paradiso Choruses" with an "Inferno" and a "Purgatory," to form a Dante music drama. In a Boston *Globe* interview before "The White Island" he said, "I would gladly devote the rest of my life to that if it were a practical venture, but it is not. There isn't much market for a *sacra rappresentazione*. . . . And the production of the whole thing would be prohibitively expensive." Hardly more expensive than the production of Messiaen's "St. Francis" at the Paris Opera, Stockhausen's "Licht" operas at La Scala and Covent Garden, or Harrison Birtwistle's "The Mask of Orpheus" at the English National Opera. (Or the Met's "Manon" and "Turandot.") As it is, Martino plans to turn to more chamber music; the Australian government has commissioned his next chamber work. It seems a pity that the Met, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Santa Fe have not been competing to secure the première of his "Dante."

—ANDREW PORTER

OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS

COBLE AND TENK

AT a recent dinner party, I was taken aback to realize that I was one of the very few present who watched "Wheel of Fortune" not to gape at Vanna White's latest getup but to see how quickly the contestants could solve word problems. Not long ago, my interest in logomachy still unsatisfied, I went up to Connecticut for a weekend to witness a much more demanding competition—the tenth annual Stamford Marriott Crossword Puzzle Tournament, with a hundred and eighteen contestants from coast to coast vying for cash and glory. The Stamford affair is generally recognized in crossword-puzzledom as one of the nation's two major events of its kind, the other being the United States Open Crossword Tournament, usually held annually in New York. This year, because not enough sponsors had come forward to put up prize money for the Open, it closed, and the Connecticut tourney stands supreme in the field. Puzzle people sometimes compare it, if only because both events are held in the spring, to golfdom's Masters. But there are significant differences. The crossword annual, for one thing, is not much of a spectator event, and, for another, first place is worth only four hundred dollars. Also, it is scheduled for April, not to coincide with anything like the azaleas that bloom in the spring (as in Georgia for the Masters) but because the Marriott usually has rooms vacant at the time.

When I checked into the hotel, on Friday afternoon, people were sitting around its lobby just as in any hostelry, but there was something different about this crowd. Most of these folk were not idly watching the world go by but had their heads down. They were doing crossword puzzles. I did manage to make eye contact with one of them—a petite young woman I'd met some years back. She was Michelle Arnot, and she had then been the editor and publisher of two crossword magazines. I soon learned how far she has come. She now works for an outfit called Official Publications, which was a co-sponsor of the weekend's contest, and which spews forth twenty-nine crossword and word-game magazines every month. Ms. Arnot holds the reins of a half-dozen of these journals, including *Puzzles Plus Crosswords*, *Find the Word*, *Crossword Treasury*, and *Favorite Crossword Puzzles*. She told me she had just returned East from Las Vegas, where she'd been a delegate from her company to a convention of newsstand dignitaries. She has been professionally involved with puzzles since 1978, when her husband—he is now a Citibank assistant vice-president, and he prefers Scrabble—said that if she was going to devote as much time as she did to crosswords she might as well make them her vocation. In due course, she was teaching acrostics and diagramless puzzles to adult-education students at the New School and had written a history of the crossword puzzle, entitled "What's Gnu?"

Michelle was not going to compete at Stamford. Her best finish ever there, she confessed, was a middling fifty-second. I asked her why she thought so many people seemed to spend so many hours trying to solve crosswords, and she elected to paraphrase the late Margaret Farrar, the dowager empress of the pastime (she gave the *Times* its reputation, crosswordwise): "It's one of the few instances in life where you're confronted with a problem that's totally solvable and the solving of which can provide instant gratification."

A young man had come up and joined us, and when I asked if he considered himself ridiculously addicted to crosswords and other word games he paused, scribbled something on the back of a magazine he was holding, looked at Michelle Arnot, smiled, and finally replied—puzzling me at the time—"Hell, not a crime."

The tournament—whose entrants had paid eighty dollars apiece for the pleasure, or pain, of trying to figure out, for example, that the correct solutions for "Short samurai?" and "Marlboro men in training?" were "Sawed off shoguns" and "Kool dudes"—would not get formally under way until Saturday morning. Friday evening was, for those who'd already arrived, set aside for fun and games—word games, naturally. I spotted an empty chair at one of a batch of long tables arrayed in the Marriott ballroom and asked if I could join two women sitting there. They welcomed me, and I was pleased to find out that the one I was sitting beside was a three-time U.S. Open champion and had been the runner-up at Stamford in 1986—Rebecca Korn-

"Darling, do you have an extra token?"

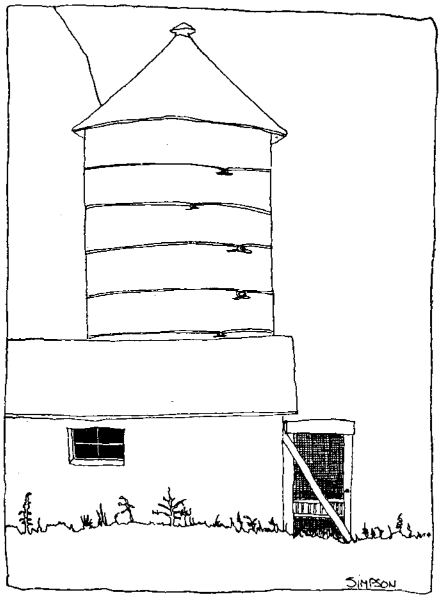
bluh. She is reputed, I heard later, to have earned more prize money than any other solver extant: five thousand dollars. Not quite as rewarding as professional golf, but after all there is not much TV coverage. Rebecca was not competing this time, but the other woman at the table—her mother, Renee Wenger—was. (She finished sixty-ninth.) Rebecca told me she had got mixed up with crosswords five years ago. "I went to the Open, and I was hooked, along with some two hundred and fifty like-minded maniacs," she said. "I'll tell you frankly, though—crosswords are not my favorite puzzle. I used to keep in competitive shape by doing about an hour's worth of them a day, but now I'm involved in cryptanalysis and verse puzzles, so there's really no point in my keeping up my crosswords training." She is by occupation a tapestry weaver, she said, and her husband is in electronics—"one of those jobs I don't understand." They live in Mundelein, Illinois—celebrated among football fans as the home town of the Chicago Bears' William Perry. "I was the town celebrity until the Refrigerator came along," Rebecca said.

OUR chat was interrupted by the appearance of a guest speaker, Mel Taub, who contributes puns-and-anagrams teasers to the Sunday *Times*. Most of his audience was casually dressed; Taub, as befitted his august journalistic affiliation, wore jacket and tie. He asked, right off, "Is there anybody here who doesn't know how to solve a 'Puns and Anagrams'?" and there were hoots of laughter. Did he think he was addressing a bunch of amateurs? He proceeded to challenge his auditors with a few anagrammatic phrases: "He doesn't have end seat" (the answer was "Standee," of course); "Sign of fleas or termites" ("For sale"); "Pete's no Astaire at this" ("One-step").

Rebecca sat silent and looked bored through most of this ("It's not my best thing," she told me), but when Taub requested a four-letter name from "Central America" her "Eric" came out like a shot, and her "Scow" nearly overlapped his "T'ain't bull." "That one's a cliché by now," she said.

Next on the evening's docket was a relay race. Teams of four were to solve a crossword as quickly as possible, with each member working at it for thirty seconds and then, at a command from Will Shortz—the senior editor of the magazine *Games*, who was the tournament director—passing it along to a teammate. Rebecca and Renee generously asked me to join their team, along with a man who had pulled up a chair during the Taub test. I demurred, but the mother and daughter talked me into it. What the hell, I reflected—if George Plimpton can play ice hockey with the Boston Bruins, maybe I won't embarrass these good people too badly. Just to be on a relay team with a national champ—wow! (Regarding the exclamation, Taub might have put it definitively: "Do you double back twice around nothing? Fantastic!") By the time the race was over, each of us having had maybe half a dozen whacks at the puzzle, I was worn out, so I excused myself. Renee had given me, for bedtime reading, a copy of *The Enigma*, the journal of the National Puzzlers' League, and I already had a copy of Michelle's book, which she had flatteringly inscribed to a "fellow-puzzler," and from which I presently learned that a lipogrammatist is someone who drps a leter fro a wrd. As I was drifting off to sleep, I sat up with a start. It had suddenly occurred to me what that enigmatic "Hell, not a crime" was. It was an anagram of "Michelle Arnot."

WHEN I stopped by the hotel's newsstand after breakfast to pick up the Saturday *Times*, I noticed on one magazine rack copies of *Superb Crosswords*, *New Crosswords*, *Popular Word Games*, *Crossword Varieties*, *Popular Crosswords*, and *Quickie Crosswords*, and while I was admiring the breadth of this display Michelle wandered past, strikingly accoutred in a sweatshirt imprinted with a *Times* crossword. She congratulated me, to my astonishment; it seemed that our relay team had won the silver medal—well, had come in second anyway. My individual reward turned out to be a Scrabble-like board game called Option. Probably better for me, I mused, than mere cash, which I'd have spent, and the acceptance of which might have compromised my amateur standing.



In the lobby, I encountered another young woman in a crossword-puzzle shirt, who proved to be a walking advertisement for the North Jersey Puzzlers' League. She invited me to participate in a tournament that the League would be holding in Hackensack in June, and she was proud to be able to inform me that this event was going to be coördinated by none other than Stanley Newman, in person.

Stanley who?

I had never heard of *Stanley Newman*? Never heard of the man who on television, in 1982, with witnesses galore, had done the daily *Times* puzzle in two minutes and twenty-four seconds?

Oh, I had heard about *some*body's doing that—a feat akin, in its way, to Gene Sarazen's double eagle in the 1935 Masters—but I didn't know the person's name. (Just inserting letters at random in all of the nearly two hundred squares of a daily *Times* offering, without even glancing at the definitions, once took me a minute and a half.)

"Well," Miss North Jersey said, pointing to a fellow in a run-of-the-mill shirt, "there he *is*."

I introduced myself to the phenom. He did not consider his televised stunt to amount to much, he said—why, he regularly knocked off the *Times* puzzle in less than three minutes. (I rarely get it in under five.) Like Michelle and Rebecca, Stanley said, he was not competing in the Marriott; he had come up from Massapequa Park to serve as a judge. "Most people don't compete here expecting to win," he told me. "It's like runners showing up year after year for a marathon. They want to beat their previous year's time, and they're happy just to finish." I was surprised to hear that he has a rather low opinion of the daily *Times* puzzles—a biting-the-hand-that-has-fed-him response, in a sense. "I resent some of the editors there who delve into dictionaries for the eighth meaning of a word," he said. "Good puzzles shouldn't require a trip to the library, and after you get the answer you

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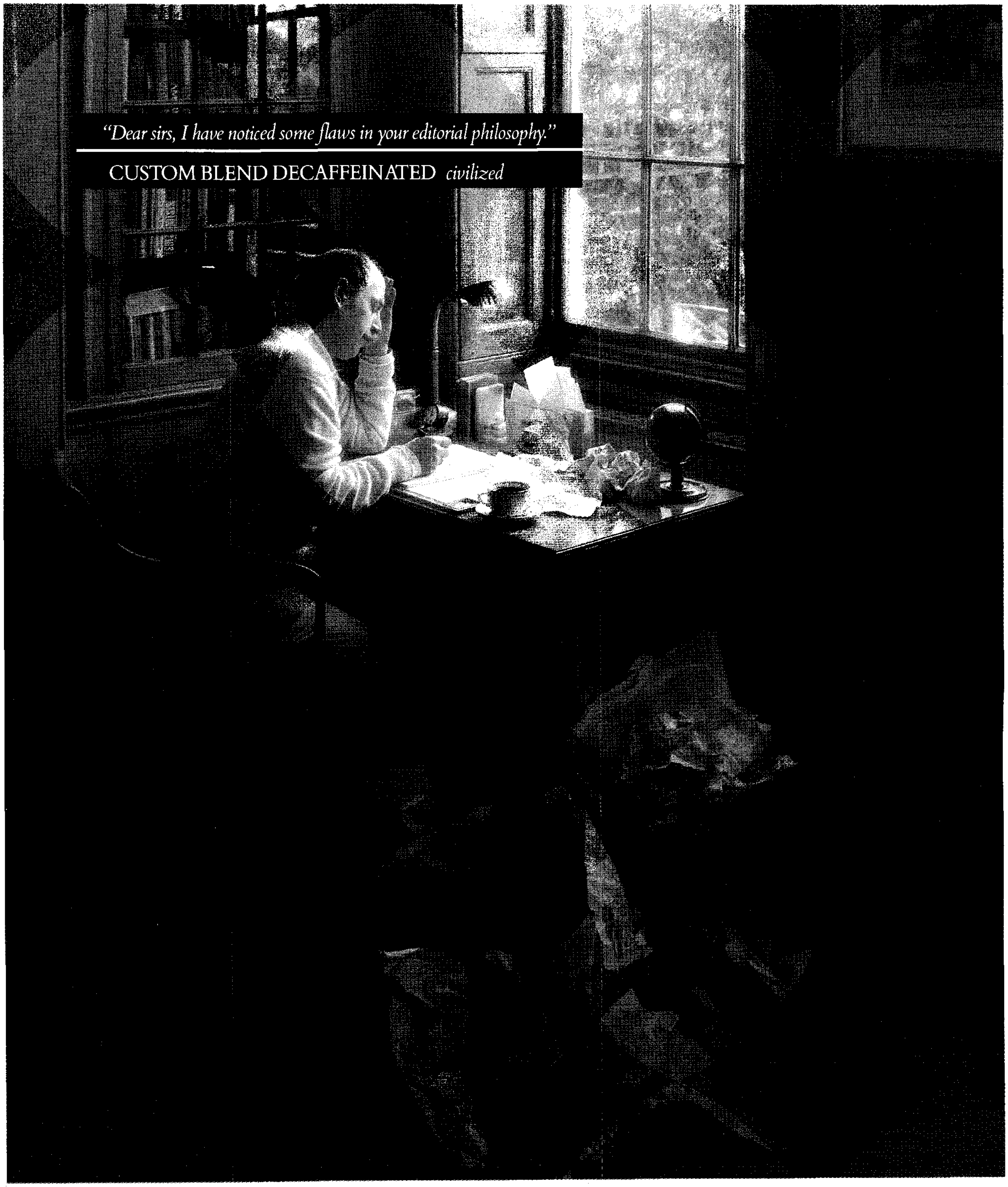
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should say 'Ah!' and not 'Huh?' I bemoan the fact that nowhere in this entire country is there a well-done daily crossword. There's no reason for the *Times* to use the obscure words that turn up in its puzzles. They wouldn't be allowed anywhere else in the paper. Your typical anonymous syndicated crossword puzzle in your small-town daily is better than the *Times'*. This is not opinion but analytical fact."

Newman, who is thirty-four and a bond analyst at E. F. Hutton, had his best competitive year in 1982, when he won three tournaments, among them the Open, and more than two thousand dollars in purses. "Games of the mind don't receive sponsorship like games of the body," he said. He added that if the prize money ever got attractive enough he might come out of retirement. At present, he puts out a bimonthly crosswords newsletter with a circulation of fifteen hundred, and writes its gossip column, "Crossword Confidential." After swearing me to secrecy, he confided that he had constructed a puzzle for the competition that was about to get under way, titled "Nightmares": "Automaker's nightmare" ("Total recall"); "Bodybuilder's" ("Soft shoulders"); "Toreador's" ("Sitting bull").

"That's my idea of a good puzzle," he said.

I must have been feeling unduly perky after nearly winning the relay race, for now I had the temerity to say, "How about: 'Mare's nightmare' ('Colt revolver')?"

I guess he thought I'd said "Mayor's nightmare," because he replied, before taking swift leave of me, "Koch has enough problems as it is."

THE competition was about to start. The long tables, capable of accommodating six or eight people, were still in place, but now with only three chairs at each. Tabletop screens had been positioned to discourage peeking. The agenda called for three puzzles to be tackled on Saturday morning, three more after lunch, and a seventh on Sunday morning, which would be followed by a final for the three players with the highest cumulative point total. Points would be awarded, by some arcane system I never did entirely grasp, for speed and accuracy, and would be deducted for omissions and mistakes. On a dais at one end of the room was a clock, with a second hand. Tournament director Shortz stood at a lectern nearby. The judges passed out the first puzzle, which each contestant laid on the table, face down. At a "Go!" from Will, the puzzlers hopped to it. They had fifteen minutes for this one.

While they were digging in, I drew Will aside. He said he feared that a lot of first-timers on the scene were in for trouble. "They're champs at home, but here they'll have their egos crushed," he explained. He himself, he told me, had begun solving puzzles when he was ten, and he holds a degree in Enigmatology from Indiana University. In 1979, when he was twenty-six, he took part in a crossword marathon sponsored by a bookstore in a Cleveland suburb. There was a twenty-four-hour time limit. He finished in eight and a half hours—and won first prize. "Soon afterward, I retired from competition," he said. "Undefeated." Nowadays, he does a turn on National Public Radio's "Weekend Edition." I had never heard him on it, so I asked what that entailed. He said he put questions to people, like "What word starts with the letter 'y' and if you drop the 'y' you get a word of opposite meaning?"

By now, I had come to realize that speed counts. " 'Yearn' and 'earn'?" I tossed at him.

He seemed a touch peeved. " 'Yours' and 'ours,' " he said, and he returned to his perch, where he began holding up cards to show the competitors how many minutes they still had coming to them. A couple of hands were soon raised, signifying that those contestants were through. Half a dozen judges were patrolling the premises, and at the sight of a raised hand one of them would rush over and grab the signaller's puzzle sheet and jot down the time.

All the puzzles for the tournament had, like Stanley Newman's "Nightmares," been specially constructed for the occasion. Maura Jacobson, of *New York* magazine, for instance, was represented by a puzzle that included "Premier who cooked on yachts?" ("Nikita Cruise Chef") and "Actress who did laundry?" ("Clorox Bleachman"). I decided to have a go at the second puzzle, and was pleased to find that I had completed it—except for one pesky word—before more than half the hands in the room were raised. What had stumped me—and it was a relief to learn that the eventual winner of the tournament had stubbed his pencil on that one, too—was No. 18 across: "Modern race." The answer was "Tenk." Huh? "Ten K," it

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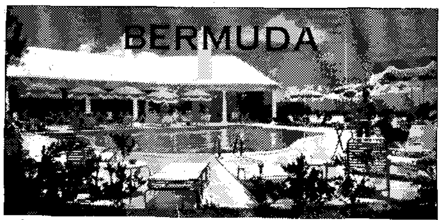

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developed, short for "Ten kilometres." Ah!

One of the first hands to go up during Puzzle No. 2 belonged to a member of the relay team that had nosed us out. The hand belonged to David Rosen—an odds-on favorite to succeed himself as singles champion, I'd been informed, unless he was dethroned, as a few long-shot bettors speculated he might be, by Ellen Ripstein. (David had come in first and Ellen second in a Baltimore tournament earlier this year.) They both work for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, in Manhattan, David told me out in a corridor while some hands inside were not yet lifted—he as an electronic-system standards-and-procedures analyst, and she as a statistical consultant in charge of reimbursement rates for doctors and dentists. His best performance with the daily *Times* offering is a full twenty-one seconds off Stanley Newman's mark. David said *that* didn't worry him, but "if I can't finish one of them under five minutes I feel crestfallen."

David told me that one of his favorite constructors was Merl Reagle, who had thought up the fiendish "Tenk." Reagle, a Californian, supplies the San Francisco *Examiner* with its Sunday puzzle. Weekdays, that paper carries the *Times* daily puzzle—of which, Merl disclosed when I got a chance to beard him between sets, he has an opinion no higher than Newman's. Merl, who is thirty-seven, has been a crosswords buff practically forever. When he was six, he thought he had invented crosswords. "I was putting letters together like Lincoln logs and Erector sets," he said. "I was surprised to discover that newspapers were doing it, too."

During the Saturday-afternoon session, I simply watched. I could tell by the order in which hands were shooting up who was doing well—notably, to almost no one's surprise, David Rosen and Ellen Ripstein. And, indeed, when interim standings were posted on a lobby bulletin board early Sunday morning, he ranked first and she second, with, in third place, a Manhattan social worker, Ed Bethea, who had come in fourth last year. That evening was once more consecrated to extracurricular word games, but I skipped them in favor of yet another erudite tome, "The Compleat Cruciverbalist," which had been graciously pressed upon me by Stan Kurzban, a senior programmer with I.B.M., who was its co-author, with Mel Rosen.

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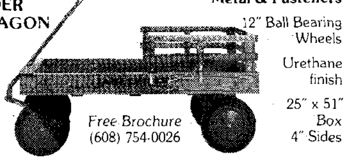

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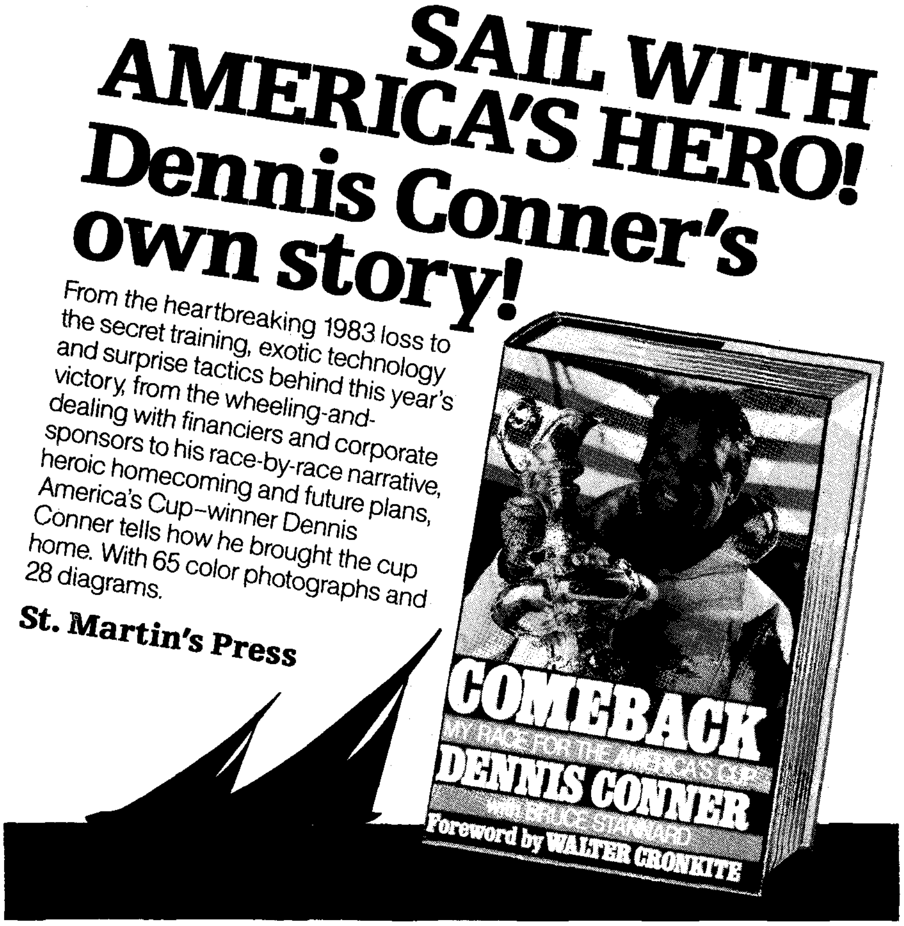
Kurzban complained to me that it was hard for daily jobholders like him to be able to solve crossword-puzzle references to characters in daytime television soaps. Kurzban himself specializes in the construction of diagramless puzzles, and believes that he may have been one of the earliest such craftsmen, if not indeed the very first of them, to design a puzzle for Valentine Day's consumption in the shape of a heart. In addition to his work on "The Compleat Cruciverbalist," Kurzban is co-author of a science textbook called "Operating Systems Principles." When a high-school-senior son of his was visiting college campuses not long ago, Kurzban *père* tagged along and inspected campus-library card catalogues. M.I.T. had his scientific book, Yale his cruciverbalistic one.

SUNDAY'S Stamford *Advocate* had a banner headline on page 1: "IT'S MARATHON DAY!" That alluded to a footrace; the crossword ordeal was relegated to page 3, and although it was fittingly enough illustrated with a photograph of the redoubtable Stanley Newman, the text dwelt heavily on a home-town entrant, a seventy-two-year-old woman. (If the paper had followed up in the next day's edition, it would have had to report that she finished one-hundred-and-fifteenth, with only three contestants behind her.) Unlike many golf pros, crossword-puzzle mavens are not, by and large, spiffy dressers, but on Sunday morning David Rosen was clad in jacket and tie, and Ellen Ripstein in a demure blue-and-white frock that would have been suitable for tea at the Plaza. David told me that he was nervous, but Ellen did not seem to be. "The tension is mounting, that's for sure," Michelle Arnot cried on her way to a telephone. She was calling a radio station that had promised to send over a reportorial crew. (In the end, it didn't.)

The seventh puzzle was a dilly, conceived by Henry Hook, a frequent tormentor of readers of the Boston Sunday *Globe*. He called his opus "Colorization," which was supposed to help one arrive at "Dorian Beige" from "Literary libertine," at "Orange's Anatomy" from "Med school textbook," and at "Redhound bus" from "Passenger vehicle." I got stuck in the upper-right-hand corner, having forgotten that the first name of Anwar's successor is Hosni, and never before nor since having heard of a



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North Sea fishing boat called a "coble." Rosen, Ripstein, and Bethea maintained their leading positions, and presently the three were standing, backs to our admiring eyes, in front of three easels with big plastic puzzle blanks mounted on them. Ed, wearing a Giants baseball cap, was on the left, David and Ellen next to him. Will Shortz passed out grease pencils for them to fill in their squares with. The puzzle confronting them, titled "For the Money," had been designed by Mike Shenk, another *Games* editor. It wasn't terribly tough (the answer to No. 11 down—"See puzzle caption"—was, obviously, "You"), but it was, of course, a test of nerves as much as of vocabulary or skill. The outcome followed form: Rosen, Ripstein, and Bethea, in that order. They'd been allotted fifteen minutes. David finished in five minutes and forty-five seconds, Ellen in eight minutes and fifty-five seconds, Ed in thirteen minutes and fifty seconds. (Had it been closer, he might have been penalized for having inadvertently neglected to fill in one "e," but, as it turned out, it didn't matter.) "I think they ought to rename this event, and call it 'The Dave and Ellen Show,' " one also-ran muttered, not unkindly.

It was not quite time to acclaim the winners at the awards banquet, so I picked up a Sunday *Times* at the newsstand. I had one waiting for me back home in New York, but I hadn't been so involved with words that I wasn't still mildly curious to see what William Safire had to say about them. My suitcase was already bulging with my trophy and my newly acquired crossword books and magazines, so after gleaning the obits, the headlines, and the baseball scores I pulled out the magazine, in which Safire holds forth, and left the rest of the paper on a lobby table, thinking someone might want it. Not three minutes later, a woman came by and said, "You know what? Somebody left an entire *Times* over there except the section with the puzzles in it. Typical of these people."

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

Instead of moose outside our doors, there might be Sitka black-tailed deer. Instead of short, black spruce or white spruce along the greenbelts, there might be towering hemlock and Sitka spruce.

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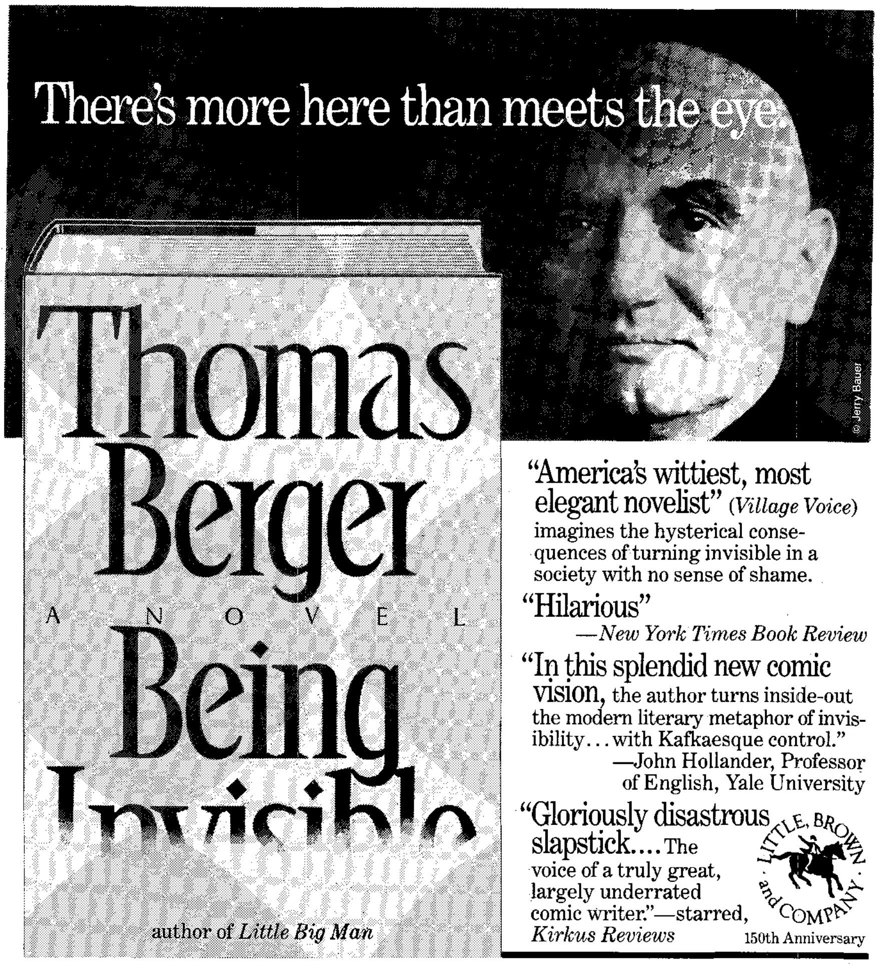
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A long-handled spade, used by the combat-weary driver of an armored vehicle called a track. He took the spade "out of its strap among the other pioneer tools—shovels and tanker bars and other long-handled junk. He brought the spade back over his head and began beating on the front of the track with the blade end, like it was an axe. . . . The blade end of the handle cracked and flew off on the upswing but he kept beating on the headlight mounts and the engine-hood catch and so forth, shouting and cursing, the sweat flying from his forehead in an arc and his back rippling under the dirt."

A cigarette filter, used by a driver to paint the name "Cow Catcher" on the side of his track, because he couldn't find a brush.

An "automatic M-14, something like a BAR, which everyone called an E-deuce," used by the point man on a night ambush patrol five hundred metres off course to shoot three South Vietnamese soldiers who should have been warned by the patrol's headquarters—a mistake, but a credit to the patrol's "soldierly manner" and to the point man's claim "I *never* miss."

Four syringes, each holding a quarter grain of morphine, used by a medic ordered to silence a wounded prisoner whose moans were giving away the platoon's position and who was "dying anyway."

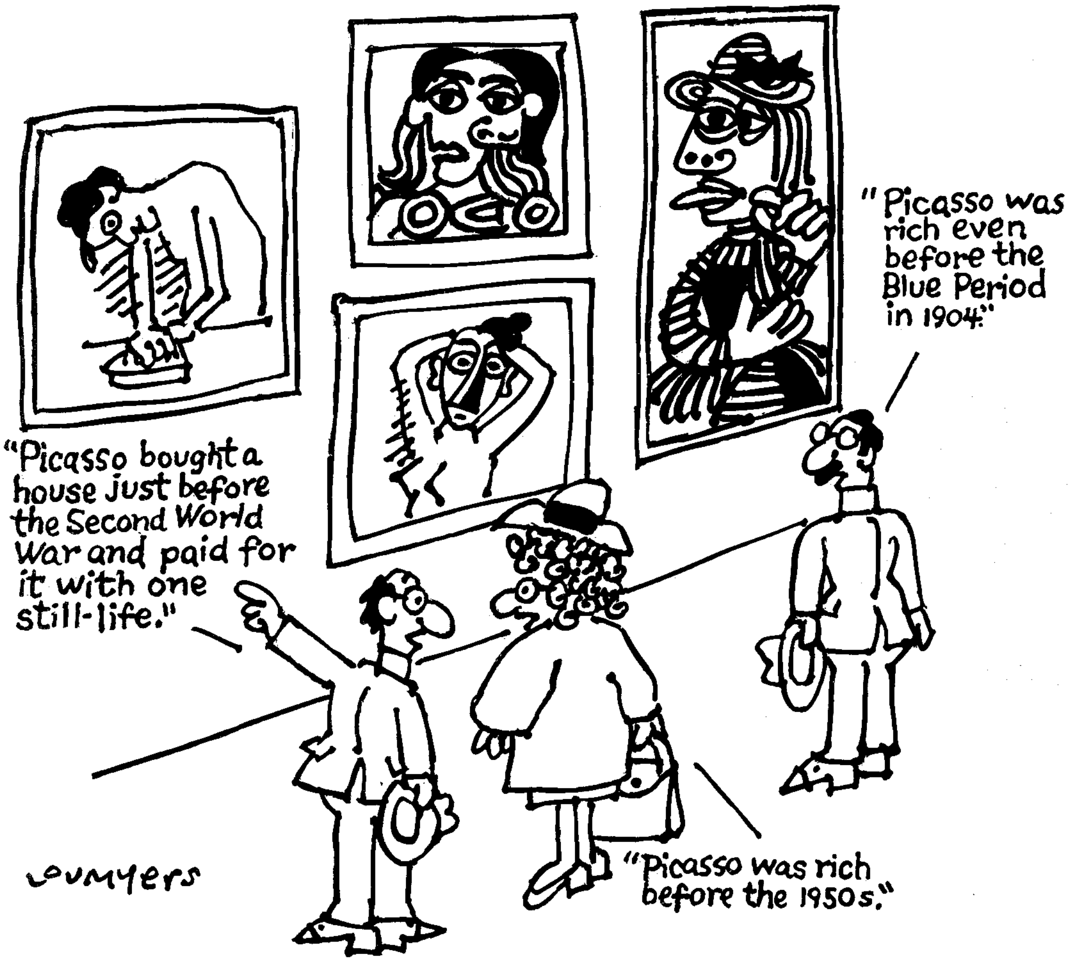
Bare hands, used in preference to a bayonet by a young pfc. the first time he killed an enemy soldier: "Lift. Push. Squeeze. Like working a tool smooth."

A "crossbow-looking contraption" with "a C-ration can nailed to the business end of it and a stiff wire bolt rigged with a trip wire," found in an old woman's house and definitely "a homemade mousetrap or something like that," or else definitely a booby trap, used as the occasion to "torch all the hooches and hay mounds, frag the bomb shelters, kill and run off the livestock, capture, kill, fuck up everybody else we can find."

The safety on a shotgun, flicked off accidentally-on-purpose, used as an excuse for the vengeance killing of a prisoner: a job of nothing but hatred, done by means of openly faked incompetence.

"Blunt-tipped ammo-box nails and a ten-pound ball peen that left deep circled gouges around the nail heads," used to make a chapel cross by somebody who "thinks he can work wood, but's lying to himself."

In "Close Quarters" Larry Heinemann's excited feeling for the language and detail of work became a distinctive style of observation; more than that, it became a way of interpreting what he experienced in Vietnam. He saw war as the intimate perversion of work. Among all those dissociated, ambiguous, and corrupted tools ("junk" is the recurring word), the central one was the track—a "never fail, never float" armored personnel carrier that carried not personnel but "firepower" and was achingly maintained by its driver (the narrator), who poured his drinking water into the radiator, and labored long nights in the motor pool with dust in his teeth: "Incoherent, fumbling, wasted


"Picasso was rich even before the Blue Period in 1904."
"Picasso bought a house just before the Second World War and paid for it with one still-life."
"Picasso was rich before the 1950s."
loumyers

again, but the work at my back done, and done proper." Like the four-foot lead pipe he used for leverage on the socket wrench, the track was "a piece of my arm;" but from inside a wrecked track, looking up at the hatch cover right over his head, he saw this twisted image of his arm: "a ragged hole about the size of my fist . . . and concentric spirals from the bits of shrapnel coming out from it, like the chamber and grooved rifling you will see if you look down the barrel of a gun." The idea of normal work anywhere was all but annihilated. The best of the battalion mechanics, the one who always said, "Don't force it, Deadeye, get a bigger hammer," wrote from the States that he was "breaking rocks" for "doing the big deed on his wife;" and one of the infantry sergeants, surrounded by Vietnamese rice fields, traffic cops, icehouses, car washes, laundries, and a rusted Michelin water tower, said the Vietnamese didn't know how to do anything: "Can't get the hang a blackjack, don't even know how ta plant somethin' simple-ass, like corn. . . . Back home all ya got to do is toss it outa fucken winda and [it] sprouts like weed. I swear, when I leave here . . . I'm gonna stay in Frisco and stay fucked up. I'm gonna sit me down and just sit, and when I get tired I'll move to a different chair."

Heinemann's second novel, "Paco's Story" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $15.95), is about a Vietnam vet looking for work. In a way, it fulfills that sergeant's fantasy of back home: Paco Sullivan's isolation from civilian life reveals ordinary work as a wondrous complex of know-how and improvisation exhibited so casually that people might just be tossing corn out the window. He has ridden an interstate bus from the last in a series of veterans' hospitals to where his money runs out. (The place names are generic Midwestern: town of Boone, Wyandotte County.) The bus driver, whose head is an encyclopedia of crazies he has handled, pegs him for a G.I. immediately ("gimpy kid with a nice-looking cane . . . three-quarters stoned on some newfangled junk, no doubt"), calculates that he can drop him fifteen miles from town to save time for his own dinner, and keeps a finely calibrated distance between them during an artful maneuver that gets Paco awake and off the bus and left behind, in a Texaco bathroom, without incident. A young auto mechanic who gives Paco a ride has just scraped his knuckles bloody on a transmission but drives his tow truck with one hand on "an acrylic necker's knob on the steering wheel . . . and the other hand slapping the hollow of the door in 4/4 time." At a roadhouse called Rita's Tender Tap, Rita pours shot glasses of hydrogen peroxide over the mechanic's knuckles into an ashtray, while one of the county maintenance men (who wear fancy work boots and have loafing down to a science) gives Paco "sterling advice" about why all the local plants aren't hiring. On a laundromat bulletin board Paco reads what amounts to a poem of human ingenuity (including that of self-advertisement) "scribbled and hand-printed and typed on 3 x 5 cards, scraps of envelope, and soapbox cardboard, then tacked to the dark cork with pushpins and thumbtacks, straight pins and small finishing nails":

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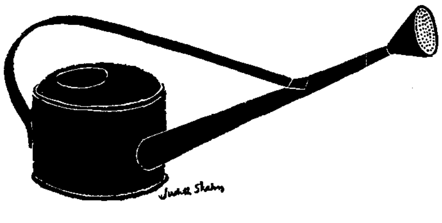
The working and not-so-working people of Boone are seen in part through Paco's baffled longing for any kind of job. But he's so numbed by the medication for the pain in his legs and back, so dazed by the pain when the medication starts wearing off, and so guarded ("thinking, Answer straight, talk in a normal tone of voice, drink the beer, and leave as soon as the rain lets up") that he's in no shape to tell us everything Heinemann wants us to know. Least of all can he tell his own story one more time: "He has dwelt on it with trivial thoroughness, condensed it, told it . . . dripping with ironic contradiction, and sarcastic and paradoxical bitterness; he's told it stone drunk to other drunks; to high-school buddies met by the merest chance (guys Paco thought he was well rid of . . .); to women waiting patiently for him to finish his telling so they could get him into bed, and see and touch all those scars for themselves." He's "unloaded the whole nine yards," and now it's distilled to "I was wounded in the war." So another voice tells "Paco's Story," also telling much that he can't know. This narrator is a collective one, the voice of Paco's infantry company, which was at a place called Fire Base Harriette when "the whole company, except for one guy, got killed. . . . Everybody but Paco got nominated and voted into the Hall of Fame . . . disappeared the same as if someone had dropped a spot of dirt into a tall, clear glass of water—bits of mud trailed behind that spot until it finally dissolved and nothing reached bottom but a swirling film." The dead are beyond any rules for "a normal tone of voice." This voice starts off by taunting consumers and reporters of "war stories" with some hyped-up horror ("punji pits the size of copper mines") and with a challenge to appreciate the "subtle and arcane and pitiful" reality of a Filipino three-piece U.S.O. band who toured the base camps with a "Eurasian broad"—a band "as famous in their own way as Washing Machine Charlie, the legendary night rider of Guadalcanal. So how come they never made the papers, you may ask. Well, James. . . ." The voice continues to address the reader as "James," with the rhythm of "pal" or "Jack" or "Mac" but an underconnotation of contempt for bring-the-car-round-James ruling-class flunkies, military and civilian—the "housecats," ignorant of harm's way. The voice is angry and obscene; also clinically graphic and tender toward Paco's burned, lacerated body, his surgery and care in a field hospital; also posses-



sive, egging him on in his lonely bitterness; also envious. "Why him?" the voice admits eventually, and there's been envy in it all along for everyone alive. Toward the townspeople of Boone, the voice is quick to take offense, but as they go about their business, selfish and distracted and at ease with what they have—"E-44 tappet springs," barber shears, felt-tip markers for the want ads, and skillful rationales for not giving Paco a job ("If he puts that kid behind the counter up front, his trade would drop off 35 percent in ninety days")—the descriptions of their work routines seem marvelling and the people radiant with envied life.

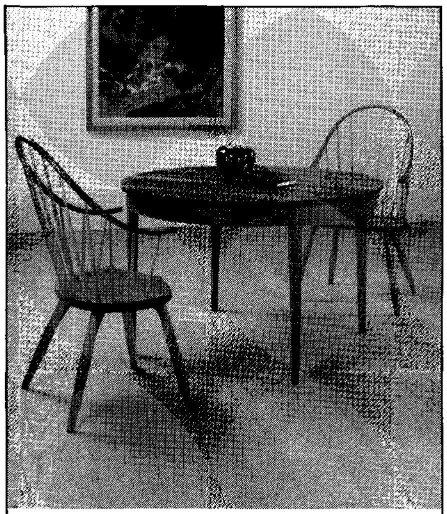
Larry Heinemann must have taken an emotional risk by writing in the voice of dead infantrymen. To keep imaginative faith with those all-seeing spirits, he had to commit himself to large-spiritedness. But the technical feat involved is exactly suited to his gifts. He doesn't have to press the voice beyond the language it would speak in life; he gets beautiful, heightened effects just by the placement of all that he puts there to be observed. He writes like somebody offhandedly making intricate machinery from humble components he's spent a long time staring at. Sometimes the parts leap into place: an old man in a junk shop "holding up a sharply pronged timing sprocket with his tweezers . . . in the hard, close light of the gooseneck lamp," Paco holding his black hickory cane "as though he's trying to screw it into the floor," the floor "covered with newspapers and slopped with gobs of reddish paste," a "table stacked with old stereoscope slides of St. Petersburg and Khartoum, Lisbon and San Francisco." And then: "Something electric happens here, James . . . a deluge of memories going back fifty years and more. The old man, then fifteen, clinging to the door handle and grab irons of a boxcar headed eastward when he deserted the Czar's army once and for all in 1917," "soldiers spreading through the village cottage by cottage, stripping the larders bare," "flanks of horsemeat skinned with a pocket knife, butchered with a kindling ax," cavalry ponies "shaggy as baled cotton," village men beheaded with "an improvised poleax," "many a soldier squatting cross-legged behind a machine gun or a sandbagged guardpost out in the middle of nowhere, shoulders hunched, heads down, arms and faces disappearing into a snowdrift—pockets picked clean, frozen solid like men fallen asleep in their dinner plates, the food heaped high."

In both of Heinemann's novels, uncountable common objects are polluted by war, and the domestic imagery (even in an ex-marine's account of scrambling up a ridge "as steep as an old house roof" on Guadalcanal) makes all war seem a violation of the intimate. But a rape of a Vietcong girl that Paco remembers taking part in (and that the voice reminds him of at night, in case he forgets) is not a figure of speech; it's a set of brute facts that couldn't be worse for having happened on a "raw-wood thing about the size of a kitchen table" to background noises of the Lieutenant "making himself a canteen cup of coffee . . . his hissing little C-4 fire . . . and the clank of the green bamboo twig he stirred it with." It isn't worse, but it's brought home.

A river runs alongside the town of Boone, and with "the moist cool rising solidly into his shoes and sore feet," Paco crosses the bridge ("known in the engineering trade as a Howe-type, through-truss bridge, you understand") over the flood-control dam:

> The sheet of water, the nappe, spills over the rock-and-concrete dam from shore to shore, rushing with an inevitable and tranquil, smooth and unvarying silver sheen, and that constant echo-ous thrashing of thousands of gallons of water pouring furiously over water, hypnotic and dreamlike, would always resonate in Paco's mind. Upstream to the right as far as he can see is the deep and broad backwater, still and shimmery as a warm desert horizon. . . . Downstream, the river eddies over striated bedrock; splits, fanning out like a delta among hand-sized stones and wafer-thin chips; swirls slowly through loose gravel . . .

And here the river seems to wash back a few pages, through the "snips of shrapnel (hard metal shavings the color of coconut flakes), the misshapen rifle slugs, the sharply jagged pieces of brass shell casings, the pieces of bones" that some "smart-ass" put into a petri dish in Paco's hospital nightstand after his surgery, and that he kept like one of those "chintzy little souvenir saucers filled with pins and buttons and other trivial oddments that folks keep out of sheer sentimentality;" and many pages later the "chunks and slivers of . . . terra-cotta roofing tile" that got ground into the Vietcong girl's face may seem to join those oddments in the petri dish in the river water. The town is misty from a rain shower (and the voice—of men "pulverized to ash"—loves to describe water; if one word were to sum up



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this book, it would be "thirsty"). By the time Paco has worked his way through the job possibilities to the Texas Lunch, he's walking through "pungent steam so thick you would think his legs were cut off at the knees."

The Texas Lunch's owner and cook, a Second World War vet named Ernest, is a figure of as much commanding protectiveness and nourishment as could be had under the circumstances (like Haskins the mess-hall sergeant in "Close Quarters," who knew "eggs is 'bout the mos' harmless thing Ah kin lay m' eye on"). He gives Paco a job washing dishes. To "settle this matter of how Paco washes dishes by hand," the book plunges into an amazing six-page passage of pure, grateful work, with "*piping* hot" water, two-sink washtub, lye soap and laundry bleach, bus pans, special double brush for glassware, mesh-lined drainboard, Pepsi-Cola carton to stand on, plates stacked "like well-sliced loaves of bread." And Paco, "knowing that he washes some things five and six times a day, [gets] to know many of the dishes and much of the cookware as individual objects—on sight." To give a sense of what follows, and of the book's degree of power, I need wiser words than my own, and it happens that the poet Derek Walcott recently wrote, of "Robinson Crusoe," "What keeps plot and excitement alive . . . is not the myth of isolation, but the challenge of endurance through ordinary objects, and through the vibrations of such objects the increase of loneliness, the growing scream inside the heart for companionship, or, in another word, for love." In "Paco's Story," the objects—the kitchen table and the cup of coffee—also vibrate with shame.

—VERONICA GENG

•

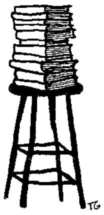
Most gardeners limit their experience of growing beans in their backyard gardens to snap beans. In fact, snap beans are second in popularity only to the omniscient tomato.—*Lawrence Rule in The Minnesota Horticulturist.*

Damn know-it-all.

•

For her portrayal of Lou's boss, Mrs. Pynchon, the publisher of the Los Angeles Tribune, she received four Emmys and a certain amount of notoriety—albeit not all of it positive.—*Tom Jacobs in the Los Angeles Daily News.*

Probably not even some of it.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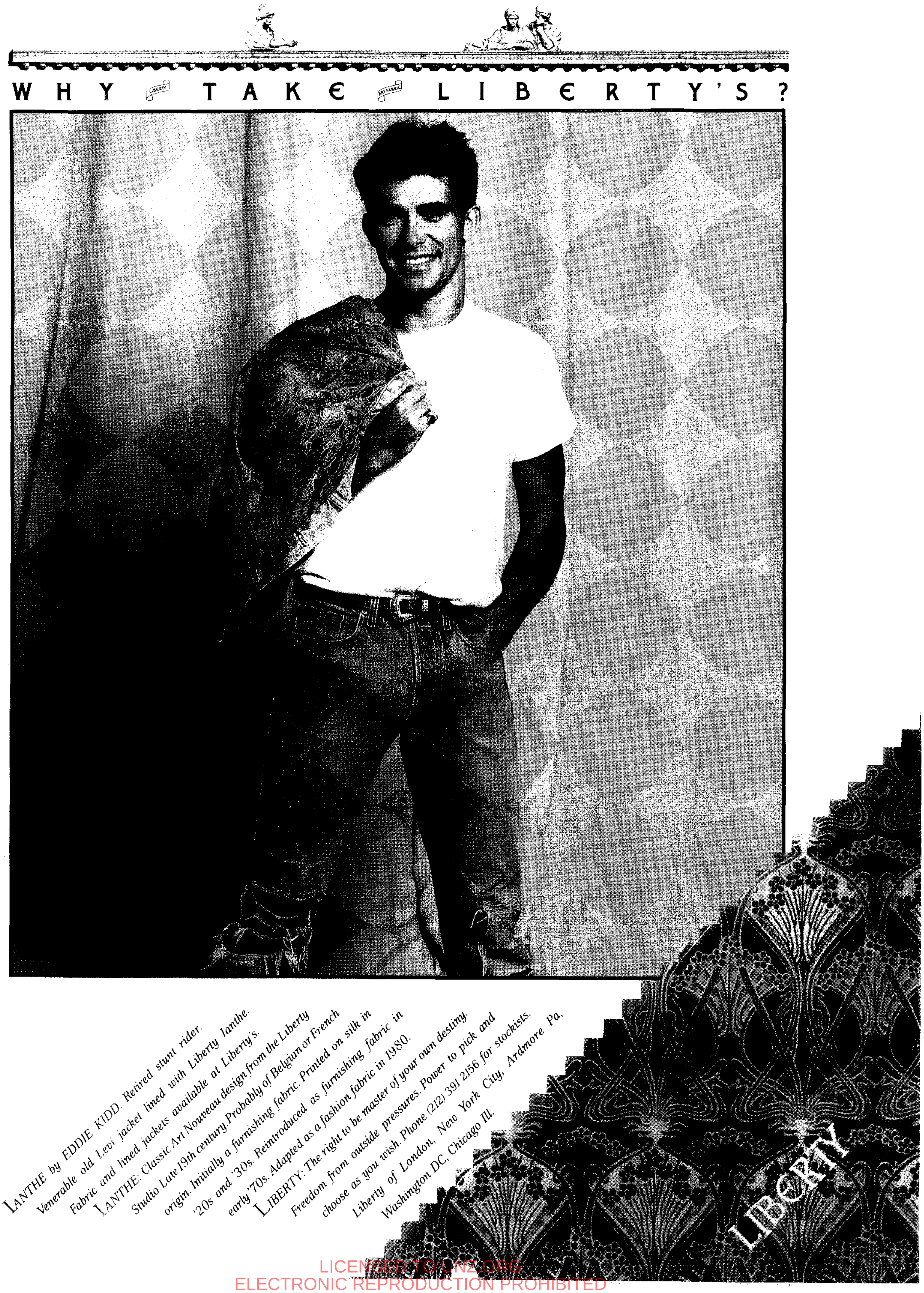

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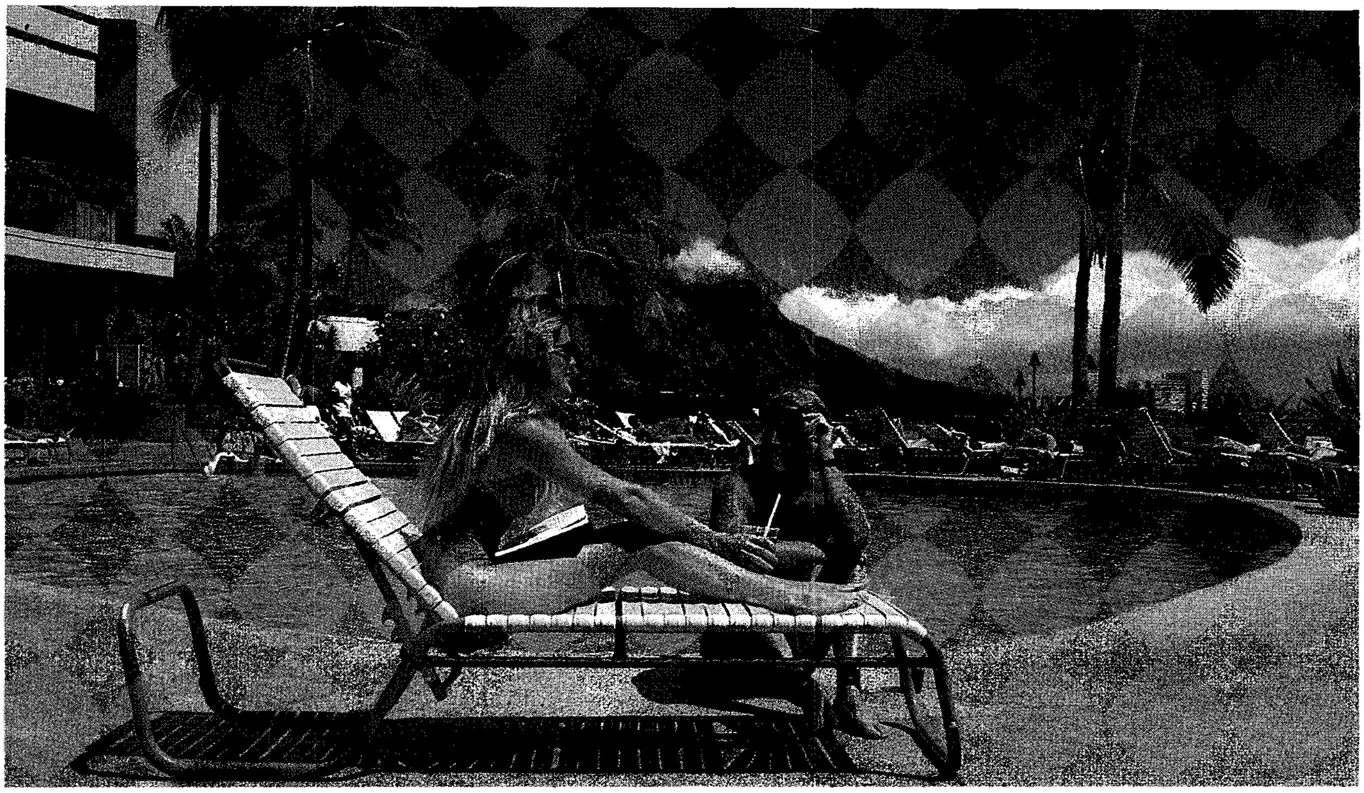

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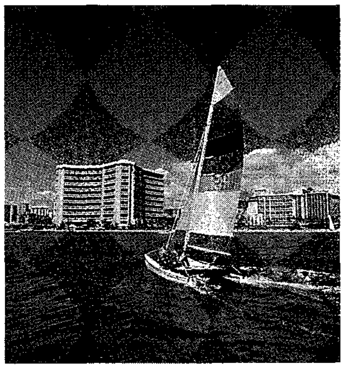

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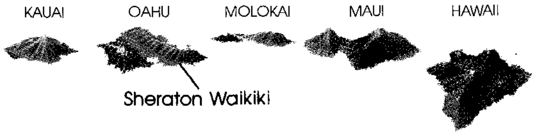

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